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EAST & WEST.

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WHAT WILL THE FUTURE OF PERSIA BE?

ONE evening last Moharram, when the Hakem in each town, after invoking Allah at nightfall and calling down heaven's blessing on his administration, had withdrawn into his "anderun" to enjoy repose in the midst of his family after a day of toil, the *Ra'is Telegraph Khané* came running in quite breathless, and being admitted to his presence, handed him an official telegram in which he read :

This afternoon, the 25th instant, as we were crossing the Boulevard de Dochaupé on our way to Farahabad, some persons unknown desiring to make an attempt on our life, and supposing that we were in the automobile which was a hundred paces ahead of us, hurled two bombs at it. But as we were in another carriage, thanks to Heaven, we were not wounded, and it is in the most perfect health and calm that we are writing this telegram to you with our own hand, so that knowing the imperial sovereign in title, you may spread the news to great and small.

MUHAMMED ALI.

That night the Hakem did not find the rest he sought : troubled in thought, he kept calculating the consequences that such an execrable crime might have on the destinies of Persia, and on the future of liberal doctrines. And he found no refuge save in the mercy of Allah. The causes of the present disturbance and the conditions under which calm might be restored, are precisely what I wish to expound here for the benefit of Eastern and Western readers.

Since the time when Persia thrust herself anew, and in the most unexpected fashion, at least for the uninitiated, on the attention of the nations, events the most diverse and often apparently contradictory have occurred to bewilder those interested in the present evolution. We know how the recent movements, especially the special training in line with the frontier or the intrigues of the nations, have given him a slight foretaste

of the prerogatives the Belgians had obtained in the administration of the Post Office and the Customs in the reign of the preceding Shah. The Muzteheds had then endeavoured to persuade the people that the sole cause of the evils from which they were suffering sprang from the fact that the money they were paying the State under various forms disappeared into the pockets of a foreign minister and his colleagues and accomplices, who were much more concerned about their own interests than about those of the nation ; so that not only had Persia been sold to Russia, but also all that remained of the public funds was dwindling away gradually. If the Persians wished to recover themselves and recall to their minds the secular bonds which united them to the doctors of religion, the remedy was simple : the people had only to rally round their Mullahs, to demand the dismissal of all the Firanghies and to obtain from the Shah the most complete submission to the authority of the clergy.

But the movement which thus threatened to reawaken Mussulman fanaticism in the gravest manner, was diverted from this dangerous path simply by the wisdom of the people, and instead of confining themselves to fruitless protestations, the Persians asked their sovereign for a constitution and laws. With the best grace in the world Muzaffer-uddin granted it in the month of August 1906, to the great astonishment of Europe, who would never have thought that things could proceed so quickly, and also of the Muzteheds, the instigators of a movement which they saw, in spite of their efforts, take an altogether unexpected turn. Afterwards these same clergy were observed to take advantage of the new order of things by trying to establish a kind of demagogic theocracy : with no result, however, for the nation was no more ready to content itself with a change of masters than to keep the old ones, and their representatives gave the sovereign as well as the priests to understand that they were resolved to struggle to the bitter end to win those two holy conquests, freedom and instruction. Then came a complete change: the great Muzteheds, without concerning themselves about the inferior clergy, were at a loss to follow the trend of events, put a bold face on it and accepted the *fait accompli*, making reserves for its formal character. All the provinces soon followed, when the Muzteheds declared themselves. Everything seemed to be arranged in the best

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interests of the country, and it might have been thought that Persia was about to proceed to the construction of the new social edifice with the greatest confidence, so much so that the period miscalled revolutionary had passed by in the midst of a peace and order which might serve as an example to many European nations. However, since the month of August 1906 events of the deepest import have occurred in succession in the interior of the country. Ministers have been thrown out or have resigned one after another, and in political life, hitherto so peaceful, assassination has taken the place of polite debate, all this without it being possible to note any visible step in the direction of progress: so that even the most confident actually entertained doubts at one time about the efficacy of the efforts of the last two years.

How is this to be explained, and why does this state of disturbance continue, to the great detriment of the country's prosperity, threatening to compromise in the eyes of the nations the new institutions which the country has gained for itself in an hour of enthusiasm? Two main facts will suffice to make us understand the situation. First, the accession of the new Shah: until the death of his father he had been Governor of the province of Azerbaidjan, one of the most important provinces of the empire, and although but little known to the public he passed rightly or wrongly for an energetic prince, sometimes even a little severe; in spite of his youth not easily subject to outside pressure, unfamiliar both by principle and inclination with European ideas, and but little in favour of the constitution which Muzaffer-uddin Shah had granted to the nation towards the end of his reign. In consequence, a great distrust of him was visible from the very beginning, and in spite of all the oaths he has taken since to respect the constitution, I think he has not yet succeeded in obliterating the first impression. Mohanmed Ali Shah, however, does not deserve to be thus suspected. Of a nature reserved even to timidity, the young king had necessarily experience some difficulty at the beginning of his reign in the balance even between the different factions fighting for influence; besides, it must be said that although he had been destined for this office, he had had no special training to fit him to ascend the throne of the Kadjars, and the intrigues of the court of Tabriz could but give him a slight foretaste of the office.

factions in the midst of which he would have to move at Teheran. As alienated from the clergy as from the republicans, his tendency would have been to seek the solution of the problem in an oriental despotism ; but he was clever enough to understand very quickly that times had changed and that Europe is now in too close connection with Persia to allow of its being possible to govern as in the days of Feth Ali Shah, and he resolved to accept the new order of things. Even if he had not followed ordinary Persian policy, prudence obliged him not to declare himself too openly in favour of the new ideas, not only to curb the sometimes excessive demands of the people, but also not to make lasting enemies of the still numerous and powerful section who, courtiers or mullahs or officials, without office under the former Government, secretly held the reins of power or the strings of the purse and could not resign themselves to seeing their lucrative positions compromised. Obligated to steer constantly between their irreconcilable ambitions, the Shah could not but end by discontenting some without satisfying the others, and drawing upon himself the blame of the progressive party as well as of the conservatives.

The other cause of the disturbance in the midst of which Persia continues to live must be sought in the temperament of the people, in the Persian mind itself. Under an exterior light-hearted, even frivolous in appearance, the Persians are above all attached to their native soil and their traditions. Now since the new ideas have come to light, they have been able to prove to their great satisfaction that Islamism was no longer to be considered as a bar to progress, but that, on the contrary, it seemed to be preparing the evolution of thought and manners which is the work of the present epoch. There is no anxiety on this score. They suffer, on the contrary, when they see that owing to their own weakness the integrity of their territory seems to be threatened as much by the European powers as without take upon themselves, of their own accord, the task of causing at a loss to be respected, as by the Government of the Porte and sometimes shows a more brutal attitude. Thus we have two fonts, two conditions of mind perfectly distinct, which suffice to explain the upheavals in the present political life of Persia. Confident of the future, the people think only of obtaining the action which they lack, and dream of a State where all the

social forces shall co-operate to the general well-being ; sometimes impatient at the slow nature of their progress, believing themselves betrayed by those who ought to defend them, they display their despondency in a violent manner, and the instigators of the orders have recourse to the revolver or the bomb ; and at such moments all those to whom conservative ideas are assigned may well feel themselves in danger, and in order to escape the bullets of the fedahir,* the members of some of the oldest families in Persia ought at all costs to leave the soil of Persia, whatever be their position or however ancient their family in the country.

It is doubtless to such a view of things that we owe the increasingly numerous visits in Europe paid to us by numerous persons of rank, and it is for thinking otherwise that some have fallen in the streets of Teheran, of Chiran or even of Bakou.

Under these circumstances, what opinion is to be formed of the future of Persia ? And what fate awaits her interesting and sincere endeavour after a parliamentary life ? Will her noble aspirations deliver her up unarmed to the attempts of the fedahir, or will her impatience bring on a reaction ?

What shall we see in the future, anarchy or aristocracy ? I think happily that neither of these two conditions will be realised, but that the future will be in the hands of the party, which is much larger and much more powerful than we think, of the moderate progressives who, under the name of constitutionalists, nationalists or liberals, wish quietly and gradually to free Persia from the vagaries of the past, a party of upright men who in Parliament rally round the deputy Taji Lade, and whose former Prime Minister is one of its most brilliant representatives.

To confirm this opinion it is enough to read the report of the sittings of the Parliament in the Persian newspapers. We are surprised to notice in them, in spite of a very natural lack of experience, a restraint, a dignity, a concern for public affairs surprising in such a young assembly. On reading the words exchanged by these deputies, only yesterday ignorant of political affairs, on the most diverse questions of national activity, whether they have to complain of an incursion of Russian Cossacks on the North-West frontier or

* Members of anarchist committees who have taken an oath to sacrifice their lives in order to bring about the deaths decided upon by the committee.

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to punish an official guilty of embezzlement, we cannot fail to be impressed by the dignified and courteous tone prevailing in these debates.

It suffices also to notice the ever-growing number of newspapers and schools which are founded, the activity of the provincial assemblies forwarding the work of Parliament, the zeal even of women who are gradually emerging from the seclusion of the harems to watch over their interests, to realise that if the Persians, although perhaps rather disciples of Voltaire than religionists, but in any case deeply spiritual, have been sleeping for centuries in a somewhat exaggerated indifference to worldly prosperity, they are to-day resolved to enter on a period of fruitful activity : and they know that they will only succeed by spreading from top to bottom of the social scale that in which they have hitherto been most lacking, namely education.

HIPPOLYTE DREYFUS.

Paris.

CHAOS.

IT may, I think, be assumed as an axiomatic proposition, that a man's duty to his family, to the children he has brought into the world, to the honour of his father's name, transcends his duty to the State under whose protection he lives. If then, at any time, this higher and paramount duty should clash with his duty as a citizen, it is clear that the latter obligation must be sacrificed to the former. A convenient example of this truism, taken from many available examples, is afforded by the case of the French Huguenots, who were entirely justified, on all moral grounds, in sacrificing, for personal and family reasons of the first moment, their French nationality and habitat, and in adopting England as their home.

Of course, no light reason can justify any one in renouncing his own nation in favour of another nationality. It must be remembered, however, that the higher the ideal, the greater is the disillusionment and disappointment, when hard dry facts force one to relinquish it.

It may be said of the average Englishman who has reached middle age—I might go further and say the British subject generally—that having been nurtured in the belief that in England resides the fountain-head of honour and justice, and that to belong to the British Empire, is, *per se*, the happiest lot a man could desire, later developments of his nation's history, compelling him, against his will most probably, to examine into the bases of the faith that is in him, have brought very disquieting results.

In the political world, the greatest soldier of his age, an old and tried warrior, loaded with years and honours, a leader who on more than one occasion has saved his country from disastrous defeat, a man of the highest probity and attainments, who, to use his own words, has no selfish aim to serve, no axe to grind, tells the people, that if they wish to escape the risk of seeing their country invaded, if

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they wish to be in a position to repel the invasion should it ever take place, it is necessary to bring themselves into line with the nations of Europe—necessary for our manhood to be trained to arms. Some years have passed since he took up his parable; but so far as any practical results are concerned, his voice is still that of one crying in the wilderness. Our unbelieving, pleasure-loving people spurn his counsel and scorn his warning.

Meanwhile, one War Minister after another tries his prentice hand on our army, chopping and changing its administration and organisation, everything in connection with it, in fact, leaving it to-day a nerveless, indeterminate organism, not knowing, from hour to hour, what is expected of it or whither it must order its footsteps. Our navy is seriously tampered with; its natural growth, or what should be its natural growth in face of the new forces avowedly brought into existence to try conclusions with it, hindered, worried and crippled at the bidding of doctrinaires wedded to what they are pleased to call social reform; men so blind to all sense of proportion as to be incapable of seeing that it is useless to improve the conditions of life in the British Isles at the expense of leaving them defenceless against the designs of jealous enemies. What would all these improvements in our social conditions be worth, even if we grant, for the sake of argument, that they would be improvements (a concession I by no means make), if the whole edifice of our national existence should be destroyed by a determined and successful onslaught from without?

Meanwhile, counsels of timidity and sloth find an echo in the hearts of our people. No less a person than Lord Rosebery has declared in his latest public utterance that his opposition to a policy of imperial reciprocity in trade is based on his fear that it would make every nation, whose interest it now is to preserve our Free Trade Empire, desire to destroy and break it up when it opposes a rampart of tariff to the rest of the world. A counsel of imperfection with a vengeance! This spirit of pusillanimity has disastrous results. The plain man who thinks and ponders, ardent patriot though he be, is driven to ask himself whether he is justified in sacrificing his life, when the hour of peril comes, for a cause—the preservation of the Empire—so little cared for by our rulers, and by the mass of the people who gave them power, that under existing

conditions a landing in force on the shores of the British Isles could not, so the best expert opinion maintains, be successfully repelled.

That this attack is contemplated, is being silently prepared for by a power which, as Mr. Arnold Forster justly says, has, during the past two centuries, invariably made war as a matter of policy and solely for policy, no one who has any acquaintance with the designs of the Prussian war party can doubt for a moment.

The upshot of the matter is only too apparent. The refusal of the mass of the people to prepare themselves for the effective defence of their hearths and homes, must end in overwhelming disaster when the necessity is forced upon the nation to make the effort. When the inevitable happens, it will come about that the men who have spent their lives urging their fellow-countrymen to recognise and accept a duty, accepted uncomplainingly by all the advanced nations of Europe, will of necessity find themselves in the forefront of the lines of defence. The brunt of the attack will fall on them, they will be the first to suffer. They will go to battle, all too conscious that they are leading a forlorn hope. Imperfectly equipped themselves, behind them will be a rabble, from the military point of view, of brave but utterly inefficient combatants. That the vivid appreciation of this great fact must sap the patriotism of all whose fervent love of country falls short of the aspiration to share the martyr's stake, all whose patriotism does not reach the fever-heat of blind heroism, cannot be denied. If the proposition is sound, that a man's duty to his family transcends his duty to his country, then those who have a full foreknowledge of what is going to happen are justified, where opportunity serves them, in shaking the dust from their feet, in leaving their native land, and in joining themselves to a nation which cherishes the love of country and is prepared to make, through each of its male units, effective preparation for the preservation of its honour and integrity.

The emigration returns of the British Isles for 1907 show an increase of more than 70,000 emigrants over and above those of 1906 : a grand total of nearly 400,000 persons being reached. The United States took almost half of the total; Canada fell little short of this, for the Dominion absorbed 151,166 immigrants in 1907, against about a tenth, or 15,571 in 1897 ! Naturally, as far as Canada and

our other colonies are concerned, the influx of vast numbers of our countrymen is a matter for congratulation on the part of all true Imperialists; but this satisfaction is greatly tempered by the consideration that, as things are now tending, the colonies are shaping toward ultimate independence, disgusted as they are with the selfish, short-sighted policy of the Home Government, which resolutely refuses to govern our Empire as a whole, and persists in ordering its affairs as if each subject state and the United Kingdom itself were a separate water-tight compartment, having no co-ordinate relation with the whole. That, however, is another story. For the moment I am concerned to show that this efflux from our shores is not so much the resultant of tightened circumstances at home, but is the outcome of the deep-down dissatisfaction and disgust of the more far-seeing among our citizens at the absence of any kind of comprehensive policy in the kingdom whereunder the great possibilities of our land shall be exploited for the good of the people; and is due still more to the widely diffused feeling of insecurity which pervades the community, the conviction deepening in all classes that, labour as he may, no man is to be permitted hereafter to possess his own in peace and security.

For this feeling the disruptive and corrosive forces of English socialism are largely responsible. "The pretty and winsome pictures" of the Socialists attract the idle and discontented whose eyes rest always on the belongings of their fellows. But that portion of the community in whom resides the belief in hard work and thrift as the only passport to success and independence, that portion which sees its savings or its patrimony not merely threatened, but who find that the processes of spoliation and confiscation have begun to operate already, is seriously alarmed at the trend the present political situation is taking. The English Chancellor of the Exchequer has introduced into the House of Commons a bill which I have described elsewhere as the Socialist wedge. If passed, this bill will ruin some one to two million persons, interested directly or indirectly in a useful and necessary trade. The statesman responsible for this iniquitous measure, speaking, some months ago, at the Mansion House, pledged himself and his colleagues to maintain "the institutions of private property." He declared that one and all believed "individual enterprise to be the mainspring of financial and commercial success." He solemnly

avowed that he believed implicitly in "the sanctity of contract and the impossibility of expropriation, even for the best public purposes, without adequate compensation"; and he went on to demonstrate how necessary it was for all Governments to cherish and maintain these principles whereon the stability of our commercial and financial institutions rested. This solemn declaration is followed on the morrow by an attempt to take, without compensation, the property of thousands of innocent tradesmen and investors and by the introduction of a bill which, if passed, will ruin hundreds of thousands of defenceless folk: a bill which must drive capital out of the country and shatter the very foundations of our national credit. This same Government has already ruined or crippled a million or so persons who backed with their means South Africa's great industry, capitulating in both instances to a noisy band of sentimentalists among their supporters.

The spectre of militant Socialism casts its ominous shadow athwart the land. Whether we view this fantastic political creed through the roseate glasses of Mr. H. G. Wells, a maker of seductive fantasies, or in the raw, as advanced by those loud-mouthed orators and journalists now enjoying so much more attention than their crudely impossible opinions entitle them to, it comes to the same thing. Those who have, are to be taxed, frightened or driven out of their holdings: the State is to become the sole employer of and paymaster to the community with the result, should they succeed in translating their theories into facts, that initiative would be killed and with it those adventurous, speculative and emulative qualities in man, which in the past have proved, and which for ever must prove—for human nature is the same to-day as it ever has been and ever will be—the bases of all wealth, all civilisation. Socialism itself is no new thing. It has been tried and found wanting in China, in Peru, in Greece and in Rome, and several times under another name and with disastrous consequences, in France. The practical application of its doctrines to England will result in national bankruptcy and will complete those processes of disintegration, having their genesis in cognate disruptive forces, which are already jeopardising the stability of the State.

Again, under this menace, the patriot, who recognises that his duty to his family transcends his fealty to his country, and that where

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the two cannot be reconciled, the former must rule his conduct, will, when it is possible, elect to sink the lesser obligation in the greater, with the consequence that capital will leave our shores along with the brains and sinews of Britain's best citizens. Then the fair land of England will become an easy prey to that watchful and envious enemy who, once possessing it, will demonstrate a far higher appreciation of its natural God-given advantages, advantages over the whole world, than is evinced by the average Englishman of to-day, sunk as he is in petty aims and aimless objects.

I spoke just now of disruptive forces tending to the unmaking of our Empire other than those directly proceeding from the Socialist bid to the cupidity and avarice of human nature. Unhappily, the list of such might be extended almost indefinitely. Of one India has had an unpleasant exhibition quite recently. That a member of our Parliament should be permitted by the Government to visit India as an ally of disaffection, should be allowed to further complicate the politico-social problems of the peninsula by delivering speeches which have added fuel to the flames is a symptom of weakness, of political paralysis at the very core of the Empire, of a most disquieting character.

Is there no escape from the vicious circle in which we go round and round? In taking a wide and comprehensive survey of the past in its relation to the present and in endeavouring to deduce therefrom a forecast of the future, I must allow that there seems to me to be little hope of things getting better until they have got much worse. For the moment we are wedded, past all hope of divorce, to the utterly illogical system of universal suffrage, to which system most of the evils, political and social, from which we are suffering, may be traced. The system under which power is usurped by the mass of the people, wholly unfitted by their lack of any real education, or knowledge of affairs, to form opinions worth having on the complex questions of Government which confront the rulers of the world, must break down in the end; but not before revolution and dire disaster have punctuated its failure. Absolutism will follow in obedience to a natural law; and out of this I, for one, hope a modified feudal system, which system, shorn of its abuses, was in itself the most admirable system of human economy ever devised by man, will come into being.

The object of this article is, however, to point out the immediate dangers brought about by that weird combination, owing its being to the counterplay of small aims and hand-to-mouth concessions to every energetic claimant to the national estate, masquerading as the Government of a great Empire, and not to assume the rôle of a prophet. These dangers must be patent, it seems to me, to every detached student of political affairs and of world politics, to every unbiassed thinker who has held himself aloof from the paralysing and brain-numbing influences of party potitics. There is certainly, however, some sense and more philosophy in not shutting our lives from happier chance, and it is always permissible to hope that the sickness from which the body politic is suffering may take some turn for the better. Even though the patient appears to be in extremis, we still may cherish hope. It may be readily granted that an intimate knowledge of the history of mankind, and of the rise and fall of the various systems of civilisation and Government into which human beings have grown and outgrown themselves, is an excellent corrective of conclusions too hastily and too superficially drawn upon viewing at close quarters, and without a due regard to the perspective of history, the age in which we happen to live. This knowledge enables the student to draw something like accurate judgments as to cause and effect; he can anticipate with some confidence the results of certain unchecked evils in the political and social constitution of a given country. It has been airily remarked that more good has been effected in the world by optimists than by pessimists. I shall not take pains to dispute the assertion as a general proposition; indeed, although the statement is highly disputable, I am inclined to accept it; but there is optimism and optimism. A blind indifference to glaring ills or a blank denial of their existence, is assuredly not a useful or healthful form of an otherwise commendable quality. It may be allowed that the role of the prophet of evil, of the so-called alarmist, is not a thankful one; but I am sure it is not always a role naturally, spontaneously or willingly assumed by pessimists. Some of them, indeed, were born of exceedingly sanguine temperaments; full of enthusiasm for the land of their birth, for the State to which they are subject. The ideals of one's youth one believes without questioning them,

fiercely attacking all and sundry who dare to dispute their validity. If in after-life one is forced by bitter experience to abandon this attitude, the loss of blind faith, accompanied as it must be by a frank avowal of reasons for its abandonment, need not mean that the hope of making the ideal real is dead also. Especially is this so in the case of anyone who believes that throughout all the changes and chances of life, be it the life of a nation or that of an Empire, the principle of good must ultimately prevail over the disease of evil ; and that what must seem to us irretrievable ruin and disaster is merely an episode in the plan of the Supreme Being.

JAMES STANLEY LITTLE.

THE PRESENT POLITICAL SITUATION IN INDIA.

THE bomb outrages and the discovery of an organisation for the manufacture of infernal destructive machines, have not only called for an Explosive Substances Act and a Newspapers Act, but are also likely to affect most vitally the progress of the country as a whole. Already the mischief done is great in creating further estrangement of feeling between the rulers and ruled, and although the Government does not share the view of those who say it is weak or apologetic, nor has it yielded to the hysterical demands of those who cried fire and fury against the people, yet, the fact cannot be concealed that all progressive movements in the country have received a most serious shock from recent events, and that it will be difficult to repair the mischief for many a long year to come. The Hindus have been the greatest sufferers, and unless something is done to remedy the situation, their position will be even worse. It is, therefore, the plain duty of every Hindu who values his country and his religion, to prevent a recurrence of these outrages by every means in his power and to persuade every one over whom he has any control or influence, from having anything to do with what has for its object the subversion of constituted authority. Terrorism has never been successful in forcing the hands of any Government towards the concession of political rights, and those who cherish the hope of a martyr's crown as the reward of assassination, cherish a wicked hope, and the sooner they give it up, the better for themselves and others. The two measures lately passed by the Government are drastic enough. But they were called for by the exigencies of the hour. Let us hope they will be worked in a spirit of moderation, and that Local Governments, before sanctioning prosecutions under these Acts, will be satisfied of the real existence of the danger.

On the other hand, the Indian press owes it a duty both to itself and the country so to moderate its tone as not to necessitate the enactment of further repressive legislation in the direction of curtailment of freedom of speech or writing. As observed by His Excellency the Viceroy : " The pardah of the East hides, unfortunately, much from our view. It would be better for us and for the many races of this country, if we knew how to lift it. At present we have failed to do so." But this pardah can be lifted by just and sympathetic treatment of the people by their rulers, and by moderation of tone and loyalty of sentiment in criticising measures of Government on the part of the people. I shall, therefore, attempt briefly to show what each can do in order to bring about this much-desired result. Before doing so, it is necessary to say a word as to how the teachings of some of the most sacred books of the Hindus have been perverted by some of these anarchists as sanctioning the subversion of law and order. Nowhere do the Gita or the Upanishads or any other books of the Hindus sanction it. On the contrary, theirs has always been a religion of universal love and sympathy, of seeing all as your own self (atma), and though the people of this country have often suffered for this beautiful teaching they have never departed from it even under the most adverse circumstances. Anarchism has always been hateful to the Hindus, and we read in the Mahabharata as follows : " If the king did not protect, all persons possessed of wealth shall have to encounter death, confinement and persecution, and the very idea of prosperity would disappear. If the king did not protect, everything would be exterminated prematurely, every part of the country overrun by robbers, everybody fall into terrible hell, all affairs relating to agriculture and trade fall into terrible confusion, and morality sunk and lost. Who is there who would not worship him in whose existence the people exist and in whose destruction they are destroyed ! No man by acting against the king can make himself happy even though he be the king's own son, or brother, or companion, or whom he regards as his very self." (Mahabharata, Santi Parva, Chap. 58.) In another place it is said : " It has been heard by us that men made amongst themselves a compact not to be violent in speech nor seduce other people's wives, nor

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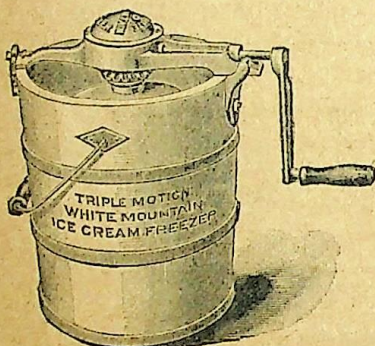
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not to be violent in speech nor seduce other people's wives, nor

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rob others' wealth. But after living thus for some time, they found they could not go on peaceably together, and begged the Creator of the world to choose a king for them, for, said they, in consequence of anarchy people meet with destruction, the weak devour the strong, like bigger fish devouring the smaller." (Ibid. Chap. 57.) This was illustrated in the worst period of Mahomedan sovereignty, when people never rose against their rulers, as well as in the Indian Mutiny when the mutineers had not the co-operation of the people at large. The latter soon got weary of anarchy and misrule that prevailed even for a few months on account of the interruption of the work of Government, and constantly prayed for the re-establishment of law and order. And it was because the people wished the British Government to come, that it was able so soon to regain its hold on the country, and the mutineers soon ceased to be heard of. The genius of the Indians being thus in favour of established authority, it is useless for the anarchists or the extremists to expect any support from the people at large, even though sharp writing or speech, by pandering to the evil tendencies of a few, may find favour for the moment.

At the same time the causes of the present unrest which, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, shows little sign of subsiding, should be more carefully gauged and the proper remedy applied before it is too late. The Anglo-Indian and the English press are mostly for further repressive measures as the only remedy for the evil. Certain Anglo-Indians, both in England and in India, also seem to think that the Government is weak and vacillating, and that unless very strong and drastic measures are immediately taken for the suppression of all freedom of speech and writing on the part of Indians, no good will result. The Government of India has never been a weak Government. On the contrary, if it has erred, it has erred in being somewhat too slow in being guided by Indian public opinion, and showing greater respect for Anglo-Indian or English opinion. The main causes of the evil are due to the general attitude of a certain class of people as well as of newspapers, both in this country and in England, towards the educated classes of India, in treating their aspirations with contempt and losing no opportunity of crying them down. This in its turn irritates the Indian section of the press, which retorts. And this

EAST & WEST

leads to further recrimination, and thus the evil goes on increasing. If unfortunately outrages like those in Mozzuferpore occur, they are seized upon as furnishing further opportunity of running down the educated classes as a whole and hysterically crying for further repression, which does not fail to create greater irritation in the minds of Indians. The great majority of the European residents of the country have, moreover, little or no independent means of judging the feelings of the people. They form their opinions from what they read in either Anglo-Indian or English papers, and do not either care to read or affect to despise what is said in the Indian papers; nor do they talk to Indians on these matters. They thus get needlessly alarmed, as they exaggerate the situation, join in the cry for severe legislative action, and treat the people with great contempt, sometimes with insult, even in the most ordinary relations of life. Those who have the bestowal of public patronage in their hands often show undesirable class feeling in a marked manner, and thus create further irritation. Exaggerated reports of the lives and properties of European men and women being in danger are circulated and sent to Europe by newspaper correspondents who love to create excitement, forgetting the harm they do to the country by this sort of writing. Experienced Anglo-Indian administrators who have retired from India, and who ought to know the people of the country better, also seem to lend the weight of their experience, not towards soothing, but towards needlessly irritating the people. One of these gentlemen has of late been telling the British public that India was being undermined by dangerous mutinous forces, that the glory of England was being lost, and that Englishwomen could not venture outside their houses without fear of insult. Another thinks that the crime of political assassination can no longer be regarded as foreign to the ideas of the people. A third asserts that the poison is rapidly spreading amongst the people. All this is most painful to read, coming as it does from persons who profess to have lived long and moved freely amongst the Indian people, and shows how even the best administrators have failed to know the country, and that even though they passed their lives in it, they have failed to lift up the veil which hides the East from the West. As a matter of fact, the lives and properties of European men and women in India to-day are as safe as ever. Europeans of all ranks,

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both official and non-official, live as heretofore in open places or tents in jungles, and go about the country unarmed and unattended. Their houses have flimsy doors which can be opened with the slightest push. But no one ventures to go there. European ladies go about in public streets as freely as before without the smallest fear of molestation or insult on the part of the people of the country. The same is the case with the Indian officials. The sight of the red turban of a policeman is sufficient to strike terror into the hearts of the ordinary dwellers of towns or villages. Even during the present famine there has not been any perceptible increase of violent crime. The people are as greatly attached to law and good Government as ever, and social disturbance or political assassination is as foreign to them as heretofore. The weight of the miseries of famine, plague and poverty leaves the ordinary Indian little time to speculate upon the ethics of Swaraj or Swadeshi. The poison is not spreading, and except perhaps in portions of the country where political agitation is made a profession by a certain class of people, India is as quiet as ever.

These are patent facts, and yet they are ignored. There is not the slightest ground for giving way to alarmist reports and rumours, and if, as has been done by the Government at the present juncture, Englishmen, both here and in England, keep their heads cool, and do no more than the exigencies of the situation require, the evil will soon be stamped out. The existing law, as well as those that have recently been enacted, ought at once to eradicate any movement that has for its object the weakening of British rule in India, and it is to be hoped that no further legislative or executive action will be necessary. The anarchist outbreak is entirely separate from ordinary Indian political life, and those who confound the two together are grievously mistaken. The Government of India have very properly not shared the views of these alarmists, and as remarked by a most respected Anglo-Indian journal, their firmness and sagacity stand in bold relief against the fatuity and the alarmist exaggeration of their critics who change their views from day to day. The press, here as well as in England, now owes it a duty to both countries to change its tone and show more discrimination in what it opens its columns to. If it were less prone to sensational writing and wrote more calmly, it would soon allay irritated feelings. A

change for the better in the tone of the Anglo-Indian and the British press, which claims to be, and is, the superior of the two, would at once improve the tone of the Indian press. On the other hand, while wishing that outrages like these are duly punished according to the law of the land, Europeans of all ranks should keep their heads cool and not be prejudiced against a whole people for what is but the work of a few. In this way they will be doing much to improve the situation. There is not the slightest ground for indulging in any wholesale denunciations of Indians, from the Legislative Councillor to the anarchist, as is done now and then, nor for treating the people with contempt, nor for showing bias in favour of one class against another. One main ground of complaint on the part of a large section of the Hindus is the attitude of certain officials towards the Mahomedans as against the Hindus. The Government of India possibly does not entertain the same views, but such is the feeling in the districts and the sooner it is checked the better. The situation is difficult, but with the exercise of discrimination and fairness it ought soon to improve. And this reminds one of an old Hindu verse which may at this juncture well be commended to the notice of the governors of the country. "Wrath, O mighty king, is a bitter drug, though it has nothing to do with disease. It brings on a disease of the head, robs one of fair fame and leads to hell. It is drunk up (controlled) by the righteous, not the unrighteous. I ask you to drink it up."

Already the Government have declared that present events shall not stand in the way of their making the desired reforms in their administration, and they have the sympathy and the co-operation of all honest reformers in the eradication of cowardly conspiracies like these and the preservation of law and order. At the same time the people have a right to expect that these reforms shall not be long delayed, that the changing line of Indian national thought and national aspirations, and the new forces now at work, will be duly recognised and met with, not in a spirit of contempt or disregard, but of sympathy. The times are changing and the attitude of the governors towards the governed must also change with the times. But whilst appealing to the Government to be firm as well as sympathetic in its relations to the people, it is none the less the duty of every Indian to help by every means in his power

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to improve the situation. Sad it is to see so much talent, money, and power of organisation employed towards base purposes. That there are defects in the present system of administration, no one will deny. But even the anarchist will admit that chaos is not better than order. If he is prepared to see all that India has gained during these many years of peace and good government swept off for a chimerical Swaraj which, in the nature of things, cannot now be attained, he is no friend of India. Shall we sacrifice all that has yet been done towards progress in the various arts, in trade, agriculture, industry, and revert to the good old times when life and property were not safe for a day? Some of those who know, for instance, the days of the Nawabi in Oudh tell us how, when the Government wanted its revenues, it sent its armed forces against the Taluqdars, and how the latter, who lived in mud and not palatial houses, left them and retired into the jungles to let the forces of the Nawab loot what they could get. Would it be good to have that? Those who say that anything will be better than the present system of Government do not realise what the weakening of its hold on the country would immediately result in, how the many evil forces which are now kept down would at once be let loose and make it impossible for those who are decrying the present state of things to live even for a day. Any system of Swarajya, without a superior guiding power, is impossible in the conditions of Indian national life for many a long year to come, and even for the realisation of the ideal of self-government on colonial lines much greater progress of education and evolution of public spirit than we can at present command are necessary. The extremist programme is not likely to help this evolution forward. It has already arrested its progress, and if allowed to continue, will soon crush it altogether. Even now much of the social, industrial and political activity of the country has received a most serious check. Every movement is suspected, and people join even those which do not concern politics with fear and hesitation. All reformers, even though they have nothing to do with political matters, have to be very cautious in their movements. The progress of Indian arts and manufactures, which had received some impetus during the last few years, has been interrupted on account of recent events. In most parts of the country religious and social movements are watched and fore-shadowed like political ones, and even those who

are working for the relief of those afflicted by the present famine in a manner suited to the conditions of the people, have not escaped suspicion. For all this the country has to thank the extremists, and the question is—is their programme, in the face of the results it has already produced, likely to do any good? If recent events are any index, beyond making the relations between the governors and the governed more strained and bringing further repressive measures to bear upon the liberties of the people, it will result in nothing else, and it is, therefore, the duty of every Indian to steer clear of it in the interests of his country.

There is something good in suffering and dying for one's country. But it is not good to sacrifice life and liberty for impossible ideals. Resistance to constituted authority or subversion of law or order does not bring the martyr's crown. On the contrary, there are hundreds of other sources of activity which will bring honour here and peace hereafter, were they only followed in the right spirit. The country is in the midst of a dire famine. The Government, which certain people are so fond of abusing, has already spent and is spending millions in the relief of the distressed. Even in this most trying weather of May and June its officials, Europeans as well as Indians, are working from day to day out in the jungles on relief works, distributing money to peasants and supervising the distribution of charity. Nothing can be nobler than the work of famine relief on the part of those who have money or leisure at their command. Already a number of philanthropic men are working in this direction in various parts of the country. Any addition to their number will result in nothing but good. The widow, the orphan, and the plague-stricken all demand attention. While Indians are clamouring for Swarajya, missionaries of foreign faiths rescue their women and orphans from famine and starvation, and increase the number of their followers.

Neither the dictates of reason nor those of religion sanction the attitude of hostility which has been taken up by a certain small section of the people towards the Government of the day. The country is not with them. Its best and truest interests are bound up with the British Government, and with its weakening or disappearance must disappear all hopes of its progress. This has been declared by the unanimous voice of the people, and there has not yet been

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heard a word of sympathy for the anarchist even in the most rabid Indian papers. The Indians, even though they may be clamouring for political privileges, know the value of law and order too well to cherish any other wish but that of the continuance of British rule in India, and this ought to soothe all irritated feelings against them on the part of Anglo-Indians here or the British people in England.

Lastly, let us consider whether any further repressive press legislation is necessary in the interests of the country. There is no doubt of the fact that the tone of a certain section of the Indian press is extremely rabid and that sharp writing pays. But by further repressing the press, the Government might be strengthening the hands of the evil-minded. The law that has now been enacted ought to be sufficient for all practical purposes, and if it is worked in a spirit of discrimination, it will check the evil. But if further repressive legislation is resorted to, will it be applied only to vernacular or English papers published by Indians or will it be applied to all sections of the press? The Anglo-Indian papers will as a rule escape, unless a paper happens to be in great disfavour with the Government. As regards the Indian papers also, much will depend upon the idiosyncracies of the ruler of the province or the authorities of a district. Distinctions which might give rise to class feelings might be made and a fresh ground for further estrangement furnished. If the press is to be controlled effectively, it can only be controlled by the good sense of its own readers. Let these have nothing to do with anything which weakens authority and the press will soon have to change its tone. In a country like India where the Government is not of the people, the people's press is the only means of expression of their views and wishes to the Government, and even if it errs, it is better to put up with its errors than to stop the only means of knowing what is passing in the minds of the governed. No doubt the provocation given the Government by recent events is great. But having shown their firmness and strength, let them now show the greatest of all strengths—the strength of forgiveness.

To sum up : moderation of tone on the part of all sections of the press, both here and in England, cool-headedness on the part of officials of all grades, and a readiness to recognise in a spirit of

sympathy and fairness the new forces at work in Indian society, combined with a determined and steady refusal on the part of Indians to have anything to do with what tends to weaken the foundations of the British Government in India, will tend to remedy the present situation. Let us hope each one of us will try to do his duty in this respect.

AN INDIAN THINKER

A MAN OF LEARNING AND GOODNESS.

" Let me know all ! Prate not of most or least,
Painful or easy;
Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the feast."

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" Loftily lying
Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying."

[A *Grammarian's Funeral*.]

THOUGH the Rev. George Uglow Pope, who has just died, was much more than a Grammarian, he yet had lived the life of one so loftily, and had always followed so high an ideal of goodness and learning, that it seems natural to quote the words of his friend Robert Browning at the head of this little tribute to his memory.

It is always well to let a man reveal himself as far as possible. A tabulation of facts may give a crude photographic portrait, but they cannot bring before us a living personality ; therefore, wherever we can, we will let Dr. Pope speak for himself. The New Year's Greeting that he sent to his friends in India and England in 1904, in Tamil and English, makes a good self-introduction. This is it :

THE SAGES.

To us all towns are one, all men our kin,
Life's good comes not from others' gift, nor ill ;
Man's pains and pain's relief are from within,
Death's no new thing ; nor do our bosoms thrill
When joyous life seems like a luscious draught ;
When grieved, we patient suffer ; for we deem
This much-prized life of ours a fragile raft
Borne down the waters of some mountain stream
That o'er huge boulders roaring seeks the plain.
Though storms with lightnings' flash from darkened skies

Descend, the raft goes on as fates ordain,
 Thus have we seen in visions of the wise
 We marvel not at greatness of the great ;
 Still less despise we men of low estate.

G. U. POPE.

George Uglow Pope was the son of a merchant and shipowner of Plymouth, England, but he was born in Prince Edward's Island. His birthday was in April 1820. He told his friend, Dr. Caird, that he felt a distinct vocation calling him to India when he was thirteen years old. He never turned a deaf ear to any voice speaking to his sense of duty, and he resolved to learn Tamil and live and die for India's people. Five years afterwards he offered himself as a probationer for mission work in India, and took his first Tamil lessons in London. In 1839 he sailed for India. During the voyage he was sixteen weeks out of sight of land—a glorious opportunity for a student to work, and this young student made full use of it, giving eight hours a day, on an average, to Tamil and Sanskrit.

Arrived at Madras, he spent about two years there, working hard at Telugu and Hindustani as well as at Tamil and Sanskrit. Having decided to take Holy Orders, he was ordained deacon in the English branch of the Christian Church in 1842, priest in 1843. From 1841 to 1849, his ministerial work lay in Tinnevely. If a man's character is best revealed by himself, his work is best described by his friends, especially if a self-effacing modesty be a trait of his own character ; so we will let the late Bishop Caldwell of Madras bear testimony to this early work of Mr. Pope.

In an article headed "Men I have met in Madras," the bishop mentions George Uglow Pope as one of the greatest names in Tinnevely Mission history. After stating that Mr. Pope began his work in 1842 in connection with the S. P. G., he says that this work included the founding of schools and "establishing a seminary for the training of Native Agents in the higher learning" as well as collecting congregations. He describes Mr. Pope as being a good classical and Hebrew scholar, grounding his pupils in Greek, Latin, or Hebrew as well as teaching them classical Tamil. Great though he was at classics, he did not ignore mathematics, and we are not surprised to find that the day was not long enough for him to carry

out his wide curriculum. He used to give classes from eight to eleven o'clock every night. Is it any wonder that his health gave way, and that in 1849 he had to go back to England to recruit ?

The school or seminary at Sawyerpuram alluded to by the bishop was one of Dr. Pope's greatest works, as it was one of the most cherished objects of his care and thoughts. Years after he founded it, Colonel Arnold Piers told him that whenever he met intelligent Tamil people, he felt the influence of Sawyerpuram school. Mr. Pope had wanted to make Sawyerpuram into a university, but his wish was foiled by the unsuitability of the site and the unresponsiveness of many whom he tried to influence. The assimilative faculties of many classes from which his pupils came were then undeveloped. He did the work of a pioneer. Leaving him to recruit for a while, we will anticipate the success of his labours in order to complete what we have to tell of Sawyerpuram. The *Oxford Chronicle*, bearing date February 8th, 1904, contains an account of an address presented to Dr. Pope on behalf of old Sawyerpuram pupils. The school had entered on its Diamond Jubilee. To quote from the address : "The school has had a glorious past and will, we trust, by God's help, have a still more glorious future." Dr. Pope was assured that his wise and self-denying devotion in conducting the school, his fatherly rule and guidance as a teacher, and the publication of his Tamil works had gained the admiration of world. Those who presented the Address took pride in calling themselves—as their fathers did before them—Dr. Pope's pupils. They begged him to accept, as a humble token of love and gratitude, 1,000 rupees.

After saying that Dr. Pope's many friends in the City and the University, who appreciate his long, arduous labours in bringing together East and West, will congratulate him on this warm-hearted expression of gratitude, the newspaper report ends thus : "Those who have made acquaintance through his translations and commentaries with the wisdom and religious fervour of the old Tamil poets and teachers will know that the East has a return to make for what the West has brought to her."

Dr. Pope's reply is marked by equally warm-hearted gratitude. He admits that the money gift is valuable because of the great expense of bringing out Tamil publications in England making the admission in order that the givers may realise that he is their

debtor, although they "are kind enough to say that they owe me something."

"My own past life, now drawing to a close, seems like a dream, and I alone know how unprofitable it has been ; but one thing I can affirm, that I have never wavered in my affection for the Tamil people, their language and their literature. I have hoped to help in some humble way to bring East and West nearer to one another and to prepare the way for His coming Who is King of Kings and Lord of Lords."

He also said that he was making a final revision of the Kurral and would like to publish it entirely under the patronage of the Chiefs of the Tamil people, with a dedication to the whole race, and to make it a really splendid monument of Tamil genius.

In December of that same year, the following address from the Tamil-speaking colony was signed at Rangoon :—

We, the undersigned members of the Tamil Community, avail ourselves of this opportunity to testify our appreciation of the invaluable services rendered by you in the cause of Tamil literature. You have done your best to introduce Tamil classics into the sphere of the World's literature by the publication in Oxford of critical editions with English translations of the Nawnul, the sacred Kurral, Naladiar, Tiruvascayam, etc., etc. The excellent manner in which you have brought out these publications clearly proves that there is no nook or corner in the Tamil poetical field where you have not striven to plant your feet.

We do fully believe that nothing but pure love and affection for the Tamil language and the Tamil people could have induced you to display indefatigable zeal and ability in the mastery of Tamil poetry which, with all its incomparable ingenuity and elegance, generally fails in simplicity, and is hardly intelligible without its commentaries. We rejoice to hear that you are now engaged in a final revision of your Sacred Kurral with a view to make it a splendid monument of Tamil genius.

Your ardent and untiring efforts in the cause of Tamil literature and religious philosophy merit the warmest gratitude of the Tamil race. You have striven hard to bring about an amalgamation of English and Tamil ideas and to interpret the East to the West and then to draw East and West nearer to one another.

We, therefore, honour you primarily as our most eminent Tamil scholar and we are most deeply grateful to you that you have proved to the world that a moral code like Kurral and a Book of Sacred Utterances

like Tiruvascayam could exist only among an essentially moral, religious and noble race.

As a slight token of our regard and esteem we beg your acceptance for the present of a money order for 500 rupees, telegraphed to you this day, with the warmest greetings of the Tamils, and we hope God may spare you many more years to enable you to complete the excellent work you are now engaged in, and to enjoy the fruits of your labours.

We must now, after this digression, which will have served to show the dominating motive and principles of Dr. Pope's work in India, hark back to him when he was invalided home.

Invalidism by no means meant inactivity for him. He recruited by using the energies in hard work for his beloved Mission, though of a different kind from that in India. He spent a good deal of time at Cudderdon, we in Oxford are interested to know. Dr. Samuel Wilberforce was Bishop of Oxford then, and a cordial friendship sprang up between him and Mr. Pope. When the degree of D. D. was conferred upon him, the *testamur* presented to the then Archbishop of Canterbury was signed by Bishop Wilberforce, F. D. Maurice and Professor W. Selwyn of Cambridge. During this visit to England Mr. Pope made the acquaintance of many men whose names would excite no interest in India now, but whose memory is vivid enough in England for us to understand that the remembrance of intercourse with them braced and refreshed him during his strenuous life afterwards. And Oxford likes to remember that before he left England for India in 1850, the Bishop of Oxford asked him to preach the ordination sermon in the Cathedral.

On his return to India he was appointed to the charge of the Tanjore Missions. Eight years of such work as he put in broke down his health again. His doctors said he must leave India. He made a compromise by leaving Tanjore and going—not to England but—to Ootacamund. There, with the Bishop's sanction, he established a Grammar School and a College for Europeans. To his scholastic duties were added those of the chaplaincy of the European prison, of assistant priest in St. Stephen's Church, and, with the energy left unconsumed by these labours, he helped to found the public Library and build St. Thomas' Church. Towards the end of 1870 he went to Bangalore, at the request of Bishop Cotton, to take the wardenship of a college for Europeans and Anglo-Indians. A church was built by-and-bye, and as it was regarded as the chapel of

this college, the Metropolitan asked Mr. Pope to be chaplain. He willingly added a chaplain's duties to his long rôle, receiving no stipend. Wherever he went we find the same record : generous output of his own powers and wealth of knowledge, and, for ingathering, the satisfaction which his own generosity gives to the generous man, and the warm appreciation and expressions of gratitude evoked by his work.

It is true that for his prison chaplaincy and for that of the fort at Bangalore he received the magnificent stipend of £120 a year, but so generally was his work done *con amore* that, when he finally left India, he left it so much the poorer in health and pecuniary means himself as the country was the richer for the treasures of knowledge and wisdom he had poured into it.

We will speak of Dr. Pope's literary work by itself, but let us touch upon the proceeds of his Tamil publications here in order that another light may be thrown on his character and principles of action. These books had an enormous sale ; year by year they brought in an increasing income. All this he swept into the treasury of the Christian Missionary Societies, because the books had been written during his years of missionary work.

His services in the education of servants of the Government in India elicited warm thanks from the Government, but no pecuniary recognition. The college maintained that a pension was his due, but had not the power to confer one. He was not eligible for a pension from the Indian Government, technically speaking, and that Government did not seize the opportunity of testifying to their gratitude by a non-obligatory act. The Madras Government, however, made Dr. Pope the generous offer of a grant of £500 a year for five years when he was hoping to bring out his Tamil dictionary in after years. This, however, was not sanctioned, and, to Dr. Pope's regret, this great work, for which he had collected materials during many years, was not published.

Dr. Pope's working life in Oxford began in 1885, when he was appointed Chaplain of Balliol College and Professor of Tamil and Telugu in the University, teaching those languages to accepted candidates of the Indian Civil Service.

This seems to be the point for speaking of his literary work. In a letter of his to his dear and intimate friend, Dr. Caird, he writes of this part of his life's labours in detail. As is often the case with

Europeans studying Indian, African, and Polynesian languages, Dr. Pope had to make his own text-books. He compiled and published an Elementary Catechism of the Grammar of Tamil in Tamil. By his own admission this book supplied a want and "achieved a quite marvellous and permanent success." He was always so slow to admit anything to the credit of his own work that this remark, far from having to be discounted, may be taken as an understatement. Before the author had left India, the Catechism had gone through 75 editions, many of them containing 10,000 copies. His own pecuniary profit from this was £10, the munificent sum given him by the Madras Government for permission to reprint it for use in their schools.

Next he published a larger and more original Catechism, much valued by native scholars. A third larger grammar of Tamil in Tamil followed. To this was appended a complete lexicon of Tamil grammatical terms. Dr. Pope then published a Tamil poetical anthology and prose reader.

At the request of Sir Charles Trevelyan, while Governor of Madras, he published other books in Tamil, Telugu, Canarese and Malayalam, with critical apparatus. He compiled many books to help Europeans in learning Tamil, which are still Government text-books. A hand-book of Tamil cost him much money as well as labour. His editions of the Sacred Kurral, the Natadiyar and the Tiruvācayam, with translations, notes and lexicons and concordances, found eager acceptance among the Tamil people. Native scholars assured him that his work had had a great effect on Tamil literature. That it had entered upon a new and hopeful career Dr. Pope himself was ready to believe, and he told Dr. Caird that he thought he might have acted in some way as a pioneer.

In order to excite interest in this literature he wrote articles for the Indian Magazine and Review, the Asiatic Quarterly and the Indian Quarterly. These contributions he made gratuitously. Dr. Pope explains in his letter to Dr. Caird that his text-book of Indian history was originally the syllabus of lectures delivered at the college, Ootacamund. He had hoped to work these up into more complete book-form, but finding that white ants had been making ravages among accumulated materials for other literary work, he hastily sent his lectures to the printers to save them from a similar fate.

An abridgment of this history is published by Longmans, also his "Little Rajah's History of India." A list of Dr. Pope's writings would be incomplete that did not include his contributions to the Royal Asiatic Society's Journal. It should be mentioned that the gold medal of this Society was conferred upon Dr. Pope. He was also made a Fellow of the Leipsig Oriental Society.

So whole-hearted was Dr. Pope's devotion to Tamil, so strongly did he feel that his mastery of Indian languages gave him a peculiar vocation, that he refused an African Bishopric that would have withdrawn him from India and directed his powers away from her people. Pupils of his were to be found in the Army, the Medical Service, and General Department as well as in the Civil Service. His ungrudging, unstinted outpouring of his gifts of mind and heart and knowledge never seemed to be checked or chilled by want of appreciation. Perhaps his own mind was too generous for him to recognise meanness in others. He had to leave the Society under whose auspices he began his work when his powers were in full vigour, but he did not on that account cease to use them in that Society's service whenever he could do so.

So far we have been looking at him in his public life. In his private life he was all that was simple, genial and unselfish. His methodical habits made him an almost perfect economist of time. He not only put every minute to use, but he got out of every beat of Time's pulse as much as man could get. His devotion to Oriental study did not make him neglect western and modern literature. On the contrary, he grudged no time or effort to make himself acquainted with modern books and various methods of thought, specially in different schools of theology. He studied the Early Fathers, but he never shrank from modern criticism.

His active brain and powerful intellect were the servants of a simple practical faith. He was at ease in expressing himself not only in writing, but in speaking and preaching. The conviction expressed in the farewell letter of the then Bishop of Madras to Dr. Pope when he was leaving India, that his preaching would be acceptable and attractive to many, was certainly verified. In this letter the Bishop says: "As a missionary and in education, in literary work and in ministering to Europeans, you have laboured with great energy and perseverance and have not spared yourself.

LIPTONS LEAFLETS.

No. 4.

(Continued from last month.)

THE ROMANCE OF THE TEAPOT.

Figures are proverbially dry reading, and to say that a million acres in India and Ceylon alone are now planted with tea-shrubs may convey little, wherefore it may be more illuminative to add that such an acreage would approximately reach from London to Bedford in length and from Epping to Oxford in breadth. Further, the number of natives employed upon it, all as romantically picturesque in complexion and gait as the Orient can show, would suffice to populate Birmingham, Edinburgh, and Dublin taken together.

Of this acreage Liptons own some of the finest tea-gardens in Ceylon, producing some of the choicest teas in the world, and boasting names which in themselves might be said to epitomize romance. Karandagalla, Gigranella, Panikande, Laymastotte, Mousakelle, Dambattenne—this last being especially famed for choice teas—do they not linger as lovingly on the lips as the names of any paladin or damsel of romance? And the firm's Ceylon headquarters, Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo, does it not typify to every sense the whole romance that has for centuries hung over the famous Isle of Spices? Nor do the names in any way surpass the reality of these famous tea-gardens in beauty. All the Lipton tea estates are many thousand feet above sea-level, for upland tea has notoriously a finer and more delicate flavour than that which grows on low-lying estates. Take Dambattenne, for instance; high up among the mountains of Upper Ceylon, in the finest atmosphere and among some of the most beautiful scenery in the world, the hardy little tea-shrub grows—for the benefit of Liptons customers, be it noted—in soil that not so very long ago was virgin forest and jungle.

Packed upon slow-moving ox-wagons it is carried down to Colombo—if it be Ceylon tea, that is to say; to Calcutta if it be grown in Assam or elsewhere in India—there to be packed in the deep hold of a fast steamer. Arrived in London it is unloaded—and at this point the Customs House becomes interested in its journey, and with reason, seeing that tea imports as a whole provide the pleasant sum of £6,000,000 annually for the solace of an anxious Chancellor. Meanwhile, we may

wonder at the enterprise which has made it possible for Liptons to grow tea, ship it thousands of miles, employ all kinds of delicate and expensive machinery, to say nothing of labour, pay duty and then sell it at prices within the reach of the poorest in the land. Truly Peace hath its victories no less than War.

THE HOME OF THE TEA-TASTER.

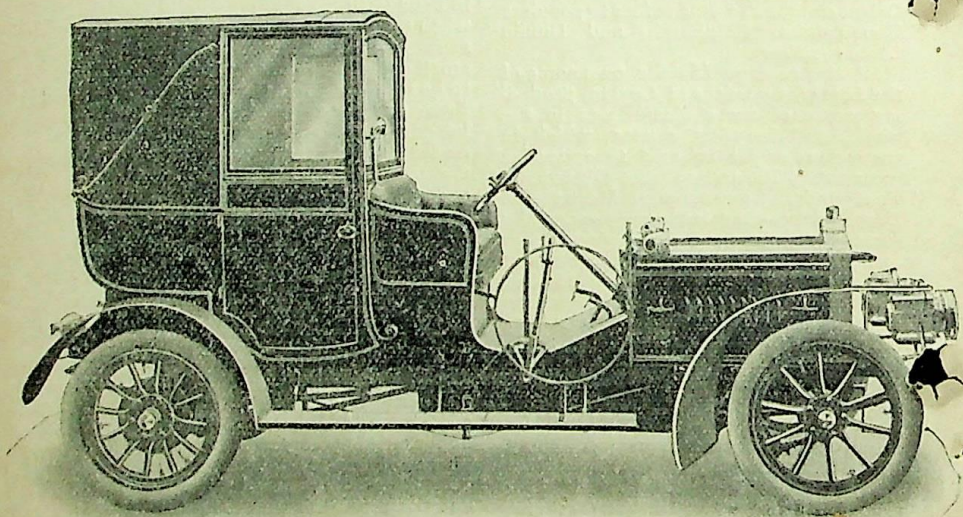
From the ship the tea-chests are taken to the bonded warehouses, there to lie in bond until they are actually wanted, when the duty must be paid before they are removed. Meanwhile, however, small samples are taken from each chest to be submitted to the judgment of the firm's expert tea-tasters in the City-road headquarters. There is something rather awesome about this tea-tasting room to the uninitiated on being taken into it suddenly from the busy factory. It is so quiet, almost solemn, and the experts—most of them wear white linen jackets, or did at the time of my visit, whether for cleanliness, for coolness, or for some other purpose, this deponent knoweth not, but the effect was that of priests wearing their vestments—move about quietly and solemnly, as must have those who guarded the Eleusinian mysteries. The furnishing of the room, again, suggests an alchemist's laboratory, where might be compounded the Elixir of Life. There are endless china vessels about, containing brown liquid of various hues, and there are numberless little square metal trays containing samples of tea leaves; there are all sorts of mysterious pigeon-holes; there are test tubes; I would not swear that there are not crucibles and alembics into the bargain, though if so I did not recognise them. I can aver with more certainty that there are a large number of earthenware jars containing samples of the water of the great towns and districts throughout the country. Here, by the way, is one of the secrets, though it is an open one, of Liptons success in tea-blending. So it comes about that each of these samples is tested, its chemical properties noted, and the blend of teas varied in proportion. It seems a small, almost an insignificant, detail in the conduct of a great business, yet it is significant of the carefulness which, paid to the minor details as well as the larger principles, have built up the whole great business.

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A MAN OF LEARNING AND GOODNESS

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And you have memorials of your successful work in the Sawyerpuram Seminary, in the Bishop Cotton Schools at Bangalore, in All Saints' Church, in your useful school-books, and in the hearts and lives of many who have profited by your instruction and self-denying example."

As regards Dr. Pope's preaching, the fact that he was asked to preach before the universities of Oxford and Cambridge and in St. Paul's Cathedral, and was frequently requested to publish his sermons, witnesses to the attractiveness and acceptability of it.

A man who works well plays well. Dr. Pope was an excellent chess-player. Nay, more than excellent. To be able to keep three or four games going blindfold, and to win those games more often than not, is to lay claim to distinction.

Another of his recreations was verse making. Among his verses are translations that prove his knowledge of modern as well as classical, and of European as well as Asiatic languages. We give a translation of Herman Klekte's *Gott hat das Leben*, because it seems to express the attitude of Dr. Pope's mind as well as the nicety of his rendering the sense of the poem in another language.

LIFE IN GOD.

Let the world hate me or take me in love to its breast,
 Bereave me of joys or lull with sweet visions to rest—
 This world takes nothing away, and nothing can give:
 It has but mere seeming, 't is in God that we live!
 Brief is the dream-joy, and short is sorrow's sharp sting,
 Swift as a heart's beat and light as the breath of the Spring
 Comes soon a pause of joy's keen throb, and pain's sore strife
Here is the seeming, but *there* is the life!
 'Tis the seeming alone that now sickens the heart,
 Swift leaps the path upward from earth to depart;
 The world takes nothing away, and nothing can give;
 It has but the seeming—'t is in God that we live.

G. U. P.

Dr. Pope wished to die in harness and in Oxford. His wishes were granted. His life closed amidst many members of his family as tranquilly as he was wont to close a book he had been reading. From beginning to ending of his life's book, not a single page was sullied by any mark of insincerity, meanness, or self-seeking

His wishes respecting his funeral were also all fulfilled. He had desired to be buried near the grave of his friend Dr. Jowett, late Master of Balliol, and there he was laid. Representatives of Balliol and other colleges "followed his body to the burying." The organist of Balliol asked to play, the college servants to form the choir, at the funeral service. He had lived a long life, but he had not outlived affection, esteem, veneration. The voice of the University expressed unfeigned regret for their own loss, while giving thanks for his peaceful departure.

"However much one has looked forward to such partings," wrote a representative of Balliol, "the partings are always grievous when they come." The letter is addressed to a son of Dr. Pope, and continues: "No one did more work or more devoted work than your father did throughout a very long life, and we may thankfully feel he has his reward."

From Magdalen came the following tribute.

His death is a loss to the University, to learning and to religion, for your father was indeed a noble example of the combination of piety and knowledge. He has served his generation long and faithfully like the Patriarch, and now he has fallen on sleep and found his true rest. We must be very grateful for all he has done and thankful to have had him with us so long. . . . I shall not forget his brightness and geniality, and I am sure the University would wish me to express the general sense of the loss caused by his removal.

Another letter says: "A long, useful, kindly and genial life spent in rich work and in teaching leaves no cause for regret but only for gladness."

We find that we have omitted to mention in its proper place the erection of a Pope Memorial Hall and Library at Sawyerpuram. The cost was paid by public subscription, and it was a Jubilee Memorial of his work. Dr. Pope was very much touched by this recognition of what he had done. He finished his revised edition of the "Kurral" during the last long vacation of his life, and made it over to the Secretary of the Educational branch of the Christian Missionary Society. This is being brought out as a Memorial edition.

At fourscore years of age Dr. Pope's brain was as clear and vigorous as ever. Not until he was eighty-three did he begin to feel any discrepancy between his will-power and power of action.

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Then, and not till then, was the magnificent pension of £150 a year sought for from Government at home. A letter in which his life, his work and his needs were succinctly put before the First Lord of the Treasury was signed (1901) by the heads of the University of Oxford, the Sanskrit Professor, Cambridge, members of the Indian Council, Madras Government, Royal Asiatic Society and others.

Thus it may be said of this great Grammarian and Missionary that, as he lived, so he died, "poor, yet making many rich."

Oxford.

J. R.

THE LABORATORY METHOD IN RELIGION.

THE scientific method is undoubtedly congenial to the modern mind. The results of this method, however, have sometimes destroyed, after bitter struggle, various religious beliefs ; and, therefore, in some minds a feeling has arisen that science and religion are necessarily enemies. The following thoughts, however, are given with the firm conviction that a young man not only can, but must, deal with the great questions of his religious life in a scientific spirit.

Every one now recognises that a student makes much better progress by handling materials and doing things than by merely reading about them. Every University in India is insisting, as never before, on well-equipped laboratories, and in most of the Provinces every student of science has to do more or less practical work. Teachers are convinced that a student cannot understand specific heat until he has weighed out some metal, and by the use of thermometer and calorimeter, has found it for himself. They feel that he cannot know hydrogen from the pages of a book, but must actually discover its properties himself. This "laboratory method" has been applied not only to Physics, Chemistry and Biology, as in our Indian Universities, but also in some advanced places in England and America, to Mathematics, to Psychology and to Sociology. In short, we have discovered that we learn best *by doing*, and that we know best those things which we have actually discovered in our own experience.

The question now naturally arises—Is there a place for the method of learning *by doing* in our religious life ? Let us suppose, for instance, that you wish to understand the kind of life that Jesus lived while He was on the earth. That life is described in our Christian books ; but the man who merely reads will never realise what that life is. Here it is most certainly true that

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doing is necessary to understanding and believing. For Christ talks of self-sacrificing love ; of forgiveness ; of self-forgotten service. But these are things which can no more be known from the letters of a printed page, than can the index of refraction, or the properties of an electric current. If we would understand God's love, we ourselves must try to love ; if we wish to learn the full meaning of forgiveness, we ourselves must forgive. Every disappointing friend or disobedient servant furnishes a natural laboratory where the deep significance of love and forgiveness can be discovered.

But in a far more thorough-going way men are coming to believe that truth that is merely intellectually conceived has no meaning for us ; that abstract truth is almost useless ; and that truth acquires value only as it is actually lived out in experience. * Most people, for instance, would hesitate to say just what electricity is ; what they do know, however, is what electricity can do. In fact, people get their whole conception of the meaning of the word " electricity " from experimenting with it. Our clearest ideas of it are connected with what it is capable of doing. Beliefs about it are beliefs to be acted on. Apart from its actual manifestations in experience, electricity has little meaning to any one. So with gravity, light, radium and many other things in science. We understand none of these, and yet we accept them for what they are worth, for what they can do for us. Even though they upset and overturn all our theories, we recognise their value and use them.

So, many accept Christ. So, many accept the mystery of the Cross. They do not wholly understand them, but permitting the reality of the fact of Christ to have its natural effect upon them, they find Him working fully for their salvation. Not from the theory of the Absolute, not from *a priori* reasoning, but from the laboratory of experience do they approach Him as their Saviour. Christ's significance lies in Christ's power, and one understands Him as one uses Him.

In short, the laboratory method lays emphasis on the concrete, upon action, upon power. It is uncomfortable, away from facts ; its interest is in the success with which truths work ; it values, as truth, those leadings which pay.

* For this point of view see especially James' " Pragmatism."

By an entirely different method has the East proceeded. Its genius for the contemplative life has led it to scorn the utilitarian. Its goal has been the unconditioned Atman or Absolute. Truth is what we ought to think. The conditioned ways in which we do think, are so much Maya. The Sunyasi and the Yogi are its types. Its product—a product that cannot but command the intellectual respect of the world—is the emancipating knowledge of the Atman. He who knows himself as the Atman is for ever beyond the reach of all desire, and, therefore, beyond the possibility of immoral conduct. No action can defile you, *evam tvayi* “when you are thus,” i.e., when the universe is for you plunged into the abyss of the divine being.

No one can sympathetically follow the sages of the Upanishads without feeling the attraction of its mysticism and acknowledging that from one point of view it elevates and reassures. But the more one loves India, the more one longs that she will test her findings by another method.

The modern world instinctively looks at the Vedanta from the laboratory standpoint. As with electricity, its significance is determined by what effects it is capable of producing. Its truth will be in its working value; and no true patriot, no one who really wishes to see India advance, can be indifferent to the practical outcome of his theory.

From this standpoint one sees that while knowledge of the Atman emancipates, it also benumbs; while it frees one from desire, it also frees one from development. In so far as one is thorough-going, it takes away all incitement to action or initiation; everything that one may henceforth do or leave undone belongs to the great sphere of Maya. With the knowledge of yourself as Atman, every action and, therefore, every moral action has been deprived of meaning. One who sees that all separation is unreal, may without sin drop his fear, and give up the burden of individual responsibility. This then is the significance—the meaning—of the knowledge of the Atman, from the practical standpoint.

The world-view to which the East has come is a result largely of the method pursued. India has always been a devotee of the abstract. Its yearning has been for the One than which there is no other. No one can doubt but that a very real religious comfort

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comes to the one who, after long search, sees that the Atman is one with the Brahman, and that *aham brahma asmi*, "I am Brahman." One can no less doubt, however, that this comfort has been obtained at the loss of all contact with the real world.

For the only India we know is one that has its child widows, its uneducated masses, and its poverty. While the ascetic philosopher is explaining away all evil and pain as Maya, the hard facts before us are of conscious beings struggling in crowded cities or dying from plague, or longing for freedom. That philosophic method which enables us to ignore these concrete facts of life's joys and sorrows may satisfy a craving for contemplation of the Absolute, but it produces no inspiration for patriotism and social service.

The educated young men of India are beginning as never before to face the facts presented by their land. Two methods lie before them. They may make their first interest the Absolute, and arrive by India's century-old method at that world-theory, which in its ultimate monism is practically indifferent to any state of things whatsoever, here in this world of phenomena. Or with a scientific loyalty to facts and a willingness to take them into account, he may adopt the laboratory method, and judge that which he will call true, by the practical difference it will make to him, to his family and to his nation. If India is to raise herself, she must accept as true that which works.

A further distinction characterises the laboratory attitude. Truth for those whose search is for the Atman is an *answer* to an enigma—a knowledge of which brings rest. Truth for the person who has taken his scientific method into his religious life is *for use*, it is instrumental for life; truth for him is not so much a solution as a programme for more work. For him, an idea is true, in so far as it has a value for concrete life. The theory of the Atman may enable its adherents to suffer and endure, but not to act and work. But surely, this last is what India needs. The divine immanence, which it is part of India's greatness to feel so strongly, must be made dynamic and purposive—i.e., *God in us for action*.

I love my Master Jesus because His meaning and significance for the world as tested, not by *a priori* reasoning, but by the laboratory method, is so rich and full of hopeful struggle. Let us cease

EAST & WEST

● our benumbing search for the Absolute, and let our hearts go out in loving loyalty to Him who is still going about doing good, who is still seeking to save the lost. This is the meaning of the Christ's life.

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle—face it; 'tis God's gift.

D. J. FLEMING.

Lahore.

A JACOBIN CLUB.

ON the 4th May, 1799—over one hundred years ago—Seringapatam was stormed by British troops, and the short-lived Mahommedan Kingdom of Mysore extinguished. Among Tippoo's papers was found a French manuscript endorsed in Persian as follows: "The agreement on oath by Dompard and others, Europeans, on the subject of making war, and of their loyalty to the God-given Government." The contents of the document had very little to do with either subject; it was, in effect, a report of the proceedings of a French Revolutionary Club established in Seringapatam two years previously. In the beginning of 1797 a French privateer had arrived at the Port of Mangalore in a dismasted condition. The master of the vessel was named Ripaud; he gave himself out to be a French naval officer, and second-in-command at the Mauritius, and stated that he had been instructed to touch at Mangalore in order to consult with Tippoo as to his co-operation with a French force that was in readiness at the Mauritius to assist him in expelling the English from India. Ripaud was in reality an adventurer who had no authority from the French Government, beyond being the commander of a privateer owned by private persons. The four great powers of the Indian Peninsula, the East India Company, the Sultan of Mysore, the Nizam, and the Mahratta Confederacy, were at that time at peace with one another. The course of events in Europe, where the Revolutionary Government of France was carrying everything before it, was well known to all of them, and was being watched by them with varying feelings. Tippoo, who had never forgiven the English for the losses they had inflicted on him seven years before, jumped at the opportunity which seemed to offer itself, and ordered his officers on the coast to send Ripaud to him. Ripaud had probably only assumed the character of a French envoy at Mangalore, out of vanity, and to secure the completion of repairs to,

his vessel. On reaching Seringapatam, and finding himself taken seriously, he was obliged to maintain the character he had assumed. Among other papers found in Tippoo's palace in 1799 was a memorandum in the Sultan's own handwriting of various points of information given him by Ripaud. The value of them may be gathered from the following extract. "Names of the three Islands belonging to the English: Ireland, Guernsey, Jersey. On the English Island there was once the Rajah of a tribe called Coossea (Ecosais), a hundred years ago, the English Rajah put the Rajah of the Coosseas to death, and took possession of his country," and then Tippoo put his own ideas on paper: "What occurs to my mind is this: To retain the Frenchman Ripaud as a Vakeel—ostensibly as a servant—to purchase the ship which he has brought, load it with black pepper, and other articles of merchandise. To send two confidential persons with letters from that Frenchman, &c.," and he proceeds to submit for the opinions of his ministers certain proposals. The French army having landed, Madras was to be destroyed, "and let the sea overwhelm it. Everyone to appropriate whatever plunder he acquires in the Fort of Madras and the Black Town." The Fort of Goa was to belong to himself, Bombay to the French: Bengal to be conquered &c., &c. Some, but not all, of the Sultan's ministers gave favourable opinions. "This Ripaud that is come, God knows what ass he is; whence he comes and for what purpose," wrote one sturdy adviser. "For the present it is advisable to retain him in the service of the Sirkar, and next season make this liar write letters to the Rajah of the French, and then wait to see what answers are returned. The French are not firm in their engagements; when, through the assistance of the God-given Government, they shall have acquired possession of territory, perhaps they will not adhere to their engagements." But Tippoo would listen to no advice that did not fall in with his own views. He made up his mind to retain Ripaud with him, while he sent an embassy in his ship to the French Government at the Mauritius. He also agreed to purchase Ripaud's vessel, or Ripaud's share in the vessel, for which he agreed to pay Rs. 17,000. The officers of the ship were to navigate her, while Ripaud remained with the Sultan. The ambassadors were accordingly despatched in April, the money being paid over to a friend of Ripaud's whose name is given as Pernore. Meanwhile, at Seringa-

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patam, Ripaud found employment cut out for him. There were, at that time, a number of Frenchmen in Mysore in Tippoo's service. They had not failed to fill his mind with ideas of the irresistible power of France, but somehow they had not been affected by extreme Revolutionary extravagances, and Ripaud's feelings were greatly shocked at finding that they still attended Mass, and regarded the white flag as the emblem of their country. He at once set himself to work to instruct them as to the Rights of Man, and the superior advantages of the tri-color flag; with such success that, on the 5th May, the first meeting was held of a Revolutionary Club, on the model of those that had been so popular in Paris three years before. The record opens "Le Sextidi de la 2-ème Décade de Floreale L'an 5-ème de la République Française une et indivisible.

"Les Citoyens Français qui sont sous les ordres du Citoyen Dompard à la solde du Citoyen Tippoo le Victorieux, l'Allié de la République Française; dénommée ci dessous (*here follow the names*) au nombre de 59, étant jaloux de concourir de toute leur forces, et de tout leur pouvoir au ministre, et a l'affermissement de la République Française, et a connoître leur droits pour y parvenir se sont rassemble après en avoir obtenu la Permission du Chef Commandant: dans l'Eglise paroissiale le dit jour et an que cy desous."

The French is archaic and the spelling faulty, and it will be convenient to render the sense in English.

The proceedings being opened, Citizen François Ripaud addressed the Assembly: "Ye are all Frenchmen; your separation from the Mother Country has deprived you till this day of the knowledge of your rights as free Citizens. You have begun to know them in striking the White Flag, which the Nation held in execration, but which was the idol of your errors. There still remains a duty for you to fulfil, that is, to hoist the National colours, and to instruct yourselves in your rights, to learn what you owe, and what is owing to you. It is the duty of a Republican to instruct his fellow-citizens from his own feeble lights. I present to you the Rights of Man." After his speech, which continued at some length, business was begun by naming Citizen Contoir, as the eldest in years, Provisional President. Citizens Vrenier and Dachiret, Secretaries; Citizens Dompard and Provoi, Tellers; and Citizens Ivon and Abraham, Masters of the Ceremonies. Citizen Contoir then announced that the Assembly

was formed for the purpose of instruction in constitutional principles, and for framing laws in conformity with the laws of the Republic, and that the first step was to nominate a President by vote. Citizen Francois Ripaud, having been chosen President by a majority, took his seat, and gave the kiss of peace and fraternity to Citizen Contoir. The other officers were elected, and Ripaud opened the sitting with another oration. He read to them the Rights of Man, and gave them a lecture on republican principles and a plan of laws which he had drawn up, for future discussion. Citizen Thouvenir then requested leave to speak, and said, "Citizens, I speak in the name of my Brethren—Yes, Citizens, we have been in error; we knew not our duties, nor our rights, nor the standards which our Nation displayed, we have made our recantation and expressed our sorrow to Citizen L' Escalie, who was unable to answer us—and the political interests of Citizen Tippoo did not admit of our changing our Standard; this is the real cause of our error, which cannot, therefore, appear criminal in the eyes of the Nation; but it would now be highly culpable to display any Colours but those of our dear Country, to which our hearts are entirely devoted, which we swear we will die to support, and to defend the sacred rights of Citizens, and of the Constitution. We call for the burning of everything that relates to Royalty and to the Ancient Government, this is also the desire of our brethren in arms."

The Assembly decreed that everything which related to Royalty and the Ancient Government should be burnt on the day on which the National Flag should be displayed, and the oath to the Nation taken.

The President thanked Brother Thouvenir for his patriotic ardour, and the Assembly was closed with hymns to "our Country." Citizen L'Escalie was probably of Royalist views, for his name does not appear amongst those taking part in the proceedings.

On the 8th of May the Club met again, the Citizens, after having heard Mass, assembled peacefully and without weapons in the Church. First, President Ripaud pronounced this oath:—"I swear before the portion of the French people here assembled to support the Republican Constitution, to defend it, and my country, with all my strength, and with all my powers: to submit to the laws decreed by the Convention, and to those which we shall frame, or to die in

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arms at my post in the defence of the sacred Right of a Citizen, to live free, or perish."

The other Citizens, to the number of ninety-seven, were then called up in succession, and took the same oath. A form of laws containing twenty-two articles was then considered and unanimously adopted. They provided for the establishment of a Council of Discipline, and for punishments for misbehaviour towards one another. A Citizen, whose name is not given, then got up and said, "I desire that the infamous White Flag may be burnt, and that we may sing the hymn to our country as a mark of our sense of the happiness that we have enjoyed this day. Tout d'une voix unanime ont dit, Oui ! Alors le President a levé la Séance, et ajournée à Dimanche prochaine Quintidi de la 3^{ème} décade du mois de Floreale L'an 5^{ème} après l'issu de la messe Paroissielle."

Many of those present had been sent out to serve Tippoo by the Government of Louis XVI. and there was apparently a religious element amongst them still strong enough to talk of Sunday, and attend Mass. A week later the Club attained its culminating point, which can best be described in the words of the document.

"The 15th of May 1797 (the fifth year of the French Republic, one and indivisible). A memorable day for all the Citizens, forming the French party commanded by Citizen Dompard, serving with the Prince Tippoo, the Ally of the Republic, who having obtained his orders by their joint solicitations, for hoisting the National Flag, displayed it accordingly at six o'clock in the morning, to the sound of all the Artillery and Musquetry of the Camp. After this august ceremony, Citizen Ripaud, Representative of the French People, with the Prince Tippoo ; Citizen Dompard, Commandant ; Citizen Vrenier, an Officer, with eight Citizens Artillerymen, repaired to the Parade of the City of Seringapatam, where the Citizen Prince waited for them. On their arrival he ordered a Salute of two thousand three hundred cannon, five hundred Rockets, and all the Musquetry : and the Fort of Seringapatam fired five hundred Cannon."

Tippoo then made a short speech, to which Ripaud and Dompard replied : they then proceeded to the parade, where the troops and the *National Guard* waited for them. The Standards were brought out under a guard, a Tree of Liberty was planted, surmount-

ed by the Cap of Equality, and then Citizen Ripaud broke out into an astonishing rhapsody. "Oh Frenchmen! my Brethren! do not you feel with me that pure joy which fills the heart, and leads you towards those Standards, and that cherished Tree which twenty-five millions of men have like you sworn to maintain? Do you not feel, I say, that virtuous inclination, known alone to free men, which leads you to swear that ardent love characteristic of the Republican warrior? Yes! dear, a thousand times dear to my heart, I swear to support thee, Oh Standard, and thou cherished Tree to the last drop of my blood. What horrors seize me! a religious sensibility over-awes me! My knees fail! My blood freezes! I behold the shades of thousands of gallant Warriors, the proud Defenders of their Country crying to us for vengeance!

"Citizens! My Brethren! With what horror the supporters of tyranny ought to fill you. It is those cowards, those false Frenchmen, who have caused all the crimes in France. The Army of La Vendée, and that of Jesus, who with the White Flag and their Lilies, the Host in one hand and the dagger in the other, have, like the infamous English, assassinated and massacred the boldest defenders of your rights. Revenge our Brethren, the victims of their own patriotism. Let everything that has the least relation to the old constitution be burnt on the spot. If we cannot be revenged on them, let us be so on their cherished Idol, the White Flag. Let them tremble at discovering, that in India, in the midst of the world, there are Republicans who have sworn to exterminate them. They will tremble, no doubt, at the name alone of Frenchmen. Pale with affright when they behold them, they will be three-fourths beaten."

There is a good deal more stuff of the same kind, but this sample will suffice. Ripaud then administered the oath, "Citizen, do you swear hatred to all kings, except Tippoo Sultan the Victorious, the Ally of the French Republic, War against all tyrants, and love towards your country and that of Citizen Tippoo?" All exclaimed unanimously, "Yes! We swear to live free or die." The proceedings then closed with more salutes from the Artillery, and singing "*Amour sacré de la Patrie*" round the Tree of Liberty, and the Flag. The day was passed in festivity, and ended with a ball which lasted all night.

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There were two more meetings at which new members were introduced to the Club, and discussion took place as to the guarding of the Flag, and the conduct of certain members, and then the Club came to an end. The record terminates with a short unsigned memorandum of a meeting, at which Citizen Le Grand arraigned a member for some offence not mentioned, and was then apparently taken possession of by Tippoo, and placed among the archives of his kingdom with the endorsement mentioned, as a guarantee of Ripaud's good faith : for Ripaud had fallen into disgrace.

One can imagine the feelings with which these extravagant proceedings had been watched by the Sultan and his officials. The latter had long ago found out that Ripaud was an impostor, and held no commission from the French Government ; but Tippoo was too much engrossed with his designs against the English to listen to any remonstrances. The planting of the tree was no doubt regarded as an incantation that would bring him success in his undertakings ; the oaths were taken to be oaths of fidelity and allegiance, and the Club meetings to be for the elaboration of plans of warfare. Dompard and the other French officials in Mysore also can have been little pleased at playing second fiddle to a swaggering adventurer like Ripaud.

Now Ripaud's brief authority had come to an end. For unpleasant intelligence had reached the Sultan from Mangalore. His ambassadors reported that on their arrival at that port for embarkation, Pernore * had disappeared with the seventeen thousand rupees, and left them stranded. So Ripaud was placed under restraint, and the Club, which nobody else seems to have cared about very much, was closed.

But so infatuated was the Sultan, that, after keeping Ripaud prisoner for some time, he determined to send him to the Mauritius, after making him give a bond for the repayment of the money. Ripaud had scarcely got to sea, when he forcibly seized and opened the letters intrusted to the Ambassadors for the Governor of the Mauritius. Finding nothing in them prejudicial to himself, he carried the Embassy to Port Louis. At this point Ripaud

* It is not known what was the real name of this individual : Pernore was the native rendering of his name.

disappears from history. On their arrival the Ambassadors were dismayed to find that they were not expected, and that there was no French force ready to embark. But the French officers in the Mauritius were as foolish as Tippoo. Unable to render him any substantial assistance, they encouraged him in his plans with hopes of assistance from France, and gave the utmost publicity in their power to the negotiations. Intimation of the intrigue quickly reached the British authorities in India. A correspondence between the Governor-General and Tippoo ensued, in which the latter refused to take the opportunity of withdrawing from the false position in which he was placed.

Early in May 1798, a French frigate, *La Preneuse*, arrived at Mangalore, bringing back Tippoo's ambassadors, with a small handful of men and some officers, among whom were a M. Chapuis to command the French in Seringapatam, and Captain Dubuc, a naval officer. These were at first regarded by Tippoo as the forerunners of a larger force : but his gratification was changed to rage when he realised that this was all the aid that could be given him, and that the whole proceedings were known to the English Government. His first burst of anger was directed against his two unlucky envoys. Instead of drawing back while there was yet time, he determined on sending an embassy to Constantinople and another one to France by way of the Mauritius. Of Hussain Ali, one of the unsuccessful envoys he said, "If I were to hang him, his execution would not dispel the storm which is now ready to burst over me. I will send him as an appendage to my embassy to Room, that he may perish in the element by which he has conveyed to this country the sources of its impending calamity." Two other envoys were appointed to sail for the Mauritius whence they were to proceed to France. But they never got there. After leaving the Isles of France in *La Surprise* they were captured by the British ship, *The Brave*, and that was the end of the Embassy. Two letters addressed by Napoleon to Tippoo, announcing the conquest of Egypt, were intercepted in the Red Sea, and all Tippoo's plans were laid bare to the English Government.

On the 4th of May 1799, Seringapatam was stormed by British Troops, and Tippoo fell in the assault. On the following day he

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was buried, exactly two years to a day from the first meeting of the Jacobin Club, under Ripaud: beguiled to his fate by his blind hostility to the English, and by the French impostors who used him for their own ends while he believed he was using them .

J. BIDDULPH.

London.

EAST & WEST

THE REMORSE OF EUROPA.

(Paraphrased from Horace in the metre of the original.)

Boldly Europa, innocent of evil,
Mounted the bull's back, but among the billows
Pale grew the maiden, fearful of the fabled
 Brood of the ocean.

Few were the hours since in the sunny meadows
Culled she the blossoms for a votive chaplet;
Now the stars only glimmered, and the waters
 Darkled around her.

When she touched Crete, that glories in a hundred
Cities, she moaned: "O father, oh forever
Lost name of daughter when a daughter's duty
 Yielded to frenzy!

"For a maid's error death is the atonement—
Far too light forfeit! But perchance I slumber—
Free from dishonour, still my father's daughter,
 Mourning a shadow,

"Mocked by a false dream from the Ivory Portal!
How was I charmed to wander from the fragrant
Blooms of the meadows and to face the foaming
 Crests of the surges!

"Were the perfidious bull that has betrayed me
Now in my hands, I feel that I should try to
Break his curved horns and pierce him with a dagger,
 Much as I loved him!

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" Shameless I left the home of my forefathers,
 Shameless I linger on the way to Orcus!
 O God who hearest, let me—now and naked—
 Fall among lions !

" Ere that these tender cheeks by care are shrunken,
 Ere from my veins the sap of youth has filtered,
 Let me be cast, a still inviting prey, to
 Famishing tigers !

" ' Why still alive ? ' My distant father chides me,
 ' Wretched Europa, from the ash above you,
 Using the belt still fortunately left you,
 Hang till you perish !

" ' Or, if you choose some other of Death's gateways,
 From the tall cliff, with cruel stones beneath it,
 Pointed to slay, your miserable body
 Hurl to the breezes !

" ' If you prefer not meekly to essay the
 Tasks of a bondmaid, and, a monarch's daughter,
 Suffer a master's kisses and the taunting
 Tongue of a mistress ! ' "

* * * * *

By the lorn princess stood the smiling Venus
 And the sly Cupid with his bow unbended.
 " Fairest of mortals," quoth the Queen of Beauty,
 " Cease thy repining ;

" Know that thy lover reigneth on Olympus,
 And a wide region, home of mighty races—
 Such the God's boon—shall ever bear the honoured
 Name of Europa ! "

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

Nova Scotia.

INDIA AND SOCIALISM.

I.

THE remark made a few months ago by Viscount Morley to the effect, that what is good for Canada is not necessarily good for India, has almost passed into a proverb, and is generally accepted as a dictum so final that to mention in connection with India any political doctrine still more advanced than those on which the Colonies and the United States are ruled appears at first sight ridiculous. Yet Indian politicians, official and unofficial, do not measure the needs and possibilities of India by what happened in European countries at the breakdown of the feudal system, but rather by the feasibility of introducing the latest and most advanced practices whose utility has been proved elsewhere. A hundred years ago there was not a railway in existence; fifty years ago a large proportion of the population of the British Isles was illiterate; but although we commonly say that India is still a few centuries behind Europe, we have trains as good as any in the world, and discuss schemes for universal education.

It is obvious, then, that the practical bearing of socialism upon Indian affairs will soon have to be considered, since socialism, which till lately was only an amorphous cloud on the Western political horizon, shows signs of materialising into a potent genie. It is still, to some extent, a *sans-culotte* sort of doctrine, but has this very important sign of vitality, that its adherents become more numerous and more intellectual year by year, and it is already a power to be reckoned with in the political world. As it has not yet finished materialising, it suffers considerably from a lack of definition, which makes it necessary to consider the larger aspects of its growth before applying its principles to Indian conditions. As a political or economic organism it is far in advance of the simple communism

which, from the time of the early Christians to that of the generous infidels of the French revolution, had demonstrated again and again its inefficiency. Its chief gain, from a practical point of view, is that it no longer ignores, as of old, the ineradicable factors of human selfishness and covetousness, though it hopes that education will be found greatly to lessen these evils.

For many years the only practical progress made in socialism took the form of trade unions—a one-sided and imperfect expression of an all-embracing doctrine, but a very real step on the way, and one which effectually separated a healthy growth from the ugly abnormalities of anarchism. The trade unions, at their best, regulated wages, secured rights, helped in time of sickness, buried the dead, and even made some slight provision for widows and children—a beneficent activity, but not very original, since it was only a modern revival in Europe of the trade guilds of the Middle Ages and has its counterpart in China and in the trade castes in India ; but there is a democratic spirit in modern trade unions which is an advance upon the older organisations, and their working is more scientific and more voluntary than that of the haphazard societies of which the Indian craftsman finds himself a member from birth. The analogy is only of value for our present purpose as showing that the wretched travesties of trade unions which have appeared occasionally during the last two or three years in India, as instruments for causing trouble to the authorities, do not justify the conclusion which strangers would naturally draw that Indians are incapable of real combination.

But it is only when it exceeds its normal functions that trade unionism becomes socialism, and the most logical step is to cease making war on the employer and to provide as well as protect employment; in this respect the most blatant trade union socialists are in a similar position to a certain school of Indian politicians—they demand that all powers should be placed in their hands, and until this is done they refrain from giving any practical proof of their capacity for business. The larger unions, like the engineers and the cotton spinners, could easily start workshops of their own, but they have not sufficient confidence in their own capacity for management to risk their own funds, and prefer to wait until the "nationalisation of the means of production" shall enable them to shift the burden of risk on to the shoulders of the general public, though when condemning

capitalism it is their custom to laugh at the risk and magnify the profits. However, this is not the place to criticise English or other trade union methods except so far as to point out that, in spite of their independent air, their capable management, and the sort of Maratha warfare which they carry on against the encroachments of capital, they are not sufficiently complete in themselves to throw off the feeling of dependence habitual to their members as employed persons.

This feeling of dependence is one which is particularly accentuated in India. The average native of India is greatly averse to standing alone in the world, and is ready to endure the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, if only somebody else, even a man of proved and notorious incompetence, will accept certain responsibilities on his behalf. He harbours little resentment towards the middleman who robs him of a part of his pay, but still regards him as his "father and mother," and he remains loyal to a raja of benevolent temper though he knows that his liége lord may not have sufficient force of character to put his good-will into action. This spirit of willing dependence, closely related as it is to mental indolence and physical timidity, is a greater obstacle to the realisation of socialistic ideals even in the West than the opposition of capital and all interests vested in the existing system ; but while socialists in Europe or America are reluctant to admit the full force of this voluntary dependence in their own lands, yet when (which rarely happens) they turn their attention to India or other Asiatic countries, they see in it a fundamental disqualification for socialism. The difference, in reality, is not an essential one, but is only one of degree, and is not so great as is commonly supposed.

While socialists are ardent missionaries, proclaiming that the kingdom of heaven is at hand, they seldom if ever insist upon the necessary strengthening of character in the individuals of their audience, but confine themselves to the rearrangement of property and privilege, and the desirability of enforcing the rearrangement by the exercise of political powers already possessed. This is certainly a weak point in the present-day campaign. Socialist leaders are naturally not unwilling to be looked up to and trusted by a multitude whose love of independence is strong enough as regards privileges

but who stop short of thinking and acting on their own initiative ; and those whose interests would be affected by socialist legislation naturally point out that it would end only in a change of masters for the masses, and with regard to the effects of the change quote, with some justice, the proverbial instance of the beggar on horse-back.

But the most reasonable view of socialism is to regard it not as a new heaven and a new earth, but as a set of laws which shall be able to secure justice in conditions which were never foreseen by the older law-makers, but which have now become common to the world, and result in intolerable wrongs to the many and outrageous privileges for the few. The vast possessions of land and money which make the plutocrat of to-day so powerful did not, under the old conditions, when there were no facilities for communication and no stability of kingdom or government, possess anything like the same potency, and the chief object of all reasonable socialists is to demolish these vast powers, which never existed before, and which are seldom, if ever, now that they do exist, used for the public good.

Apart from the want of individual independence of spirit among the mass of the inhabitants, we find that in India the conditions are far more favourable from a socialistic point of view than they are in England. The great difficulty of ownership of land hardly exists here. There are the Bengal zamindars, it is true. These have, as a body, failed to rise to the usefulness and dignity of the British landed aristocracy, but at least their possession is not so absolutely free as is that of the English landholders, and their failure, though it presents no valid excuse for dispossessing them, at least ensures that the rest of India shall remain State property—which means that land administration in this country must remain a standing object-lesson for British nationalists of land, whose notions as to how far the land, in a scheme of practical politics, can be "free," are not generally characterised by lucidity. There are, of course, large zemindars out of Bengal, but they are not perpetual holders, and they pay rent to the public coffers for their tenancy ; they are at liberty to squeeze their subtenants to a certain extent, but they are practically unable to increase their possessions greatly, and one of the most unquestioningly recog-

nised duties of Government is the prevention of capitalists from becoming big landlords. And the condition of land-ownership which causes most resentment in England (a resentment, it must be owned, disproportionately greater than the actual hardship it entails) does not exist in India : for though His Highness the Nizam preserves a forest where distinguished guests may shoot the fatted tiger at their ease, we have nothing comparable with the two millions of Scotland's scanty acres reserved for the delectation of red deer, and in India the cock-pheasant is not "lord of many a shire" as in England. On the contrary, wherever there are available cultivators, waste land is brought under cultivation by the district officers, and is often the subject of new experiments in conditions of tenure, whose object is to increase the self-reliance of the individual cultivator, and to prevent the invocation of the civil law to aid the abuse of capital.

This, of course, invites the anti-socialist retort that nationalisation of the land has done little good for India, since her peasantry are no better off—suffer, indeed, more, in a year of scarcity—than the agriculturists of England. But this is due not to the principle of land-ownership. There are many other factors, and one would be actually disappointed if the British socialist did not point to the land assessment, involving a sixth or so of the value of the crops, as the real cause of the failure of public ownership in land in India to create universal prosperity. At present, of course, the "non-contributory basis" of national funds for the relief and protection of the working classes is a great war-cry among English socialists ; but when socialistic reforms shall have overcome capitalism, the western socialists will discover, perhaps to their disappointment, that the "non-contributory basis" has also disappeared, and that a vast working population from the midst of which rampant capitalism has been expelled, will have to supply, directly or indirectly, the funds for its own management.

Socialism is somewhat cursed with sesquipedalian catchwords, and one of these refers to the public ownership of the "means of production and of distribution." If this phrase means anything at all, agriculture itself, besides mere occupancy of the land, should be included in its scope ; but so far the only socialist agricultural venture that we know of is the farm at Hollesley Bay, referred to on March

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13th last, by Mr. John Burns, as a dismal failure, entailing an annual loss of £22,000 and exciting the hostility of neighbouring agriculturists. While this is as far as agricultural socialism has progressed in England, it seems unreasonable to expect the State to raise crops in India. Yet in India the principle is not altogether impossible of practice. There are Government stud and dairy farms which are very successful; the experimental farms supply seed to the cultivator, and assist him to protect his crops; in Sind the district officials have (perhaps irregularly) managed the auction sales of the Egyptian cotton, so as to secure a fair price to the cultivator; and in many ways the small cultivator is a sort of employee of an agricultural State. Not the least favourable factor—a sort of unconscious working towards this end—is the legislation, the Deccan Agriculturists' Relief Act and others, designed to prevent capital from acquiring a practical ownership in land.

Of the part that co-operative credit will play in the future development of Indian agriculture it is as yet too early to speak; but it is significant as a part of the general question of public ownership and control that the co-operative credit societies are under the supervision of an official, and still more significant that he is an enthusiastic organiser, and that neither he nor his equally energetic honorary and paid assistants expect to derive any large personal profit from what may, under their fostering care, eventually become a huge financial concern. It will remain essentially a publicly owned affair, and though the societies may return "unearned profits" to shareholders—a thing hateful to socialism—the distribution of profits will be so broad, and the individual gains so small, that one of the greatest modern abuses of capitalism will be effectually avoided.

The spectre of famine might seem sufficient to scare away all fanciful ideals of a Utopian state, yet even here we find a state responsibility recognised which is lacking elsewhere. It is true that Lord Minto, at the Indian Famine Fund meeting in March, disowned as a political doctrine the Government's obligation to feed the starving—but at the time he spoke a million and a half were being fed by Government, while the same week the Unemployed Workmen Bill was thrown out by the British Parliament. It is true that famine relief is the reverse of luxurious, but it is given chiefly to people whose ordinary standard of living is not a high one, and,

though thus disowned by the head of the State, it is not flung at the heads of its recipients in the opprobrious manner in which official help is given to paupers in England.

This presentation of the conditions of agricultural tenure in India, of course, does not pretend to be complete, and certainly not to indicate that India is an agricultural Utopia ; but such points as it does possess, approximating to or facilitating the realisation of a more advanced social order, are worth accentuating, for agriculture is a stumbling-block where socialism would most like to spread. In western countries both the ownership of land and the necessity of a large capital outlay in agriculture, even more than the disorganisation of distance, stand in the way of socialism becoming a rural as well as an urban force ; while in India, though the peasantry is supposed to be as little susceptible of new ideas as the lower animals, the conditions, should the new ideas arise, are at least less antagonistic to a system designed to benefit masses rather than individuals.

Closely connected with agriculture is, of course, the system of irrigation, which in ever-growing areas, is making life more certain and enlarging the possibility of a genuine prosperity. This is a purely state-owned venture, and is an excellently paying one ; while the system of setting off the large profits of one canal against the small profits or actual losses of a necessarily less remunerative, but equally necessary one, is on the highest level of the conception of the parental State.

The mention of irrigation naturally suggests railways, which are often accused of having an unfair share of official preference. There is no subject over which controversy rages so fiercely in England as the nationalisation of railways. Socialists enlarge on the profits which go to shareholders (a very meagre percentage, by the way, upon the original capital) and with more reason condemn the wastefulness of competition between rival lines, and the want of consideration which at the same time is shown to many public needs. The opponents of nationalisation, on the other hand, declare that it is this competition which has produced progress in speed, comfort and cheapness ; that private enterprises are always managed with more efficiency and economy than public ventures ; and that State ownership would mean wasteful management, irresponsibility and absolute paralysis of progress. There are many arguments, illustrated

by examples, on both sides, but either from prevailing ignorance or because of India's transitional condition, the Indian railways never appear to be pressed into service for comparison. Railways in India commonly start with the private capital of shareholders, a dividend being guaranteed by Government, which, in exchange for the guarantee, has the right of eventual purchase. But from the beginning they are managed on Government lines, with all the drawbacks and not quite all the advantages of public concerns. The result is decidedly encouraging. The lines are not unenterprising, they study the requirements of the public (in some directions better than in others, of course), the management is efficient and exceedingly economical, and they pay a reasonable dividend on the public money invested. The trains, it is true, do not run so fast as in England and America—few people want them to—but on the other hand they run very much cheaper, which is a matter of far more importance to the humble individuals who comprise nearly all the public. The maintenance of separate systems also keeps up all the advantages of the "railway company" stage—it conduces to a healthy emulation, and to a rivalry, not for extermination and monopoly, but for public credit. The case for the nationalisation of railways would certainly lose nothing by a reference to India.

When we come to ordinary manufacturing industry, there is not so much to say. We have our Captains of Industry just as America has hers—able and astute men, not on such a large scale as the American "Kings," but equally ready to accept the credit of having made both themselves and their country. Neither in cotton mills nor in coal mines is there at present even the most distant glimpse of anything but capitalist ownership in India, but for that matter there is as little elsewhere. Salt and liquor are the only two manufactures in which Government operates on a large scale, and in these the details of management are left largely to contractors—often an unnecessary sacrifice of profits. There are a few manufactures which Government carries on for the supply of its own needs, more particularly in trades not indigenous to the country, and these concerns are generally worked so efficiently as to show a considerable profit compared with the cost of independent make or outside purchase—it is, indeed, the standard which a Government factory has to maintain to escape abolition.

That public ownership and official management are not inconsistent with economy, speed and efficiency is shown also in many other directions. Perhaps jail industries hardly count, but they certainly deserve mention as examples of Government's capacity as a manufacturer. More to the point are requests which are occasionally made to the Public Works Department and to Government workshops to undertake work which ordinarily would be done by private contract. A local example of Government efficiency in the labour market is the construction of the Matheran Railway (at the request of the promoters) by the old Marine Battalion, recently converted into the 121st Pioneers. Quite as significant too is the experience of the Bombay Improvement Trust, which, often requested to lend money to millowners for the building of chawls, on the plea that private enterprise was much cheaper, discovered, rather to its surprise, that it was able to build sanitary dwellings up to its own specifications, cheaper than building contractors would do it.

Another not unimportant matter is insurance managed by Government. Besides the large compulsory provident funds for railway servants, there are the Post Office life policies available for all Government servants and the Government servants' family pension fund—organisations which pay, and of which the terms are more favourable than those offered by any private enterprise, while it needs no argument to prove that their large accumulated funds are better employed in the public service than in enriching shareholders; or, as in America, in corrupting the electorate.

On a consideration of the condition of India as a whole, much of the foregoing may seem inconsequent, and to none more so, perhaps, than to the thorough-going socialist; but nevertheless, by paying attention to the relations of the State and its subjects in India, the socialist might learn much. The communistic ideal set up by Mr. Blatchford and others as the ultimate goal is probably a dream, but there can be little doubt that modern abuses of capital might be greatly mitigated by legislation and general rearrangement; the defence of capitalism is usually that it is the reward, of merit and industry; but it cannot be denied that the biggest rewards are out of all proportion to either the merit or the industry. India is governed neither by its merchant princes, its captains of industry, nor its landed aristocracy, but by men paid at the lowest rate of wages

for which their services can be secured ; and from Lieutenant-Governors down to night-watchmen this is practically the rule. In the communistic ideal it is supposed that a man will always do his best ; in practical life it is found that he will not exert extraordinary talents or accept extraordinary responsibility without a commensurate reward. India can exhibit a very carefully graduated scale of the minimum necessary rewards, and this is quite as far as the saner socialists wish to go or care to imagine.

There is, of course, an objection to regarding the Indian administration in this light. It may be said that the men chiefly under whom India is thus held in a state of readiness for social evolution were themselves trained and hardened under the fierce competitive system against which socialism is raising its banner in the West. India's natural condition is one of great contrasts of power and helplessness, wealth and poverty—a condition which made a deep impression on the minds of those learned and unbiassed Jesuits, Tieffenthaler and Dubois, and it is possible that with the strong hand withdrawn it would relapse into its old state. And socialism, as conceived in the West, is, after all, a condition requiring so much self-sacrifice and public spirit on the part of the public that were these beneficent characteristics forthcoming, the theory would be almost unnecessary. But the proposition remains in India, and the peculiar conditions of Indian service do not immediately affect it, that government, the railways, irrigation, hospitals, the care and improvement of agriculture, the relief of distress and other things being efficiently managed by moderately paid State officials, and monopolies, where they exist, being less liable to abuse and more easily prevented from doing harm than when in the hands of "trusts," there is no good reason why India should not proceed along the road to a reasonable socialism as fast as countries commonly represented as more "advanced."

If there is less "public spirit" in India than in more democratic countries, there is a higher tradition of official efficiency, and a more honest endeavour to effect economy ; and whatever the failures and the tendency to nepotism, it cannot be denied that, on the whole, native officials are of as high a standard as will be found anywhere.

It is not intended here to preach a socialist propaganda—far less to suggest that India be delivered into the hands of Bellamys, Blatch-

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fords, Graysons, and doctrinaires of their type. From their point of view the very fundamental position of India is hopelessly wrong. All power centres in the King instead of in Demos ; and this very fact makes possible a Government unpolluted by the machinations of wealth and unemasculated by the tricks of agitators. The Western socialist dreams of an appeal to the ballot on every occasion ; he refuses to recognise that the ballot is liable to work in practice in a direction very different from what it should in theory, and that if there is sufficient honest public spirit to work the ballot properly, there must be enough to enable the official world profitably to dispense with it on most occasions.

With the rebellious red-tie-and-oratory aspect of socialism we have not the least sympathy. The Labourite who declares that it has been "their turn long enough, now it shall be ours," deserves nothing but deportation ; reform conceived in such a spirit never did anything but harm. It is probably true that a country gets the Government that it deserves, but things are inevitably changing now, and it behoves the "masters, lords and rulers of mankind" to meet the changes in the manner which will be of most benefit to their charges. The principal difference between the conditions of to-day and those of former times lies in the use of machinery, the subordination of man thereto, and the necessity of capital for successful industry. The capitalist of the Middle Ages was the Jew, who buried his money and lived in fear of theft. To-day capital enables its owner to manipulate prices and oppress those without capital in ways intolerable, and the remedy proposed by the socialist politician—the only man who offers any remedy—is the gradual absorption of ownership in land and the larger industries by the State. His remedies point to the possibility of other evils in the place of those he would abolish, but the tendency is to give them a trial. We have endeavoured to show that in India many of these remedies are having a partial trial, and on the whole a very successful one ; and that if the time comes, as seems not unlikely, when the principle of public ownership will greatly extend in Western lands, India will be found to be not only abreast of them in the new endeavour to promote the public weal, but will have many a practical object-lesson to teach the apostles of a gospel which at present is an unproven theory.

AUGUSTUS T. MORGAN.

II

THE war that is going on in the West between the capitalist and the labourer appears to be essentially a war between aristocracy and democracy. The days of monarchical absolutism fairly ended with the 18th century. They were succeeded for a short time by the aristocracy of birth. This was quickly followed by the aristocracy of business talent. Every revolution was effected in the name of democracy. The riotous cry of the masses had been heard centuries back when the English peasant sang :

When Adam delved and Eve span
Who was then the gentleman ?

Leadership entails trust. Trust creates monopoly. But glittering happiness is always mounted and is a moth-attracting glare. The anti-labourites largely allege that many of the ills complained of are imaginary. But the fact that the labour movement, which is either allied to or whose goal is socialism, is steadily gaining ground in Europe, says much to the contrary. Even conservative England is of late seriously interesting itself in this movement thought not in socialism direct. The social legislation that is now passing through the Houses of Parliament are an index of its strength. By overt denunciation and covert conciliation the old parties are trying to keep their ground.

Socialism is a shield and sword in one. The labour-leagues and the working men's guilds do effectively shield the labourer's interests, and sometimes aggressively dictate terms to the grumbling or chafing capitalists. The horrors of trusts, their corrupt manufactures, their unscrupulous ways of corrupting senators are too well known to need a detailed mention. Few men like President Roosevelt have the courage to declare a crusade against the trusts. Even this departure from American political traditions shows the direction in which the wind blows.

The ambition to do away with capitalism may not appeal to the swollen middle classes. After all the attempt may or may not succeed. To an Indian the ultimate success or failure of this problem in the West cannot be very striking. In self-governing countries the transfer of all capital to the State confines the scene of strife to the Council Chamber. There will, on the part of the people, be greater control of State-affairs and less want. Every man's interest will then be in the State, and the State will be watched by a thousand eyes. Perfection there can never be; and evils will be of a peculiar colour. It is not our purpose to preach socialism, and there is no use therefore dilating on the possible evils.

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As all nations aspire after Democracy, so all nations suffer in some form or other the fever of socialism. Government is in the constitution of man. Even the so-called inorganic races ruled by alien powers govern their communities somehow. Attempts at co-operation, combination and even organisation, and sometimes order, are discernible among them, if closely seen; social harmony is a welding force ever active until and unless the aesthetic sense in man is totally killed. The ever-dividing force at work in the best of societies is man's passion to lord it over his neighbour. This degenerate tendency recoils on his own head and the extreme phase of the reaction is socialism.

In a country like India, socialism appears with its own peculiarities and is even hydra-headed. The land where race superiority and sectarianism have done their worst, the empire ruled by an alien people with neutral and perhaps exclusive interests, makes a fertile breeding ground for the passion for equality. How far it will be satisfied is another question. The days of Brahmin superiority, nay, of Brahminical tyranny, have fairly ended, though a credulous Bengali publicist conjures his Mymensingh audience by the force of his Brahminical badge. The Brahmin is cursed as the cause of India's degradation. Even the untouchable Pariah laughs at the Brahmin's orthodoxy and stoutly refuses to step out of his way. The "irreverent" Sudra keenly competes with the Brahmin in all the walks of life, and is often preferred to the Brahmin. The political agitation worked by Congress parties is not shared by the Muhammadans as a community. Some Muhammadans in the North complained to Mr. Keir Hardie that the Hindus' cry for Hindu Swaraj is unjust, and that they would join if it is for Indian Swaraj. The agitation of Uriyas of Orissa for a separate Lieutenant-Governor over the whole Uriya-speaking country is mainly due to the ill-treatment which they received at the hands of Telugus in Ganjam and Bengalis elsewhere. Behar for Beharis—what is that cry due to? The great enemy of socialism is "the struggle for existence and the weakest must go to the wall." They do not want the devil to take care of the hindmost. "The greatest good of the greatest number," and later on "the highest good of the greatest number," nay, "of all," is their war-cry. That "the many are for the happiness of the few" has not only become in this 20th century a self-conned illusion, but it is looked upon as an unpardonable assumption. No caste or community shall domineer over another. This is the social or national aspect of socialism. The possibilities of Indian nationalism lie not so much in each caste or race trying to enjoy or

demand its own rights, as in respecting and not encroaching on the rights of another. Even the ruling race—the Anglo-Indian community—may benefit itself not a little by the warning that is repeatedly given that their aggressive conduct is one of the undesirable causes of the growing Indian unrest. Absence of concord leads sometimes to mutinous discord, which levels in its fury all distinctions. Let all the advanced communities in India profit by this pregnant lesson from Western socialism.

If socialism has any colour, it is the colour lent by economics, with which it identifies itself in the West. Here the labour question crops up in all its hideousness, to the discomfiture of the niggardly capitalist, and strikes are an ugly feature of it. India is becoming quite used to it. So many strikes have been organised in Calcutta that it is aptly nicknamed the “city of strikes.” Just think of the great East Indian Railway strike, and the telegraph strikes. Strikes are becoming the order of the day. They are here, there and everywhere. Even in the South, in the benighted Madras Presidency, the Tamilian could organise the Tuticorin mill strike!

The struggle between capital and labour involves the essentials of democracy—*liberty, fraternity and equality*. The employer cannot treat his employee as his equal. He, to whom money is everything cannot but exact the largest work for the lowest wages. How, then, can he show brotherliness and grant liberty to his dependents? So far as the Western liberal institutions have advanced, democracy is still an unrealised theory, a mirage, a game now receding, now advancing, always in the distance. In the United States, the most democratic of all civilised countries, the Jew (the *Times* correspondent informs us) is treated as a *Pariah*. The Negro still smarts at the unequal treatment meted out to him. In England the House of hereditary Lords vetoes the measures of the House of the people's elected men. Where sentimentalism and conservatism hold sway over the most civilised of nations, it cannot for a moment be expected that the capitalist will, to the detriment of his self-interest, act up to an ideal but little realised anywhere.

Some time back the place of honour was assigned in the *Rapid Review* to a powerful article on the signs of English degeneracy. The writer, among other causes, alarmingly pointed to the growing ease-loving ways of the middle classes. The enormous decrease in the birth-rate of these classes is attributed to this. He quotes the authority of two eminent men in support of his arguments. When Jesus the Christ said, “It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven,” perhaps his prophetic vision

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extended so far as to include the capitalist of to-day. Be that as it may, there is no denying the fact that the effects of *capitalism* are doubly demoralising. It demoralises the capitalist as well as the labourer. In this age of mechanism and steam, the problem of the ever-swelling numbers of the unemployed apart, low wages, long hours and departmentalism are making men into slaves and machines. Whether it be the factory or office, the trained labourer or the passed candidate, all equally yawn in their posts or watch for opportunities to evade duty. Under the existing system duty neither requires smartness nor keeps body and soul together. No doubt the highest grades are exceptions to this; but they are the lieutenants of capital and not the rank and file of labour. The heads, soon after they get into the cushioned chairs, are metamorphosed into masters of slaves. They, as the men on the spot, are omnipotent, which blindfolds them into omniscience. They are the cause of all unrest.

Our ideals are day by day mounting the skies, and we are descending into soulless passions and fashions. Where is conscience, where is truth, when justice is corrupted, elections are influenced and honours sold? Civilisation is degenerating into simulating greatness and dissimulating angularities.

The East is imitating the West. Plantations are dreaded by coolies, factories are becoming a reproach to humanity and public offices have developed an "official conscience." Larger pay and less work is a bribe that teaches men to extort heavier bribes. To Indian students of socialism it is not a little interesting to study the controversy carried on for some time past between Messrs. Chatterton and Havell on the question of weaving, the one being for the factory system and the other for the hand-loom weaving by the village weaver. The one with his official patronage and the example of the all-powerful Manchester mills at his back, and the other with his keen expert knowledge of the art and the Indian conditions, are fighting a tough fight.

It is for the Indian public to adjudge between the two. This will largely determine the future of socialism in India. Not that weaving is or is to be the only factory industry for India, but that the weavers and the weaving question afford a test case to see whether India is carried away by the glamour of Western civilisation to repeat its horrors, or whether it persists in maintaining its individuality. To put it in clearer terms, is India to have wealth or welfare? Would you dump the foreign marts with Indian cloth as Mr. Chatterton wants you to do, or would you be content to set the starving weaver on his feet and teach him manliness? Are you

for overcrowding your towns, filling them with smoke and filth to harbour plague and above all, do you prefer serfdom to self-help? To prefer hand-loom weaving is to strengthen the village, which is the backbone of the nation. To teach independence and co-operation to the villager is to make capital and labour meet half-way.

Professor Ramachandra Rao pleading in the February number of *East & West* for economic chivalry in India, suggests that "*public service* should be freed from the considerations of the *love of wealth*," and to this end he advises the wealthy to take the initiative. He thinks the present time is "most opportune to educate and raise public opinion in this country, so as to create what we might call the *Code of Honour in Commerce and Industry*." But educating public opinion in India is a fad which congresses and conferences have been perseveringly attempting with little success. To filter down ideals from the higher to the lower strata is only a hobby. The Pharisees are opaque bodies. To ask a poverty-stricken people to prefer honour to wealth is to give a hungry man stones for bread.

Where a society is not well cemented, where interdependence is not felt, where there are hopeless divisions and sub-divisions, where each man is quite indifferent to the enormities and atrocities of his neighbour—to talk of public opinion, communism or socialism is a betrayal of one's own blindness. Socialism is to be evolved. Revolutionary socialism is anarchism. What is called socialism in free states passes for nationalism in subject races. If the one aspires to level down differences, the other longs after levelling up inequalities. In the one case the aristocracy are to come down, and in the other the masses have to go up. Mountains must be removed and chasms filled. Before the individual grows to the full height of manhood and peeps into divinity, to shout for socialism becomes inordinate passion, and not natural thirst. This is why even wise men shudder at socialism in the West and advise moderation and evolution in the East. Not that the classes are immaculate, not that the masses are untouchable, but that there may be construction before destruction, lest good, bad and indifferent should all be swept away. Immature longing degrades man into greed for power, cuts the wings of progress, becomes the hotbed of poisonous ease; religiosity is killed and morality warped. Liberty is dearly priced to be worthily won. Plunder leads to unbridled license.

Let us put Individualism before Socialism. The source of socialism is where humanity ends and divinity begins. The greatest opposition to Western socialism comes from religion. A writer confesses mildly that socialism is, "if not anti-Christian and anti-Theistic, at

least . . . very definitely non-Christian and non-Theistic." "It may on occasion be compelled, in self-defence even, to adopt the aggressive attitude in these matters. I think we may conclude that the oft-repeated saying of Tridon, to the effect that socialism stands for a new theory of life, expressing itself in economics as communism, in religion as atheism, and in politics as international republicanism, taken in a wide sense, cannot be regarded as destitute of justification." Socialism as above interpreted is an exotism that finds very uncongenial soil in India. As the "Historians' History" endorses, "it has been truthfully said that the Hindus are the most religious of all peoples." Faith in man's divine origin calls forth the highest and best in us. Faith supplies the hope, the inspiration, the sustenance required by unchecked progress of head, heart and soul. There is no antidote to selfishness except in the faith in our ultimate, eternal destiny. The failure of churchianity is the West has resulted in the suicidal attitude of socialism. Certainly, with reference to denominationalism its attitude is homicidal. It aims at universality to which it is diametrically opposite. But its trend is significant. Let India develop the individual, with his consciousness of divine origin and support ever present, and she shall undoubtedly give to the world a larger socialism, a truer socialism, that will be in tune with the harmony of harmonies. Then shall capital be labour, and labour capital, in the unity of Knowing is Being.

J. V. NARAYAN.

Chatrapur (Ganjam Dt.)

THE EDUCATION OF A GREAT KING.

(Continued from our last number.)

WHILE openly agreeing with the King, pandering to his low tastes and encouraging him in his violent and tyrannical projects, the subtle and astute Seckendorff and Grumbkow were working diligently in unsuspected concord for one and the same end, *viz.*, to frustrate by every means in their power the proposed alliances with England, which fell in ill with the plans and wishes of the Austrian Emperor and Prince Eugene.

"The honest farmer," as Frederick William dubbed Seckendorff, bought and sold every creature at the Prussian Court, whom he considered worth a price, or of use to further his projects. If France or England were in the field first, he outbid them. "Never," he declared, "would he let the King of Prussia slip through his fingers." He listened with avidity to every word the King let drop, when, half-drunk with wine, his tongue was loosened; and many valuable hints the artful minister thus gained, to be repeated to his master, the Austrian Emperor, at the earliest opportunity. He surrounded the King in a net-work of intrigue, treachery and dishonesty, ably abetted by his co-conspirator, Grumbkow, whom Wilhelmina succinctly described as concealing under a fine exterior "a dishonest, interested and treacherous heart. His whole character is but a tissue of vices,"—adding spitefully, "He had given proofs of his courage at Malplaquet by remaining in a ditch through the whole action."

The ill-natured and satirical Princess was not far wrong. With his open, pleasant face, witty conversation, attractive polished manners and excellent business habits, Grumbkow ingratiated himself into the King's most intimate confidence, making himself necessary to him on all intricate points of discussion or questions of state policy, only to serve his own ends and fill his pocket with

foreign bribes. "Without principle or faith," open to the offers of the highest bidder in any court of Europe, selling one patron after another if he could make a better bargain, this man really ruled and swayed the King in all the most important transactions of his life. Difficult as the sturdy old Brandenburgher was to manage, coerce, advise or control, he contrived by flattery, expediency and diplomacy to guide "his Jupiter" through the most labyrinthine paths of home and foreign politics, undermining on every occasion possible the influence of the French and English ministers, so as to bring prominently forward the prior (better paid) claims of Austria.

Between these two cronies, Seckendorff and Grumbkow, the only honest man in the Prussian Court was dogged, deceived and betrayed; and, strangely enough, he was fully aware of their treachery.

We must now glance at the teachers and tutors with whom Frederick William surrounded his son from his earliest days. It was often remarked that the King, by some crooked trait in his character, "always did the very contrary to what he should have done to secure his object"; he wished to bring up his boy as an honest, God-fearing, brave and conscientious gentleman; and, above all, to be German in thought, word and deed. He, therefore, made, to attain that end, the extraordinary choice of several French exiles to mould the youthful mind of the future King of Prussia.

Madame de Rocoulle, a lady who spent thirty years in Germany without learning a word of the language, was deputed as religious instructor to the royal children. She was a Calvinist of the strictest and most forbidding type, yet withal, a thorough Frenchwoman, pining for her country, despising and ridiculing other nationalities, clever, witty and cynical, and not over particular in the tenor of her conversation.

Jaiques Egide Duhan—picked up in a trench at the siege of Stralsund, and engaged on the spot as tutor for "Fritz" by the eccentric and impulsive King—was the son of a French Calvinist refugee, and his lines of instruction were thus traced out by the all-presiding monarch. "He was to explain the maps to his pupil, teach him the history of the last hundred years, and not earlier, the stories in the Bible, but above all arithmetic." *

* "The Youth of Frederick the Great," page 9.

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Frederick William earnestly desired that his son should believe in universal grace and the consoling doctrine that Christ died for all. He, *therefore*, according to his wont, surrounded him with men who had sacrificed all for their unflinching belief in predestination, a doctrine the King considered so dangerous that he "forbade the chaplains to preach on this subject to the troops, lest the latter should conclude that they were predestined to desert and should act accordingly." But his son was from his earliest years exposed to the subtle arguments and insidious influences of the staunchest supporters of this dogma !

Duhan was commanded most authoritatively to leave the Greeks and Romans severely alone ; the histories of ancient peoples, long since passed away, would be of no service to a German King building up a modern monarchy. Nothing was to be taught that was not for a practical purpose. Duhan compromised matters. The Prince did not learn out of a book, but his indefatigable tutor collected for him the most important events in chronological order, and by conversations and translations of the great masterpieces of antiquity, made his pupil acquainted with the charms of classical history and mythology. As the languages of the ancients were likewise tabooed, Duhan had recourse to another trick : " It was the duty of a royal prince, heir to an electorate, to have read the Golden Bull, one of the constitutions of the Holy Roman Empire of the Germanic nation. Duhan bethought him of explaining this venerable document to his pupil. He entrusted the charge to an auxiliary tutor, but by ill-fortune it chanced that the King entered during one of the lessons.

" What are you about, you scoundrel ? " he asked the master.

" Your Majesty," answered the luckless tutor, " I am explaining the Golden Bull to his Royal Highness ! "

" Indeed ! " replied Frederick William, " I will Golden Bull you ! " and he rained blows upon the unlucky professor ! †

Thus ended the surreptitious Latin lessons ; and was it likely that the quick eyes of the boy did not discover instantly that his father was being disobeyed and deceived ?

Secretly, the young enquirer after knowledge, with the aid of his tutor, formed for himself an extensive library, in which were included most of the works of Voltaire—the very thought of

† Ibid, page 46.

whose blasphemy and profanity made the King's hair to stand on end—Rabelais, Descartes, Bayle, Locke and Machiavelli. Duhan kept the key of the cupboards where these treasures were concealed ; and every spare moment Frederick spent in the enjoyment of these forbidden delights, his father's tyranny and narrow-mindedness distorting into a crime the legitimate eagerness of a precocious mind hungering after purely intellectual pleasures.

Two notable warriors, General Fink and Colonel Kalkstein, were chosen to instil martial ardour into Frederick's breast ; the former a veteran of world-wide reputation, loving war for its own sake, and believing that no other profession than that of arms was possible for a scion of nobility ; the latter played an important part in Frederick's education, and initiated him in all military virtues ; both were well-educated, accomplished soldiers and strict disciplinarians.

Two other French refugees, Nande and a monk, La Croze, supplemented the lessons the Prince received from Duhan ; clever, intellectual men, well-read in all the historical, scientific and philosophical literature of the day, and anxious to impart their knowledge to the intelligent mind all on the alert to receive it.

Thus, unintentionally perhaps, these various teachers totally subverted the King's theories of education ; but at the same time, they moulded Frederick into the celebrated refined man of literary and scientific tastes, for which he was afterwards distinguished, the "philosopher of Sans-Souci" and friend of Voltaire.

As the young scholar grew older, the breach between him and his father widened, until the bluff dogmatic autocrat ended in hating the very sight of his son, whose presence was a continual reproach to his coarse pleasures and brutal manners. "There are people," said the father, "who are giving him ideas contrary to mine." Frederick, on his side, bitterly resented the detailed supervision of all his actions ; he writhed under the king's tyrannical restrictions on his liberty, independence, and individual tastes ; his only pleasure at last became thwarting and disobeying the stringent commands laid upon him. He welcomed with delight the advances of those ministers who were opposed to the king's party. When only fourteen, he encouraged Du Bamgay, the English, and Rattenburg, the French minister, to communicate to him matters of great political import-

ance, in return giving them "an exact account of all that the King his father said." He dwelt with unction on the prospect of his father's death, or, if his paroxysms of fury continued, of his ultimate confinement in a lunatic asylum. With the queen and his sister, he intrigued with those Governments known to be hostile to the King, and secretly moved heaven and earth to bring about the much-desired double marriage with England. He contrived to get his debts paid by different loans, lent him, *sub rosa*, by France, England and Austria, for money of whatever coinage was always acceptable to the impecunious young prince. He never did and never intended to repay these loans, which he always regarded as just payments for his confidences. The King, however, had some inkling of how matters stood, and his hatred was intensified by his suspicions. One day he broke out, "I know, little rascal, all that you are doing in order to escape my rod, but you are mistaken if you hope to succeed; I mean to keep you in leash, and to mortify you yet awhile," and thenceforth the Court of Prussia became a hell, where everyone endured the torments of the lost. *

Through M. Lavis's fascinating narrative we are led, as in a drama, from one scene to another to the culminating tragedy of Katte's execution. A comic vein runs alongside of the tragic; one moment our sympathies are warmly enlisted on the side of the unfortunate victims of a half-mad despot, and then we smile irresistibly at the strange and absurd figure this most moral and best regulated court in Europe cut before the critical eyes of the bystanders; where no one member believed in or trusted in the other; where all spied, intrigued, and suspected; where the father showed the greatest aversion to his heir, beat, maltreated, bullied, and feared him; where the mother, daughter and son equally disliked and deceived the father; and where the son concealed all his true inclinations, his actions, good or bad, under a cloak of unnatural reserve, giving his father no clue to his real disposition. For years "Frederick maintained a secret correspondence with the English Court. He received letters from the Prince of Wales, whenever a safe opportunity occurred. He had found a means of reconciling the contrary wishes of the two courts: England desires the double

* Ibid, page 211.

and Prussia the single marriage. Let England be satisfied, for the moment, with the union between the Prince of Wales and Wilhelmina. The Crown Prince gives and reiterates in writing "his word of honour never to marry anyone but Princess Amelia," thereby disposing of himself without the knowledge and against the will of his father The King did not know all this for certain. Could any man, any King, imagine that it was possible for him to be so duped ? One of his ministers, Cuyphausen, hands over his secrets to France and England ; another, Grumbkow, tells them to Austria, and makes use against his master of the very envoy sent by the latter to represent him in London. The Queen and Crown Prince intrigue against him. The whole story is perhaps that of the greatest network of deception ever conceived." *

A dissipated, good-natured youth, one of the King's pages named Keith, pandered to Frederick's vices, aided by the clever, unscrupulous young Lieutenant von Katte, whose friendship for the Prince cost him so dear. That Frederick won the warmest sympathies of those around him, by his father's extraordinary behaviour, is certain, but each individual tried to turn that sympathy to his own self-interest, and to form a party in contradiction to that of the King. Rattenburg, the French Minister, was among the most forward to range himself secretly on Frederick's side. "The young Prince was indeed precocious ! Rattenburg could not contain his admiration for the manner in which he played his part. To the Imperialists, who were seeking to draw him to their side by promising to obtain favours for him from his father, he answered, as a model son should, 'That he hopes, by carefully observing his conduct, to merit the consideration of the King, and that, should he ever fail in his duty, he would not deserve that anyone should exert influence on his behalf.' Even in speaking to his friends, who were informed of all his secrets, he used expressions to conceal his thoughts. He spoke not of his own party, but of the party of his grandfather, King George." †

To get at the bottom of these embryo plots, which he shrewdly suspected were being hatched against him, the King actually made his unfortunate son drunk, so as to reap benefit from any unguarded sentence he may let fall from his lips. However, Frederick drunk

* Ibid, page 210.

† Ibid, page 181.

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was as diplomatic as Frederick sober, and the listener gained nothing by the monstrous stratagem.

One extraordinary scene, depicted by M. Lavissee, is too characteristic to bear curtailing ; we quote it in full.

"They were still at Wusterhausen when the Feast of St. Hubert came round—a day that the King always liked to celebrate joyously. Frederick was seated next to Suhm, minister of Saxony, next to his father and mother. He began, contrary to his custom, to drink deeply. "I shall be very ill to-morrow," he whispered to Suhm. Shortly afterwards, when the wine mounted into his head, he began to complain to his neighbour of the life of slavery he had to endure. He entreated him to procure, through the intervention of the King of Poland, leave for him to travel. He spoke so loud that his words reached the other side of the table. The Queen, disturbed, made signs to Suhm to calm him ; but the Prince continued to talk, and pointing to the King, repeated : "And yet I love him !"

"What does he say ?" asks the King.

Suhm replies that the Prince is tipsy, and not responsible for his words.

"Nonsense," answers the King ; "he is pretending. But what does he say ?"

"The Prince says that although the King forces him to drink too much, he loves him very dearly."

"He is pretending," repeats the King.

Suhm gives his word of honour that the Prince is really and truly drunk. "I have just pinched him, and he felt nothing," he says.

Fritz becomes serious for a minute, but a fresh attack soon comes on. The Queen retires : Suhm advises the Prince to go to bed ; the Prince replies that he will not go before he has kissed his father's hand. The King, amused by the scene, gives him one hand ; the Prince demands the other. He covers them with kisses, and draws the King towards him. The spectators applaud loudly. Then Fritz goes round the table, throws himself at the King's feet, speaking to him all the time, and kissing him. He declares that he loves him with all his heart, that he has been calumniated by people who would serve their own interests by making a breach between father and son, that he will love and serve the King all his life.

"Good ! good !" says the King, "let *him* only be a man of honour !"

Everyone wept, and finally the Prince was removed." *

What a scene ! What a satire upon the principles of truth and morality inculcated by the strictest Court in Europe ! The acting was so good, the King was deceived by it, and was delighted by this gross exhibition. At last his heir was learning to drink like a man ; he was putting away "all effeminate, lascivious and womanly occupations ;" perhaps, as time went on, he might give up having his hair curled "like an idiot," might develop into a smoking, drinking, hunting chip of the old block, hobnobbing with his father's cronies, and relishing their unsavoury jokes. All things were yet possible with such a sudden amendment of evil ways !

The Prince, in truth, sat skilfully on the fence, though the position was a strained and uncomfortable one. He considered a little judicious compliance with the King's tastes, a few pages of servile and hypocritical sentiments addressed to his father from time to time, would form a convenient ground to fall back upon, if "the Prince's party failed."

The truce, however, between the combatants was very short-lived. The King suspected the sincerity of Frederick's new-born virtues, and becoming more incensed against him, beat him unmercifully almost daily with the pertinacity and violence of a slave-driver.

The King was not partial in his blows. He had no respect of persons ; he beat alike servants, tradesmen, citizens, judges, doctors, tutors, lawyers and Jesuits. The only person in his family who never felt the weight of his fist was the Queen, but he cursed her with his tongue instead ; the only persons in the Court who escaped corporal chastisement, were the foreign ministers, though his hands often itched to test the strength of his cane on their backs. They were, however, tried in other ways, till to be accredited to Berlin was synonymous with purgatory to the exiled diplomats. The Prussians, with no way of escape open, had to bear their indignities as best they might. Events, meanwhile, were approaching a climax. One day the King sneered at the Prince for bearing as a coward, treatment that would have made the King

* Ibid, page 201.

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himself run away a thousand times if he had been subjected to so much ignominy. Such a means of relief from his woes as his father implied, had often, in truth, passed through Frederick's mind. He confided to his sister that, on the earliest opportunity, he intended to fly to England or France. Neither of these countries, however, appeared anxious to receive so embarrassing a guest, and politely counselled him to remain with patience where he was. Intrigues and counter-intrigues were as usual in full force for and against the English marriages, the King's party *versus* the "subterraneans," as the Queen's followers were designated, mining and countermining each other, Sir Charles Hotham working for the latter, Reubenback and Grumbkow might and main for the former; the King, with characteristic indecision, changing his tactics towards the contending diplomatists hour by hour, and much disconcerting their various schemes and manœuvres. One day, allowing Wilhelmina to be publicly congratulated on her engagement to the Prince of Wales, the next ignoring that such an occurrence had taken place. His love of bartering got the better of his discretion. Not being able to obtain the "shovelfuls of sand" he coveted in the shape of the duchies of Juliers and Berg, he was determined to spite the English Court, though it was to his own detriment, by finally refusing to give his consent to the double alliance. The Prince of Wales desired to wed Wilhelmina—well and good, let him have her—but he would receive no extravagant fine lady for Fritz's wife, unless he had substantial compensation for introducing so dangerous an element into the frugal simplicity of the Prussian Royal circle; and at last he finally declares, "While he lives, the Crown Prince shall not marry an Englishwoman."

(To be concluded).

FRANCES SWINEY.

DIARY OF A DERELICT.

(Continued from our last number.)

SEVERAL of the Statutes of Henry VIII. quoted by Froude take us back to the time when the English monarchy had apparently some of the ideals of Manu—so different from those under which “wealth accumulates and men decay.” The Japanese resemble the English of those days and of the time of Queen Elizabeth—and may find imitators in India. What are the laws regulating the rise and fall of nations? If “sparing justice feeds iniquity” among individuals as well as among nations, what is the time allowed for repentance and reparation? How long does it take for the poisoned fountain of the will to clear itself, and for “the flower inwoven soul divine” to emerge with all its triumphant harmonies?

17-7-05.

“Suffer in silence, do you? No, cry aloud upon the rooftops, sound the tocsin, raise the alarm at all risks, for it is not alone your house that is on fire, but that of your neighbour, that of every one. Silence is frequently a duty when suffering is only personal; but it is an error and a fault when the suffering is that of millions,” so says Mazzini. What would Tolstoy say to him?

The little needle always knows the North,
 The little bird remembereth his note,
 And this wise Seer within me never errs;
 I never taught it what it teaches me;
 I only follow when I act aright.

This was Emerson's *anubhava* (experience) of the *Sākhi* (Seer). And *anubhava* may reconcile Mazzini and Tolstoy—and show us “One hope within two wills, one will beneath two over-shadowing minds,”

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24-7-05.

We see the sun, the moon and the stars revolving, as it seems to us, round us. That is all false. We feel that the earth is motionless. That is false too. We see the sun rise above the horizon; it is beneath us. We touch what we think is a solid body. There is no such thing. We hear harmonious sounds; but the air has only brought us silently undulations that are silent themselves. We admire the effects of light and of the colours that bring vividly before our eyes the splendid scenes of Nature; but, in fact, there is no light, there are no colours. It is the movement of opaque ether striking on our optic nerve which gives us the impression of light and colour. We burn our foot in the fire; it is not the foot that pains us; it is in our brain only that the feeling of being burned resides. We speak of heat and cold; there is neither heat nor cold in the universe, only motion. Thus, our senses mislead us as to the reality of objects around us.

So says Flammarion in his book on "The Unknown." We are yet but little children "picking shells by the great Ocean Truth." We can only say

Infinite Ideality!

Immeasurable Reality!

Infinite Personality!

Hallowed be Thy name.

25-7-05.

The musical history of mankind consists of three stages—the drum stage, the pipe stage and the lyre stage. Is not that also the history of our souls? Before they can have the sweetness of the lyre, they have to do their drumming and piping. Blatant denials and denunciations of the unknown are apparently the drum stage—the honest doubter is in the second stage; and when faith "brightens at the clash of yes and no"—the lyre stage succeeds and this can become as "sweet as stops of planetary music heard in trance."

Some Barristers also go through these stages. First comes the drumming—plenty of swagger and bluster; then comes the piping, usually during the last part of a trial—and finally comes the lyre, when they address the court, and say such nice things of its exemplary patience and courtesy? But the starry spirits never dance in their mild lights, and planetary music, alas! is certainly never ⁱⁿ their forte.

26-7-05.

What is sleep? Sleep, it is said, discloses a "regulative self

adjustment of cell metabolism"—big words which merely conceal our ignorance. The greater the catabolism, the greater the anabolism—says Hering. In deep or "dead" sleep, die temporarily our powers of movement and sensibility—our co-ordinating faculties—our imaginative faculties—and our consciousness: only organic life remains. When consciousness also remains—we have sleep of degree 3. When in addition the imaginative faculties remain—we have sleep of degree 2; and when the co-ordinating faculties also remain—we have sleep of degree 1. Science is, however, not yet able to say what causes sleep. The accumulation of "fatigue-substances" in cerebral cells does not account for it—for it is during the first hour or two that sleep is progressively profound. It is not due to a sort of asphyxia—caused by the cessation of cerebral respiration, so to say. The brain has its pulsations (like the heart), its oscillations (like the lungs) and its undulations. The Yogic Vrittis may be defined as pulsations, oscillations and undulations of the brain. But physiologists do not agree as to sleep being a kind of cerebral asphyxia, and according to the Yoga Sutras, sleep is itself a Vritti, for we are able to say when we awake: "I slept profoundly", or "mine was a kind of dog sleep," or "my sleep was full of dreams" &c. Physiologists agree that in sleep there is cerebral anæmia, but they are not able to explain why there should be any connection between such anæmia and sleep, or why such anæmia should be "chief nourisher in life's feast" and should "knit up the ravelled sleeve of care." They do not agree as to what raises the "threshold value of stimuli" during waking hours, or as to what lowers it, as in hypnotism. They are at loggerheads also in analysing and defining the dream state, and they cannot account for the "swift and lovely dreams that walk the waves of sleep." Here are things of which we have experience every day and yet we cannot explain them and cannot even give a rational account of them. Why, then, should we blame the seers and saints who liken *anubhava* to the tasting of sugarcandy by the dumb: and who even go so far as to say

That sleep has sights as clear and true
As any waking eyes can view.

May it not be, as the Upanishads say, that in deep sleep the spirit goes back to its source, and hence the death of each day's life becomes a balmy bath and "great nature's second course"?

DIARY OF A DERELICT

715

27-7-05.

Elisée Reclus—an ethnographer—after reviewing barbarism and civilisation, says: "Thus it is evident that among civilised men all is not satisfactory, while among uncivilised all is not unsatisfactory. We are led to infer that civilisation amplifies and intensifies its elements. We had already occasions to note that among ourselves the extremes are wider apart than among the barbarians. We can say that we are at once materially much better and much worse off, and morally much better and much worse off than savages. And as to man himself, it can be said that of all ferocious brutes he is the most cruel, and of all gentle animals the most affectionate." Here there is a scientific summing up by one who is apparently not a follower of Schopenhauer—and what does it come to? A paradox. And yet spiritual paradoxes are supposed to be fictions. If a scientific paradox may be true—why not a spiritual one?

28-7-05.

Pope called Bacon "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind." Spedding objects, but Bacon himself, we read in Spedding's pages, wrote to Rawley: "I was the justest Judge that was in England these fifty years. But it was the justest censure in Parliament that was these 200 years." The justest Judge was most justly held corrupt. The truth again lay in a paradox. The Rajas and the Tamas became triumphant in Bacon when he took presents from suitors. But his Sattwic personality asserted itself when he came to actually decide a case, and when he finally confessed his guilt. It may be, as Spedding says, that Bacon disposed of every case *secundum aequum et bonum*—for every one of us is a paradox, Was not Nero himself a pupil of Seneca?

* * *

Bacon remarks in his "Apotheogms": "It was said of Augustus, and afterwards the like was said of Septimus Severus, both which did infinite mischief in their beginnings and infinite good towards their ends, that they should either have never been born or never died." So even the professed atheist may one day graciously modify his judgment of God and God's works and indulge at least in a similar paradox.

Diogenes said of a young man who danced daintily: "'Tis better, the worse." He would probably have said the same thing of pretty atheistic mental dances.

29-7-05.

Why did Hume assert that Berkeley's arguments "admit of no answer" and "produced no conviction"? Ward answers, because "the epistemological problem was as hopeless as before." Is it, however, really hopeless to a Yogi? Do we not sunder our absolute whole into subjective and objective factors? "Since the world is a plenum," writes Leibnitz, "all things are connected together, and every body acts upon every other more or less according to their distance, and is affected by their reaction; hence each monad is a living mirror representative of the universe according to its point of view." And hence, "he who sees all could read in each that which passes everywhere else." To a high Yogi all *objects* are—to use Professor Clifford's term—mere *ejects*—*ejects* of Atma. What is trans-subjective becomes subjective in him. His "sensori motor adjustments" to his environment are universalistic, not individualistic. Everything is a meeting point of all relations to him. He whom he meditates on full-fronts him, "In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul, and the clod." His Empirical Ego knows how to merge in the pure Ego.

* * *

"Epictetus used to say that one of the vulgar, in any ill that happens to him, blames others; a novice in philosophy blames himself; and a philosopher blames neither the one nor the other." What did he mean by his "philosopher"? Apparently a man who had soared high enough to realise absolute truth, though not able to express it—high enough to hear "thought's melody . . . too sweet for utterance."

2-8-05.

How does the realm of fact come before the seeing soul? What are "the conditions under which objectivity in general becomes possible material for cognition?" What is "the process mediating the unity of the ego and the multifarious detail of actual experience?" Through what "are *objects* so determined that they are possible matters of knowledge for a conscious *subject*?" What is it that determines the conditions of non-contradictoriness in thought?

What is it that determines objects, gives uniformity to the receptivity of sense, realises notions, is the general directive in experiential researches—systematises all experience and synthetically subsumes each particular under its appropriate universal? What is the source of parallelism between ideas and objective reality? What supplies “the *unity* in difference of objects known and subject cognising?” Whence come “the ultimate pre-supposition with the aid of which alone can harmony or ethical and aesthetic completeness be gained for our conceptions of things?” How is it that we are able to “treat each special aspect or determination as an integral portion of an organic whole—a portion of which must prove itself unintelligible and contradictory if regarded apart from its relations to the whole?” The “concrete unity and totality of thought” depends upon the unifying intelligence (Buddhi) in which alone “is to be found the secret of knowing and of being,” the secret as to “the nature of the ultimate relation between the individual thinker as such and the world within which his thought is exercised.” And that unifying intelligence, that central unity of self-consciousness, derives its life from the Jiwa Atma. Our notions are “not merely mechanically formed psychical facts.” They are not “products formed from the data supplied by presentative and representative experience.” They are not “mere subjective abbreviations of what is given in experience” or mere hieroglyphics or signs. There is a unity within, which works wonders, and all our notions are the functions or forms of that unity in conscious experience and of these notions are formed our judgments, whether simple or elaborative—whether categorical, hypothetical or disjunctive. Neither progressive nor regressive—neither synthetical nor analytical—neither deductive nor inductive nor analogical ratiocination is possible without that unity—the meeting-point of all relations—the Alchemist of thought. It is because the absolute whole is one, that subject cognises object and high spirits can call

The future from its cradle, and the past
Out of its grave, and make the present last,
In thoughts and joys which sleep but cannot die,
Folded within their own eternity.

22-8-05.

Unity in difference is much more interesting than unity in non-difference. The union of a male and a female is much more interest-

EAST & WEST

ing than the single-blessedness of either. So is the union of prakriti and purush.

To the intense, the deep, the imperishable spirit—matter is united,
Even as a bride delighting and delighted.

Spirit and matter so united and glowing with love and loveliness are merely a phase of the Supreme. The infinities and finites are but shadows of the Absolute, and the Absolute does not cease to be Absolute on account of such shadows.

* * *

Evil is as little irrational as darkness. Evil is not an implicit of freedom when this word is used in the sense of Moksha (salvation). But it is an implicit of freedom on our present plane if freedom is used in its ordinary sense of liberty of choice.

* * *

The subjection of the Soul to the compulsion of Eternal Loveliness—of Eternal Splendour—is freedom in the sense of Moksha. Freedom and compulsion—two relative irreconcilables—are thus reconciled in that last stage, for souls so subject are not senseless automata.

* * *

Reverence is the mother of Insight.

(To be continued.)

NASRIN : OR AN INDIAN MEDLEY.

(Continued from our last issue.)

CHAPTER XXIII.

"ZAHURAN," said Begum Haidar Jung with a sigh, as she lay on a small bed, "give me a glass of cold water."

Zahuran brought the water and the Begum sat up and drank it off, and with a moan fell back on her bed.

Alas ! time seemed to have encompassed centuries in a year for her ; when we last saw her, gay, young, and charming, happy in the love of her Nawab, she was the very incarnation of youth and spring, but now how changed ! Her eyes were encircled by dark rings and had lost their lustre, her hair dishevelled and uncombed, parted over a face which was insidiously pale, her delicate form was emaciated beyond all measure, and looked like a drooping lily from which the waters of life had been withdrawn, breathing away her lost fragrance.

Since the Nawab had fallen in love with Nasrin and begun to spend his days and nights with Raj Singh, the sweetness of their intercourse had come to an end. Often and often he had tried to talk to her in the old sweet way, but there was something lacking, something wanting to give that freshness, that sweetness, to his caresses which used to fill her soul with ineffable bliss. She had done all she could to win back his love, and had to a certain extent succeeded : when Nasrin again appeared in Lucknow, from that day she felt as if she had lost him for ever. She asked no questions, but one day disguising herself she followed the Nawab, and discovered the cause of his indifference towards her. She had heard them talk with her own ears, as he was saying to her :—

"My beloved Nasrin, how long do you wish to torment me, how long are we to remain strangers ?"

"Dearest," Nasrin was saying, "is it not enough ; what more can we desire ? I am happy in your love, and are you not content with being loved as no one has ever been loved before ?"

The Begum could listen no more, she was on the point of fainting, and hurried away from the place of her retreat. From that day she neglected herself, looking into space, uttering no complaints but slowly consuming herself. It seemed as if her soul had left her body, leaving it tenanted by a mere shadow of life. If any one pressed her to eat, she forced herself to put a few morsels in her mouth and then sank back again into a state of blank abstraction, answering all queries with a listless smile, and receiving all sympathy and attempts of her servants to cheer her with indifference.

The absolute neglect of physical wants brought on fever and cough, which allowed her no sleep or rest, yet she made no complaint and seemed dead to all sensations. The Nawab came as usual to sleep in her room ; she asked him no questions and gave short replies to his formal queries about her health. Sometimes, moved with pity, he would come and sit near her bed and say,

"You are getting no better ; the treatment does not seem to do you any good ; we had better change it."

"I am all right," she would say, "no medicine can have any effect on me now."

"But why?" he would ask, "I will send for a new doctor to-morrow."

"Pray, don't trouble yourself about me, it is no use ; my days in this world are over," was her invariable reply.

"Don't be silly," he would say, patting her cheek, "you will soon be all right."

She would look at him as if to discover that which sometimes the tone of his voice reminded her of, the days long past, and finding only pity where she sought love, she would bury her face in the pillow and shed tears of despair.

He would sometimes bend down and kiss her with real love, and then, as if her heart could read every passing fancy of his mind, her face would brighten, her eyes would glisten with a new light and illumine her whole soul with love.

"Dearest," said she one day, "sit down near me and talk to me of the days when we were so happy together, when this house, this very room whose dreary bare walls stare at me with such sadness, seemed to be a paradise on earth. O happy were those days, what happiness was crowded into those few years."

"It was a happy time," said he, looking back into the past, and the old memories reviving the old love, "ah, but the days past can never return."

"Alas! no," said she, "but I live in the past. I see you as you were in the time of yore, I know the very sparkle of your eye which came like a ray of light, entered my heart and filled it with joy; ah, how you would sit hour after hour, never weary of my company."

"The body decays," said he, "but the soul remains ever the same, the eyes still have the same old light, but the time stays not."

"Ah," said she, "I am glad I am going. I cannot endure life when what gives it colour is no more. May you be happy!"

"You let your imagination work too much," said he, "you have ordinary malarial fever and cough, which must go away in a few days."

"I do not wish them to go without taking me with them," she replied, "what have I to live for?"

"Won't you live for my sake?" he asked.

"If I could give even a little happiness to you, if I could but brighten, one moment of your life, I would renounce heaven itself for your sake; it is for your sake that I wish to leave this world."

"For my sake," gasped the Nawab.

"For your sake," said she. "Are you silly enough to think that I know nothing. I know all. I have seen you with these eyes with the person you love, and have heard the confession of your love from your own lips. Oh, don't be annoyed," she added as he turned pale, "it distresses me; I know it all and I would do anything to make you happy. But I can assure you that she can never love you as I have loved, and confident in my love I can wait for you on the other side of the grave."

"I have been a fool," he confessed, wholly conquered and falling on his knees and kissing her parched lips, "pray forgive me."

"That is kind," said she, "God alone knows how long I have thirsted for this nectar. I have thought over this for days and days and wanted to speak to you; and if my life could add to your happiness, what could be sweeter than to lose it and become one with you."

"Oh, forgive me," he, repeated "I was a fool, I was mad; do forgive me."

"Forgive you," said she, "it is I who am to blame. My love was unripe, otherwise how could I ever think of myself. But, thank Heaven, it has ripened through pain and suffering, and I know the divinity, the sweetness of love. Tell her also that I love her and would like to see her once. It will be so sweet."

"Talk to me of no one," said he, full of remorse. "I have been very cruel and nothing in the world can atone for my sin."

"It was so willed by God," said she, "who wanted perhaps to test the strength of my love."

"My love, my love," sobbed the Nawab, as he sank on the bed beside her, "do forgive me."

"I have nothing to forgive," she replied lovingly, as he softly stroked her hair and laid her head in his lap. "May God bless you for giving me strength to stand this severe test."

"My own dear husband," she said again, bursting into sobs. "Oh, why did you desert me so long? Ah, the nights that I passed wishing for the dawn of the day, and then how wearily I would wait for the night to come. The days lengthened into years and the night into centuries, till love destroyed all time and transmuted my base metal into its own divine essence."

The Nawab, without saying a word, took her into his arms; they mixed their tears in a sweet loving embrace which wiped off the memories of cruel days and still more cruel nights in a moment of bliss.

From that day the Nawab never quitted her. He waited on her with loving solicitude, her every look came like a stream of love and thrilled his heart; the days acquired a new significance for him and the nights murmured to him the real meaning of life, as he sat beside her bed, telling her old tales and reading to her beautiful poems.

Days passed on and though her eyes sparkled with the old fire, her body grew weaker and weaker, but love spoke to her with a voice which ed her soul with peace and she patiently, nay even cheerfully, awaited the gradual march of inevitable decay.

One day, as he was seated beside her bed, a strange calm spread over Nature; the wind hushed, every leaf on the trees stood still, as if transfixed with light. The sun's rays, shining through the still air, penetrated through green blinds and lighted the room with a soft mystic light. The *pankha* waved to and fro, stirring the air, which was being cooled and made fragrant by *khaskhas tatees* which were drenched in water. There she lay on her small silver bedstead, surrounded by all the delicate elegancies of womanly refinement. A golden saree wrapped her emaciated body and a spiritual light shone from her eyes.

"Dearest," said she, "tell me some more stories. These summer days are very, very long."

Once upon a time, (said the Nawab, lovingly looking at her), there was a King of Berar who had a jewel of a daughter, whose name was Damayavanti. She was surrounded by a hundred pretty maids and among them all she shone "like the luminous lightning in the clouds."

When she attained her fifteenth year, the king, her father, arranged a *swamvar*, and kings and princes from all parts of the world came to win the hand of Damayavanti, whose celestial and peerless beauty was the talk of the whole universe. The king's palace echoed with the clatter of hoofs and sounds of trumpets. The hall where all the guests assembled, each dressed in his best, glittering with jewels, looked like the hall of Indra's kingdom: when Damayavanti entered, all eyes were turned upon her, each aspiring for her hand and waiting for her smile. But there among them sat a prince called Nala, who shone like the sun among a galaxy of stars. The maiden looked round and when her eyes fell on Nala she blushed, she looked up again and her eyes met with his, and then, as if drawn by a magnet of immense power, she passed through the whole crowd and bashfully touched the hem of his toga, and put a garland of flowers round his neck. All the other guests departed in disappointment, and the marriage of Damayavanti was celebrated with great splendour with Nala. The bridegroom took the bride home; for a time they lived together happy in each other's love. Damayavanti adored her husband, while Nala prized her more than his life: it seemed as if the sun and moon had incarnated in the body of Nala and Damayavanti, and united themselves in marriage. They were supremely happy, when a neighbouring chief paid them a visit and invited Nala to play with him. Nala consented and began to play, but each time that Nala threw the dice it turned against him; the more he lost the more he staked and continued to play, till he lost his kingdom, his family jewels, his garments, and nothing was left him. His guest having won so much, coveted still more and urged him to play on.

"But I have nothing to stake," replied Nala.

"Yes, you have," said the rascal, "there is your lovely wife."

"Scoundrel," said Nala, unsheathing his sword, "were you not my guest I would have cut this villainous head of yours off your body."

"This sword is not yours," said the gambler, with a contemptuous smile, "I am no more a guest but the owner of all your property."

"Ah!" said Prince Nala, as he threw aside the sword and put off his dress, "I shall not intrude on your hospitality," and thus saying he at once set out towards the jungle. Damayavanti had heard everything, and clad in a white saree, quietly followed her lord. When he stopped to take rest she approached him and began to soothe him.

"Dearest," said he, "go back to your father, I cannot bear to see you wandering about in the jungles; it unnerves me, it makes my heart bleed; if I live I will come back to you again."

"My beloved husband" said she, "even a wilderness with you is more than a palace garden to me. I will soothe you in weariness and comfort you in your sorrow."

"Are you not angry with me for having gambled away your kingdom?" asked he. "Don't you hate me?"

"I love you all the more," she replied, "I love you, not your palaces, gold and jewels."

"O my dearest," he exclaimed, burying his head in her bosom: "you are my good angel and will still save me. I will work like a slave for your sake, to win back all that I have lost."

Thus talking, they laid themselves down for repose, Damayavanti soon fell asleep, but Nala, with mind and heart distracted, could obtain no rest. He sat up and lovingly looked at his wife who lay on the ground like a delicate white rose, filling with fragrance and beauty the very dust it touched. Nala forgot his troubles in his love for her, and was happy beyond measure, when his eye fell on drops of blood oozing out like priceless rubies from her tender feet. He got up, wiped the drops of blood with the hem of his loin cloth, and then sank on the ground in despair. He could not bear to think of her going about barefooted with him, and with a superhuman effort he resolved to slip away, hoping that, finding him gone, she would go to her rich father and wait there for his return.

He did not know what to do, the very idea of her walking barefooted beside him through the jungle cut deep into his heart, and yet he could not leave her alone. His heart refused to move away from the essence of its life. He steeled his heart with one last effort and there on earth he wrote his last message. "Dearer to me than life," wrote he. "I cannot think of your going about with me, it gives me pain which no words can describe. I would rather die than see you suffer even the least inconvenience. If it were in my power, I would willingly pave your path with my eyes, so that they may reflect nothing but the image of my beloved. Fate has cast me out, and God knows what I may have yet to bear. Do go back to your father, I will go into the world and try my fortune; if we live we will meet again ere long, if we die we will meet again in Heaven; now farewell. May God protect you and give you strength to bear even this"

Having written this, he rose and cast one last look on the sleeping face of his beloved wife, looking like a delicate rose on a fragile stem, and then turned to go away, but his heart refused to move a step from her side: again and again he returned, and at last he fled into the jungle.

When Damayavanti awoke and read the message which Nala had left for her, she went mad with grief; her anguish was keener than the edge of a sharp sword and cut her through and through; she rushed hither and thither in the hope of finding him who was her life; she disdained the idea of living in comfort, while he whom she loved toiled in forests, and resolved to go after him or die in the search. She walked almost the whole day, her delicate feet bled, torn with thorns, her clothes were in tatters, her dark raven hair fluttered in the air unheeded, when she reached a grove where some Yogeas were busy with their prayers. They applied balm to her torn feet and gave her food; moreover, they gave her hope that she would meet with her lord, though they refused to reveal to her the day or the place where she could find him. With hope and trust in her love, she set out again in the morning, refusing all comfort, when he whom she loved was without it, asking of the trees, streams and birds where her beloved Nala was. She went hither and thither calling him by name. Towards the evening she reached the banks of a river where she saw a small encampment and entered it, but when they saw her they laughed at her, and jeered at her, taking her for a mad woman. The chief of the caravan was a kindly person. He bade her approach and asked her to tell her story. She related what had happened. The chief heard everything, offered her shelter and invited her to travel with them, giving her hope that they might find Nala somewhere on the way, or he would ask the king whom he knew to institute a search for him. For days she travelled with the caravan without any mishap. But one night when they had encamped beside a large lake, fragrant with lotuses in the midst of the mighty forest, wild elephants attacked them. They all ran away and took refuge; so did Damayavanti and from her hiding place she heard some people talk.

"What has brought this ill-luck upon us," said one, "this is the result of the bird of ill-omen that crossed our path yesterday, for surely we worshipped the gods before we started."

"Everything is right with us," said another, "our disaster has arisen from the presence in our camp of that maniac woman whom our chief picked up on the way; she is certainly an inhabitant of the forest" (churail).

"That might be so," said the third, "we should kill her with stones and thus get rid of her."

On hearing these words, Damayavanti slipped away unobserved, and fled into the woods, reproaching herself with such words as those: "Fierce and great is the wrath of God upon me peace reigns not where

I am. I have never done any wrong in thought or action in this life to any one, but this must be the result of my actions in a past life, for my husband was happy, but when I came to him he lost everything ; even the travellers who gave me shelter have not escaped disaster."

Oppressed by these thoughts she walked straight on and reached the city of the king, who was famous for the justice and generosity of his rule. The boys of the city gathered round her as she walked to the king's gate; from the terrace the queen saw the poor and sorrowful lady in the crowd, and was moved with pity and sent a servant to bring her in the palace. When she heard Damayavanti's story her heart melted with compassion, and she entreated her to stay with her, promising to institute a very careful search after Nala and inviting her to be her guest until his return; she sent a message to her father, who came and carried Damayavanti home; Damayavanti consented to stay with her father, but would neither sleep on a bed nor eat from a gold plate. She made her bed of straw in one corner of her magnificent apartment and ate from a leaf of plantain, refusing all good dishes and contenting herself with the coarsest kind of food, and often remaining without it, thinking of her lost lord.

Nala in the meantime, had passed through the forest, meeting many adventures, and had at last entered the service of the king of Oudh. His handsome face and skill in training wild horses soon drew the attention of the king, who raised him to the rank of his own charioteer and companion. He often played dice with him, and thus Nala came to learn all the secrets of the gambler's art. The enquiries instituted by Damayavanti's father brought no trace of the lost Nala. Only once a lady from the kingdom of Oudh visited Damayavanti, and talked of the strange skill and peerless beauty of the king's charioteer. Damayavanti questioned her closely and became sure that the charioteer was no one but her own lost lord, but how to draw him home and make him reveal his identity she did not know. After some time she hit upon a plan and had a private message sent to the king of Oudh that as the heroic Nala was no more, Damayavanti would hold another Swamvar and choose a second husband.

The king at once ordered his chariot and spoke to Nala about it : what words can describe the anger and despair of Nala; he reviled in his mind the fickleness of women. With a heart torn with anguish he drove the king to her father's house. When the king entered the palace he remained by the chariot, burning with anger and determined to avenge himself. But Damayavanti had seen him from the window and imme-

ately sent a slave girl to talk to the charioteer. The maid servant came and talked of nothing but his beauty. He is beautiful like Krishna said she, before Krishna's face was darkened by the hissing of the serpent: he is restless like mercury, she added; he picked some flowers and held them in his hands, but the flowers instead of withering became gayer and more odorous.

Damayavanti was in despair, she did not know what to do to send back the king of Oudh and get Nala to come back to her. She thought of many a plan, but her impatience would brook no delay. At last in utter despair she threw off all modesty, ran through the courtyard to the outer gate, where she threw herself on the feet of the charioteer. The wanderer was subdued, and the floodgates of his affections being opened, he raised his wife into his arms, and the lovers who had been separated so long, wept and rejoiced together.

"So ends the story," said the Nawab.

"It is a beautiful story," said the Begum, "you see how constant women are; when they love, they love with all their heart, all their life long, while men soon forget their love."

"It is a touching story," said the Nawab "and speaks highly of the Hindu customs. I do not know why they have given up the holding of Swamvar."

"It was a beautiful custom," murmured she, "so simple and pure. Nala and Damayavanti met again, as we have," she added, "and were united for ever. How beautiful it must have been. I wish I might pass on before the light of your love is darkened by a cloud."

"Are you so eager to leave me?" he asked, "how cruel of you to think so. Look at Damayavanti, she never thought of anything but her love."

"These days which I have spent with you," feebly murmured she, "have opened to me a new world. I feel as if by departing this life I will be re-united with you, so little I am now jealous of you. Who can love you as I have loved? I can close my eyes happily on this world."

The Nawab sobbed, and then bending over her bed clasped her to his breast.

The sun was sinking in the lap of the blue clouds which were fringed with silver and suffused with golden dust. The birds were returning and twittering about their nests on the feathery bamboo groves, their little voices fading into stillness of the evening, and filling it with peace and hope over which was now rising, calm and serene, the first star of the evening like a glowing flower on the grave of the day.

"Beloved," murmured the Begum, casting one last look towards the sun. "My course is run, you love me and I close my eyes with the sweet consciousness that you love me."

"Beloved," said the Nawab, "speak not to me like this."

But she had closed her eyes, her small head nestled in his arms like a delicate flower that had shed its last perfume.

(To be concluded.)

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Kheri District, Oudh.*

ABDUL BEHA.*

ABDUL BEHA, the living spiritual head of the Behai Church, is about sixty-four years old. The time of his birth coincided with the period of the Bab's proclamation and the first persecutions of the believers in a creed which threatens, in years to come, to absorb the faith of Mahomed. The life story of Mohamed Ali, the Bab, that mystic youth nurtured in the rose-flavoured atmosphere of Shiraz, is known to most of us. His death was the signal for a series of persecutions which culminated in the compulsory exile of Subh-e-Ezel and Mirza Hussein from Persia into Turkish territory. Mirza Hussein proclaimed himself as the prophesied Manifestation. The brothers fell out, the Turkish Government separated them, sending one to Famagusta in Cyprus and Mirza Hussein to Akka, now the new Jerusalem. It was from this place, fit for convicts, that Mirza Hussein proclaimed the tenets of the new faith, far and wide. Of the new religion he was the Christ, of which the Bab was John the Baptist. This simile is too often quoted by the Behais of to-day. He became Beha Ullah, the Glory of God. He lived a life of utmost simplicity, passing his days and nights in a state of godliness. From this prison-house he addressed epistles to various sovereigns, inviting them to the new faith, two of which—to the Emperor Napoleon before Sedan and to the late Shah of Persia—proved prophetic in their suggestions. To the Western scholar or enthusiast the Bab was the head priest of the new religion that had sprung in the heart of Persia, while its followers were called Babis. Babi has now become a condemnatory or contemptuous term used by the devout fanatic Moslem. The adherents of the new religion are now known as Behais, and the very few Ezelis who are followers of Subh-e-Ezel and the seceders who follow Mahomed Ali, the brother of Abdul Beha, are named non-believers or Nakazain.

* Some Answered Questions collected and translated from the Persian of Abdul-Baha, by Laura Clifford Barney (Kegan Paul & Co.).

Les Lecons de Saint-Jean-d'Acre, translated by Hippolyte Dreyfus.

Beha Ullah died in 1892. His son Abbas Effendi, known in the lifetime of his father as the Master, assumed the name of Abdul Beha, the slave of Beha. Beha Ullah by his last testament as disclosed in the Book of Covenant appointed him as his successor. Mr. Browne, who saw him at Akka in 1890, described him then as a tall, strongly built man, straight as an arrow, with a broad prominent forehead and eyes keen as a hawk's. Gifted with great eloquence, none equalled or equal his knowledge of the *Koran*. His life from his childhood till this day has been one long series of charitable deeds and acts. Of recent years hundreds of Christians, mostly Americans and Frenchmen, have been to Akka as on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, but somehow not one of them has given a book narrating in detail the life of the Master at Akka and of his little family. The student who is not a Behai, but has the curiosity to probe into the secrets of this new religion, searches in vain for documents that may enlighten him on many unknown points in the Master's life, of his brothers and his sisters, his wives and his children. In America and Paris, in Persia and Turkey, on the dark continent and in Japan, in Burmah and India, the new creed has its adherents. In Bombay there are over a hundred Behais, mostly Zoroastrians. They guard their writings, notably the works of Beha, with the jealous eyes of ecstatic lovers, and would not let an infidel gaze at them too long. This trait seems to be in direct opposition to the principles of the Master who from his corner at Akka circulates letters and tablets among the faithful, and there, in his home of many years, mixes with men of all religions. He never puts the cloak on his face; he never hides his soul.

The book before us is a translation from the Persian of his many tablets and of his discourses or table-talk. It is published with the Master's approval and is principally meant for the Christian world. Behaism is a universal religion; at least it aspires to be so. Its principles are so simple that to whatever religion we belong, we, for a time, cannot help feeling that we, in truth, are Behais. One section of the book is given to Christian subjects. The Persians are the most metaphysical people alive. Abdul Beha dislikes metaphysical dissertations. His style is terse, subtle, but simple and clear. He was the scribe of his father. The words of some of his little letters, notelets to the faithful in Persia, particularly that oft-quoted letter to Jamshid, are strung together like so many quivering hearts. He recognises the perfections of Jesus; Christ was born of the Holy Spirit. But is it as conceived by the dogmatists? "The honour and greatness of Christ," he observes in a discourse, "is not due to the fact that he did not have a

human father, but to his perfections, bounties and divine glory. If the greatness of Christ is his being fatherless, then Adam is greater than Christ, for he had neither father nor mother." An observation like this would have indeed brought joy to the much oppressed heart of Renan. Discoursing on the necessity of Baptism, he emphasises the necessity of altered requirements. What was good five hundred years ago is not good for this age. A time comes when laws are no longer suitably adapted to changed conditions. There are ten sentences of death in the Pentateuch. Would it be possible, he questions, to keep these laws in our time? "The subject needs deep thought . . . Blessed are those who reflect!" The explanation of the symbol of the Bread and the Wine is not theologically elaborate; but it would nevertheless heal many a nonconformist wound. The religion of Beha is not spiritually mystic. How practical it is can be judged from the discourses of the Master. He does not laugh at miracles. Miracles are in the powers of the prophets. But do not, he says, ask for their proof. Do not dream miracles where the facts are simple. "Whenever it is recorded in the Holy Books," he observes, "that such an one was blind and recovered his sight, the meaning is that he was inwardly blind, and that he obtained spiritual vision, or that he was ignorant and became wise, or that he was negligent and became heedful, or that he was worldly and became heavenly." So too his explanation of the Resurrection and the theory of Predestination is characterised by sound common sense.

We commend to the notice of every reader of this book the tablet on Adam and Eve. Knowledge, he says, is essential to life; it is essential to religion. Religion must not oppose knowledge. It is this that makes him condemn the papal see. "Happy are those," he concludes the letter explaining Peter's confession, "who spend their days in gaining knowledge; in discovering the secrets of nature, and in penetrating the subtleties of pure truth! Woe to those who are contented with ignorance, whose hearts are gladdened by thoughtless imitation, who have fallen into the lowest depths of ignorance and foolishness, and who have wasted their lives."

In the section which illustrates the necessity and influence of prophets, Abdul Beha attempts to prove by chapter and verse the prophecy about the coming of Beha Ullah. In the hierarchy of God's Chosen, from Abraham down to the Prisoner of Akka, we curiously enough miss the name of Zoroaster. If we rightly remember, Zoroaster's name occurs only once in the book before us. Is it because the tablets and the discourses embodied in this book are intended primarily for the

Christian? The prophet's place in the universe, or rather his necessity, is based thus. Education, according to the Master, is of three kinds: material, human and spiritual or divine. Divine education is the true education. It is the supreme goal of the world of humanity. "Now we need," he observes, "an educator who will be at the same time a material, human and spiritual educator, and whose authority will be effective in all conditions It is clear that human power is not able to fill such a great office, and that the reason alone could not undertake the responsibility of so great a mission One Holy soul gives life to the world of humanity, changes the aspect of the terrestrial globe, causes intelligence to progress, vivifies souls, lays the foundation of a new existence, establishes the basis of a marvellous creation, organises the world, brings nations and religions under the shadow of one standard, delivers man from the world of imperfections and vices, and inspires him with the desire and need of natural and acquired perfections Certainly, nothing short of a divine power could accomplish so great a work." The prophet comes with the cause of God at his heart. He is capable of giving to mortals proofs of his prophethood. But is it fair to demand of him miracles? The Master quotes a clever reply made by Beha Ullah to some questioning *ulmas* who demanded of him a miracle. "You have no right to ask this, for God should test His creatures, and they should not test God. The cause of God is not a theatrical display that is presented every hour, of which some new diversion may be asked for every day. If it were thus, the cause of God would become mere child's play."

The fourth section of the book deals with the origin, powers and conditions of man. In it is found much food for students of natural history and philosophy. As we have observed, the Master is not elaborate and dissertative. He is terse and simple in his suggestions. This is how he distinguishes mind and spirit. "Mind is the power of the human spirit. Spirit is the lamp; mind is the light which shines from the lamp. Spirit is the tree, and the mind is the fruit. Mind is the perfection of the spirit, and is its essential quality, as the sun's rays are the essential necessity of the sun." His explanation of the differences in the characters of men and his theory of the religion of movement are very striking. In that little discourse on the evolution of man in the other world, and the answers he gives to some questions relating to the existence of the soul after the death of the body, are to be found all the philosophy of the old and the new schools of thought. Of fate and free-will, of reincarnation and pantheism, he talks with the

subtlety of a convincing philosopher ; while the passage we quote from his long discourse on the Prophet's Seasons illustrates in a marked way the simplicity of his diction as well as the depth of his intellect :—

“Only the name of the religion of God remains, and the exoteric forms of the divine teachings. The foundations of the religion of God are destroyed and annihilated, and nothing but forms and customs exist. Divisions appear, firmness is changed into instability and spirits become dead ; hearts languish, souls become inert, and winter arrives ; that is to say, the coldness of ignorance envelops the world and the darkness of human error prevails. After this come indifference, disobedience, inconsiderateness, indolence, baseness, animal instincts, and the coldness and insensibility of stones. It is like the season of winter when the terrestrial globe, deprived of the effect of the heat of the sun, becomes desolate and dreary. When the world of intelligence and thought has reached to this state, there remain only continual death and perpetual non-existence. When the season of winter has had its effect, again the spiritual springtime returns, and a new cycle appears. Spiritual breezes blow, the luminous dawn gleams, the divine clouds give rain, the rays of the sun of reality shine forth, the contingent world attains unto a new life, and is clad in a wonderful garment. All the signs and gifts of the past springtime reappear, with perhaps even greater splendour in this new season.”

An inquiry into such fine, thoughtful writings will repay the reader. The author of these writings is a pious holy man. His French translator calls him the Saint of Acre. This he assuredly is. He is perhaps the most remarkable man living on the face of this earth. The eyes of ten million people are turned towards him, while he, from that distant prison, calls himself by no greater name than that of the slave of Beha. He is the successor of Beha Ullah, and now the spiritual head of Behais. Of Behaism it may be truly said that it is the religion of supreme common sense.

FRAMROZE S. DOCTOR.

Bombay.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

**Literary Activity
in India.**

Those who express their disappointment from time to time that fifty years of higher education have not produced Indian writers of originality or power, who may be counted on one's fingers' ends, may with profit read Mr. E. F. Oten's *Appreciation of the Chief Productions of Anglo-Indian Literature*, in which the critic opines that most of the literary work of Anglo-Indian writers is marked with the stamp of mediocrity. Edwin Arnold and Rudyard Kipling, Meadows Taylor and Mrs. F. A. Steel, Alfred Lyall and others that could be easily mentioned are exceptions to the rule, and some of these, while technically classed as Anglo-Indians, did not labour under those well-known difficulties which tend to suppress the literary genius of the white exile in the tropics. Most of these difficulties are common to Anglo-Indians and educated Indians alike. Most Englishmen come to India to make money and their energies have to be devoted primarily to that end, if they would succeed in life and make a decent provision for their old age. John Leyden, a promising poet and scholar who was cut off in his early years, sang long ago in his *Ode to an Indian Gold Coin* :

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true ;
I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.

The climate is enervating, and much of the work in which the mind has to be steeped, notwithstanding the relief afforded by personal assistants and Sherastedars, is of a leaden and uninspiring character. As a rule, literary men are supposed to be too eccentric to be entrusted with high administrative duties. Even in England one has to make a choice between literature and politics, and only a

few men of exceptional talents and energy, like Disraeli and Gladstone in modern times, and Burke and Macaulay in earlier generations, not to go further back into history, have made a name for themselves in both spheres. The talent may exist, but the energy is vouchsafed to few under the Indian sun. Fifty years ago life in India was perhaps full of interest, and even excitement: now the universal complaint is that the European official has no time even to cultivate personal relations with the natives of the country and understand what is working in their minds, for, in the words of Bignold, he has to—

Explain why this was entered, that omitted,
Why A was flogged, why B acquitted;
Note whence this shameful error of three pai,
And why Ram Chandra did not dot an "i."

The subjects which Anglo-Indian writers are fitted to handle do not generally interest the reading public in England, and the readers here are too few to gratify the ambition of the author who is human enough to write for fame. Anglo-Indians write mostly for the delectation of their own countrymen: they seem to care as little for the approval and admiration of purely Indian readers as for that of Zulus or Negroes. There is so little of intellectual and social sympathy between Europeans and Natives that from the standpoint of the author they might as well live on two separate planets. The Anglo-Indian educationist may believe himself to be charged with a mission to elevate a backward race to a higher degree of civilisation, or at any rate to assist in the blending of two civilisations, each with its own leading ideas and its contributions to the sum-total of human knowledge. The Anglo-Indian author would in most cases acknowledge no such mission: he would be content to help his brother-exile to beguile a weary hour under the swing of the lazy punkah. The West is interpreted to the Indian by English writers: the literary Anglo-Indian's task would be rather the reverse—to interpret India to his countrymen in the West. Even if he wrote for Indian readers, it must be confessed that he would not find a large circle of them, whose appreciation would adequately reward his labours. Very narrow, indeed, is the circle of those who would pay for his books, unless they were prescribed for the university examinations! Such are the disadvantages under which the Anglo-

Indian with a literary turn of mind, especially for poetry or fiction, labours. And similar are the conditions which offer themselves to the educated Indian, who is expected to nourish the mind of his country with new food.

Most educated Indians are absorbed in the routine duties of their offices even more deeply than their European superiors. Their domestic and social surroundings are not particularly inspiring, unless they wish to shine as satirists. A society in transition produces declaimers and lampooners more abundantly than it gives birth to poets and seers, especially when the transition takes place under modern conditions which leave no room for romance and heroism. The little eddies on the surface of society attract the literary aspirant more than those eternal problems and Homeric passions which strike a responsive chord in all breasts and in all ages, and lend such a deep and abiding interest to the creations of the great masters of literary craft in all countries. The reading circle is limited, and within this narrow circle the competition of European writers has to be reckoned with. Indian literary compositions suffer as much from this competition as Indian manufactures. Not only is English literature vast and varied: English literary patterns and the English language present charms which the Indian vernaculars cannot emulate, even in dealing with Indian themes and thoughts of Indian origin. It would be the despair of any writer in the Indian vernaculars to compress so much poetry within so small a compass as Sir Edwin Arnold has managed to squeeze into his description of that glory of India's landscape, the snowy abode of India's gods:—

Northwards soared

The stainless ramps of huge Himalay's wall,
Ranged in white ranks against the blue—untrod,
Infinite, wonderful—whose uplands vast,
And lifted universe of crest and crag,
Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn,
Riven ravine, and splintered precipice,
Led climbing thought higher, higher, until
It seemed to stand in heaven and speak with gods.

The Indian languages often require the elaborate machinery of sentences where the English language would need only a few pregnant words. The trick of condensing little poems in a

few metaphorical words is peculiar to the genius of the language of Shakespeare and Shelley, and it will take a long time before the Indian tongues can learn and adopt it without offending orthodoxy. Even without the adventitious aid of a rich and plastic vocabulary, the skill with which the English writer can weave his thought-fabrics with the raw materials supplied by India surpasses anything attempted in the same line by India's literary artists in the past. Nothing in Indian thought lends itself to a more beautiful combination of poetry and philosophy than the creations and deceptions of Maya. Yet few Indian sages, wishing to pierce the veil of that subtle Power, have burst into an apostrophe more deeply suffused with poetry than the hymn to Narayana, in which Sir William Jones, the first great Anglo-Indian scholar, addresses the Enchantress thus :—

Blue crystal vault, and elemental fires,
That in the ethereal fluid blaze and breathe ;
Thou tossing main, whose snaky branches wreathe
This pensile orb with intertwined gyres ;
Mountains, whose radiant spires
Presumptuous rear their summits to the skies,
And blend their emerald hue with sapphire light ;
Smooth meads and lawns, that glow with varying dyes,
Of dew-bespangled leaves and blossoms bright ;
Hence ! vanish from my sight !

It is not that the Indian cannot, if he accepts the fashion, throw into his philosophy the illuminating dyes of a Rembrandt, but it has not been the fashion with him, especially in later times when philosophy was dominated by the spirit of asceticism. The ascetic thinker dislikes the luxury of poetry and starves his philosophy into the gaunt anatomy of a Sudama. The Western lover of good living—and a character in a recent novel tells an Eastern man that every great nation must be a nation of good eaters—would not complete the picture without covering its bones with the flesh and blood of sensuous poetry, and covering its nakedness with the folds of an oriental suit. The superior art of the European writer places the Svadeshi author at a disadvantage.

A study of the quarterly catalogues of Indian publications, compiled in each province by the Government Curator, is always instruc-

tive. The catalogues give us no idea of the quality of the workmanship, but they tell us the nature of the subjects which engage the minds of those who are not content to flash their light upon the world through the columns of a newspaper, but must bestow upon their creations the comparative longevity of a book, stitched and bound, though it may be sold at only a few annas per copy. The Bengalis take the lead in literary as in other spheres where intellectual fertility and fervour are required more than business capacity or physical endurance. During the three months to which the last published catalogue relates, 3 of the dramas and 5 of the works of fiction registered in Bengal dealt with social topics; 2 of the dramas and 2 of the novels are said to have imitated "English models." Publications of this kind are characteristic of a period when society is in transition, and the impact of a new civilisation is felt in almost every concern of life. No fewer than 13 works of fiction are described as "detective stories." Thirteen is not a large number in itself. Detective stories are common enough in English periodicals, and no railway stall would be complete without them. Yet, considered in relation to the output of other classes of books, the number of detective stories may raise a suspicion that the demand for sensational literature, as that for foreign liquors, is on the increase. Equally characteristic of the period are publications such as a history of the independence of the American and European States; an essay on boycott and Svadeshi; another on modern warfare, arms and ammunition; lyrical poems on patriotic subjects and the present condition of the country; and a lyrical monologue on Sivaji's attempt to put down Mogul misrule. The "present condition of the country" has been a favourite theme with authors and orators ever since English education taught men to compare the state of society in India with that in Europe. Indeed, Native writers of pre-British days were also for centuries in the habit of bewailing the "present condition" of the country and comparing it with the golden age when righteousness flourished, the rains never failed, the beggar's bowl was never empty, men grew tall and lived long, and women were personifications of virtue. Derozio, a Eurasian teacher who seems to have wielded considerable influence on young Bengal in his day, and who taught his students and native friends how to appreciate European ways, European literature, and even European articles

of diet, is quoted by Mr. Oten as lamenting patriotically, in his "Fakir of Jungheera," over the decadent condition of his motherland, and apostrophising :

My country, in thy day of glory past
A beauteous halo circled round thy brow,
And worshipped as a deity thou wast,—
Where is that glory, where that reverence now ?
The eagle pinion is chained down at last,
And grovelling in the lowly dust art thou :
The minstrel hath no wreath to weave for thee,
Save the sad story of thy misery.

The chains which the young reformers felt pressing heavily on their feet in those days were the chains of custom, of ignorance, and superstition. The young eagles of to-day aspire for freedom of a somewhat different kind. In the opinion of many, the recent developments of patriotism in some quarters are diverting the intellectual energies of the young into channels worse than unprofitable, and literature is bound to suffer. There is, however, every reason to believe that this phenomenon is temporary, and the sudden ebullition of a new-born patriotism will subside when experience teaches wisdom and restores a consciousness of the strong and overwhelming current of history which is making for the common good of mankind under British rule in this land.

The true Svadeshi literature of India is not English writing, but the employment of the vernaculars of the country. There are some who look forward to the day when the vernaculars would be either extinguished or relegated to the kitchen and the bazaar, and English would be the common instrument of all higher thinking and of all public business. That day may arrive after the vernaculars have once flourished and declined. They are not declining now : on the other hand, as primary education spreads, there is every reason to believe that educated men will devote themselves more and more to the patriotic, and maybe paying, work of developing the vernacular literatures. The demand for newspapers is increasing, and that for books will be equally great. The literary capacity of a people cannot be judged from performances in a foreign language. It would be about as reasonable to expect Indians to secure a conspicuous place among the makers of English literature as to expect

literary Englishmen to carve for themselves a niche in the temples where Homer and Virgil, Kalidasa and Confucius lie enshrined. Vernacular literatures are developing along their own lines, neither breaking away abruptly from the past in imitating and assimilating the works which are popular with the educated classes, nor maintaining a slavish conformity with the forms and ideas of the past. The heaviest debt which the vernaculars will owe to English literature will not consist of words, for which there are no equivalents, but literary modes and ideals. From the English language the stylist will one day borrow the witchcraft of making little words alive with imagery by a free use of that figure of speech which has been rather neglected in India in the past—metaphor. To Edwin Arnold, among Anglo-Indians, we shall owe the art of clothing dry metaphysics in the garb of poetry. Rudyard Kipling shall teach us how to observe every little detail of native life, and to invest with a “moral value” the life of a street-boy as that of a Lama.

CURRENT EVENTS.

All India has been reading with parted lips and bated breath the remarkable evidence given by a witness at the Alipore trials. No opinion can be expressed by the public at the present stage on the probability or otherwise of the conspiracy deposed to by the witness, with the extent of its alleged ramifications. The sensational character of his revelations has been further heightened by the arrests made by the police. These include persons revered for their learning and young men of good family connections. Explosives to be carried about in cocoanut shells in the place of the begging bowl of the Sannyasi ; Viceroy and Governors to be blown up ; Europeans to be indiscriminately destroyed ; terrorism to be spread everywhere—how daring the programme, how reckless of human life, how tragic in the blindness and callosity of the idea fixed in the young mind ! The Viceroy acknowledged the other day the ignorance of what passes in the native mind, prevailing among Europeans. This ignorance is not confined to them. How many leading Natives knew that bombs were coming ? The evidence may be true or it may be false—at the present stage it is not for the public to pronounce on its value. But it shows the possibilities of political developments in India—possibilities that may remain long unsuspected by Natives as well as Europeans. The fiftieth anniversary of the Great Sepoy Mutiny has not witnessed another upheaval of disaffection in the same part of the social crust : it has witnessed in a different quarter something akin to an eruption. While hot ashes and lava have been belched forth in the delta of united Ganges and Brahmaputra, steam and mud have been thrown out in other parts of the Continent. Mud volcanoes are not very dangerous : the geologist may say that they are even useful. But the sanguine prophet is silenced and the confident

orator is made thoughtful by the grave reflection, how much of heat may lie pent up in the vast mass of humanity known as the peoples of India, and in what terrific forms it may escape where the overlying crust gives way.



The Government has adopted prompt measures, of the usual sort, to arrest the spread of the mischief which was hitherto unsuspected. An Act, similar to that which was passed in England by the Liberal Government soon after the Phoenix Park murders, has been enacted with a view to the prevention, by severe penalties, of the manufacture and unlawful possession of explosive substances. It is said that the facilities available for the manufacture of explosives in this country are as great as in any other, and the vigilance of the police will be put to a severe test in making the Explosives Act a real success. Another measure passed on the same day and with equal urgency is intended to prevent by special penalties incitements to murder and violence by newspapers. One newspaper had persisted, in spite of repeated prosecutions under the ordinary law, in preaching the gospel of terrorism, and it appeared from the confessions of some of the young men arrested that exhortations of that kind are not mere cries in the wilderness, but they operate too surely upon large numbers of impressionable young minds. The main provision introduced by the new Act enables magistrates, at the instance of Government, to confiscate the press where the offending newspaper was printed, so that a repetition of the offence might not be possible without further expenditure of money. The collection of money and the setting up of a press must at least involve a delay which would cripple a newspaper campaign of violence and terrorism. Money also will not be forthcoming in abundance for purposes which will do nobody any good. Handbills printed surreptitiously at some friendly press are not touched by the new law, but the mischief that they can do is not comparable with the influence which a newspaper, appearing every day or every week, with its budget of seductive news and articles, is apt to wield over the public mind. The handbill gives out the mind of one writer: the newspaper is supposed to represent a school or a party, and therefore makes converts more easily. How the Act will work, it is difficult to divine at present. The Secretary of State has

promised to watch its operation carefully and report the results to Parliament. The Act which was passed in Lord Lytton's time to control the vernacular press was found to be practically a dead letter, and it was abolished. The threat of confiscation of presses may have the desired deterrent effect, and the Act may remain as a curiosity or a scarecrow on the statute-book. The utility of a penal law is not to be measured by the number of prosecutions conducted or orders passed under it : its deterrent effect is equally a test of its value.



What object could any one have in blowing up a Viceroy or in killing a few Europeans ? None, said the witness in the Alipore trials, except that the European rulers would be compelled to realise their position in India and yield readily to the wishes of the people, whenever these find any strong and decided expression. Whether this be so or not, there are Europeans who seem to think that their prestige would be lost and their position would be weakened if any administrative reforms of a liberal and sympathetic nature were introduced at this juncture, precisely because the agitators would imagine that the concessions were extorted by putting the Government in fear. They believe in presenting a bold front and in the perilous inexpediency of showing any real or imagined signs of fear. This school of thinkers has charged Viscount Morley and Lord Minto with cowardice. The critics of the Government's policy in pursuing the scheme of reforms, however, ignore the real sequence of events. The reforms were proposed before anything was known or suspected about the manufacture of bombs or the hatching of murderous conspiracies. Agitation of some sort or another there has, indeed, been for a considerable time past ; but the agitators have been asking for one thing and the Government proposes to give something so very different from it that, whether the concessions please the agitators or not, there is no likelihood of their imagining or boasting that they have succeeded in putting the Government in fear, and their recommending a persistence in a similar policy in future. Not only does the Government's scheme bear upon it the impress of an independent desire to associate the people, as far as may be, with the management of their country's affairs : the determination to put down sedition in the press, which must be patent to every observer of current events,

disproves totally the charge of cowardice. The only basis for that charge, which has any degree of plausibility in it, is perhaps that the Government has not strictly enforced its published views on the undesirability of students participating in active politics. But the hesitation of the Government is easy to explain. It is not easy for educational authorities to enforce any discipline outside college and school without the co-operation of parents, under whose control the students remain. The first step in enforcing discipline of that kind is to extend the system of the boarding-houses or hostels connected with colleges and schools. It is not by rustication on police information that the Universities can effectually control the behaviour of students. The Universities should not be allies of the police : they must perfect an independent machinery of their own to watch and to guide the conduct of the rising generation. The perfection of such machinery requires time.



Apart from the Simla scheme of reforms and the Decentralisation Commission, several of the local Governments have already taken steps to entrust more power to the people in the management of their local affairs, and to anticipate and minimise the usual criticism in the Legislative Councils. In Madras the practice of consulting the non-official members before finally submitting the local budget to the Government of India has already been introduced. It will be followed in Bombay from next year, and there is no doubt that other provinces will one after another adopt a similar policy, where they have not already done so. In Bombay, again, it is proposed to increase the proportion of elected members in the municipalities to two-thirds, and to allow them generally to elect their own presidents. This is a distinct step in the direction of promoting popular Government. Care will be taken to see that the executive vigour and wisdom of the municipalities does not deteriorate too much, and also to see that the self-governing bodies do not entirely get out of hand. In Madras it is proposed to introduce a larger measure of popular election not only in the municipalities, but also in the taluka and district boards. Thus the broadening of the basis of Government is being gradually and steadily carried out. And the men at the helm almost everywhere are known for their broad sympathies and sound judgment.

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DIARY OF A DERELICT.

1-1-05

A DERELICT on Life's ocean ! A wanderer away from home ! Truly a Yogabhrishta ! Have I made good use of the forty-seven years spent on this planet ? Have I bought " terms divine in selling hours of dross " ? What remembrance of things past can I summon up " to the sessions of sweet silent thought " ? Have I yet learnt to take the spiritual tide at the flood ? Ah me ! no ! And my life, alas ! is still " bound in shallows," though not " in miseries."

* * *

" All political economy, as well as all the higher virtue, depends *first on sound work*," says Ruskin in his " Time and Tide." The beautiful is not necessarily the useful, but the useful has a beauty of its own. And I have been doing, on the whole, useful sound work in my own humble sphere. I had a year of leisure, and it may be I spent it in weaving cobwebs, or throwing up worm-casts, or wreathing bird-nests ; and it may be, I built up no honey-combs. But now I am once more harnessed to work in a place where there are no " Arcadias of cloud-capped mountain or luxuriant vale," it is true, but where I can nevertheless continue to question " the source of the River of Life, and the space of the Continent of Heaven."

5-1-05

Kept awake last night from 1 a.m. to about 4 a.m. and did a mental exercise. Result : headache. Mice have been disturbing me from the 3rd. The former tenant of the house was apparently not very careful, and the mice have multiplied. There is plague raging in the city, and there are persons dependent upon me who are living in the house. So I have, much against my will, sent for a mouse-trap. Am I dealing rightly " with all surrounding life " ?

* * *

The regular strokes of the clock on the ground-floor last night were very impressive. " Time " is a wonderful abstraction from the periodicities of the great forces of nature—which wait for no man

—and from the life-durations of men and animals and of what are called inanimate things. Can time be made to wait for any one ?

6-1-08

Disturbed again at night. How the little creatures potter about ! There is nothing for them to eat in my bedroom, and they attack an iron trunk ! Do they romp about because night is a pleasant time for them, or because they are hungry. They have been nibbling even at soap !

* * *

Keeping awake I thought of what Christ would say if he came to India, and saw his churches and the church-goers. Alas ! there are rats everywhere —among Hindus, Moslems, Jews and Christians, and no rat-traps will do for them !

7-1-08

A regular Pandemonium of rats and mice at night. One little creature went quietly into the trap at about 9 p.m. But as soon as a servant took up the trap, the little fellow managed to squeeze itself out of the wires at the bottom. I see, however, one is caught again—perhaps the same venturesome, frolicsome creature, acting against his parents' orders. There were shrieks by the whole fraternity at night, for one of their darlings, they knew, had been seized. I wonder what Tolstoy does in such cases. Non-resistance may do, perhaps, when the aggressors are men ; but it will hardly do when the aggressors are mice !

* * *

Thought of writing on "government by laying traps for the unwary." How many traps there are in the Codes and Executive orders ! There was a "Round Guard"—I remembered—who had orders only to give a warning to a poor herdsman whose 31 head of cattle he had impounded, and whom he had, therefore, compelled to pay over 10 rupees for pound-fees. What did the "Round Guard" do ? Did he give merely a warning ? He told his victim that the Forest Officer had mercifully imposed a fine only of one rupee in respect of the damage to the forest—and of course he pocketed the rupee ! How many such cases there must be ! It is said there are Round Guards who earn as much as Rs. 300 a month, and there are bailiffs in Bombay who earn as much as a Small Cause Court Judge !

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16-1-05

I worked at the Braille characters yesterday to become a little useful to the blind. It took me three hours to decipher a letter and about three hours more to write one. The blind—I see—write from right to left in order that the words may be read from left to right. The positions of the dots are reversed at the time of embossing so that proper words may be formed on the other side. Does not Máya also reverse her characters—in order that the obverse may be read aright by the blind ?

* * *

We have, I feel, to be both complex and simple : complex so that in all the manifoldnesses of life, and of the food of life, even in all blindnesses—we may be able to see Him ; simple so that we may be able to live in His love as little children.

* * *

I have found a shell—though there is no sea here. It looks like a mother-o'-pearl. It cannot see and is not a mirror—but can I make myself even as translucent as this little shell ?

* * *

Sitting in a solitary nook by a little stream, I launched sweet fragrant roses (brought from my little garden) on its little bosom. I dedicate them to Gayatri. May she make my soul as fragrant !

18-1-05

To practise *Ahinsa*, says the Inner Voice, you must learn to put up with *Hinsa* from others—even *Hinsa* from mice and mosquitoes.

* * *

If Sandow can make his muscles hard as steel, and elastic as India-rubber, by means of *Abhyas* (constant practice), you also, by means of *Abhyas*, can make your soul strong as well as gentle.

But, alas! the Yogabhrishta knows not how to reconcile his duty to his earthly employer with the duty of Yogic *Ahinsa*. His *Abhyas* is still imperfect, and as a Derelict, he may have once more, or perhaps many times more, to come to this "round of green, this orb of flame," to catch the glimpses of the pale earthly moon, before he can learn to fix his gaze steadily on the heavenly Sun of Righteousness.

* * *

I have been trying to minimise my wants and to do without even bed-curtains. The trees in the compound, however, harbour

mosquitoes. If one of these comes at 1 a.m., sits on my upper lip or under one of my eyes—plunges his proboscis and sucks in my blood—I awake, and I cannot sleep sometimes for 3 or 4 hours thereafter. And next day I feel ill—but I do my allotted work. So if at 3 a.m. a mouse comes and makes a slight noise, or walks into the mouse-trap, and there commences its wonderful exertions to escape—wonderful, for I have lain awake listening to its steady gnawings and diggings—I cannot sleep. The case is worse if there is no trap kept. If I keep none and suffer from sleeplessness, I am sure in the long run to fail in my duty to my employer. If I keep one—entrap the mice—and send them away to a great distance in the open country—I fall short of the standard of Yogic Ahinsa. But I shall be falling short of it also if I fail in my duty to my employer—falling short of it much more grievously. Perfection, I feel, is not quite Utopian, but is difficult to acquire; and the finer the nature, “the more flaws it will show through the clearness of it.”

19-1-05

Six *Wanjaris* arrive at a *Tanda* (hamlet) of their brethren, the head of whom is Bakhshu. Comes a market day unfortunately, and retail sellers come with cheap liquor, and the *Wanjaris* are the worse for it. One of the six—Rikha—on his return home finds his meal not ready. His child-wife of ten—Walki—had worked at the baking pan, but a dog had walked off with the bread. Rikha swears at her fiercely, whereupon her maternal uncle, Laxman, raises his voice in remonstrance. He is the elder among the six new-comers, and he speaks with authority. The Naik Bakhshu does not like his tone—thinks Laxman is encroaching upon his preserves and arrogating to himself the functions of a headman. So Bakhshu sends word to Laxman: “Ho! they call you Siana (wise): You have grown wiser than myself, Laxman! Come to me this instant.” Laxman refuses to leave his meal, and the Naik’s henchman thereupon shouts out to his master that Laxman is defiant. Four of the Naik’s hangers-on then come up with cudgels, and belabour Laxman with them and drag him into the Naik’s presence, and beat him again there until he falls down insensible. His skull is fractured on both sides and he dies within a short time. Thus ends the market day and the orgy of liquor.

A Hindu Lohar—given to drinking and having a Mussulman mistress—is a jack of all arts and master of none. He can repair carts, make brass chains and necklets for bullocks, and do several other things. He knows also how to steal and has seen the inside of a jail at least five times without improving in the least degree. A humble cultivator asks him to make some brass ornaments for a beloved bullock. He gets an advance and then goes on promising and never fulfilling. One day he shows very great friendliness to the cultivator, who is wearing gold ear-rings worth Rs. 56—the savings of a lifetime—invites him into the house, plies him with liquor, and then taking up a razor attempts to cut his throat. The cultivator struggles and gives an alarm, whereupon the neighbours force the door open and rescue him from the drunken thief. It is only 8 p.m. and the Lohar is seized and finally sent to the Andamans.

* * *

Thus the Abkari Department creates plenty of work for the police and the courts, and gives the jailors and the lunatic doctors also something to do !

* * *

Went this morning to a bund (dam) and meditated there. All nature—I feel—is manifold suggestion. Ganga, Yamuna and Saraswati are present to me wherever there is pure water. They bathed my soul, and the breezes blew away its impurities, and the sun clothed it with radiance and the Divine Aether pervaded it to fit it for the heavenly bridal. Let me store the waters of life, and dam them up like a miser in my soul till they overflow into blessedness for all.

20-1-05

One of the monstrous births of the times is the Advertisement Fiend. How many forms he assumes, and how many artists he employs to make his brother fiends—(liquor among them)—beloved and the people poorer in health and morals. He is a chip of the old block, Rajasic-Tamasic-Maya.

* * *

Adversity hardens the heart, and makes us stiff-necked and even unbelieving. That is one reason why the poverty problem of India deserves to be studied.

21-1-05

Every thought has a form. Be a Raphael of thoughts. Send thought-forms of Sitas and Savitris, Maitreyis and Arundhattis, Lilas and Devahutis, of the Muses and of the Graces—of all the beautiful ideal creations of the human mind—of the Madonna and of Uma, the Ichha Shakti Kumari, send them to your Indian sisters—the future mothers of the race. Be a thought-artist—but not merely a thought-artist. Let the purest deeds flow from thy Living Will.

29-1-05

I have been reading, during my scanty leisure, a book in French, Malwida's "*Mémoires d'une Idéaliste*." The two volumes were lying, with the pages uncut, at a friend's. They had been presented to him by Malwida's adopted daughter's husband. She was a German, who adopted a Russian's daughter, and the Russian girl married a Frenchman, and now I, a Hindu, find she must have been a Hindu in a previous incarnation—and a Vedantist and like me—a Yogabhrishta.

Malwida saw St. Bruno's Chartreuse—where the brothers pray for the sinners in the world. Bruno, like the Arabian philosophers, believed in ideas (*a*) *ante res*, (*b*) *in rebus* and (*c*) *post res*. He called God "*Monas Monadum*," and said God's Necessity was true Freedom. I wonder what *Idea* he himself was "*ante res*," and what he became "*post res*." Did martyrdom perfect the Idea?

31-1-05

The world is a graduated series of masks—masks of Infinite Unity—O my soul. And yet the highest paradox, when properly understood, is not inconsistent with either humility, or sweet reasonableness, or the discharge of one's duties.

Ida—Pingula—Sushumna! In them flow the spiritual Ganga, Yamuna, Saraswati—rivers of the Satchitanand. Beautiful are your Lotuses! Dear ones—give me the gift of the Holy Name—give me the bath of the Holy Name.

17-2-05

Can it be that spiritual progress consists in realising more and more the illusoriness of things? This body is an illusion. The lower ego is illusion. The higher mind is an illusion. Venus high up—"the

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star of love that shines above"—is an illusion. The Sun is an illusion. The Milky Way, sown with suns broadcast, is an illusion. Is this the only way to fathom one's Highest Self, and find the Absolute ?

* * *

"Yad Ichhanto Brahmacharyam Charanti"—the full significance of these words dawned upon me yesterday when I read "The Confessions of a Beautiful Soul" in Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." If the soul wishes to be with God, it ought to eschew lower pleasures. It should be like a snow-white vestal, in a sacred temple. It should be like a fair immaculate mirror wherein God Himself may see Himself truly reflected.

20-2-05

This body of mine, when I am dead, will be of no use to any one. What is it that makes it of some use now? Turn to That, O soul—meditate on Him. Live in Him so that you may die to the lower self.

* * *

How few know the Jewel in the Casket ! There was a Marwar Balmukand who owned several lakhs and had agents at many places. He married four times and the first of his wives (now an old woman) and the last (aged about fourteen) survived him. He suffered from a carbuncle for 4 or 5 years, and died at the age of fifty-five. On the morning after his death, there was a row as to who should set fire to his funeral pile. One came forward and said he was the adopted son and therefore had this right ; the agnates of the deceased said he had not been adopted, and they had the right. Ah me !—what a right—a right to set fire to a dead body. Eventually the *panch* told the two widows Champa and Janaki to exercise this right and they did so !

* * *

What did they do next? They had a fight in the law courts with each other and with the third person—(a son of Balmukand's sister) who said he had been adopted. A fine triangular battle ! Was there really a will made by Balmukand in favour of his child-wife, whom he had married when she was ten ? Had he really adopted his nephew ? The pleaders had a good time of it, and there were all sorts of proceedings, police, revenue, civil and criminal. A few days before Balmukand's death, ten thousand rupees had been

quietly abstracted from his cupboard fixed in a wall. This is how the police came in. To keep the property from extramural thieves, the old man used to have a *Tamasha* every night at which Kolathi women sang and danced and gathered a large crowd who were, so to say, the unpaid watchmen of his wealth. This very economical practice was kept up even after the intramural theft. Balmukand had no issue by any of his wives except a son by Janaki who died at the age of two months. He fared better with his concubines, one of whom made him the father of three sons. What a life ! And where is he himself now ? Of what use are his lakhs to him ? Is he sorrowing for his lost opportunities ? Is he seeing what is being done with his wealth ? The very inability to do anything for those whom he cherished must be a hell to him. Alas ! he knew not the Jewel in his Casket.

23-2-05

I weigh 11 stone and 9 lbs. But this weight of flesh and bone will be but ashes when His spark is not in me.

The highest stars make the very least show : our little moon can easily eclipse their light. A despot is like the little moon, and when he sheds his little light even the self-illuminating stars of humanity hide their diminished heads. But the little light wanes, while the stars remain.

4-3-05

Earth eats Water, Water eats Fire, Fire eats Air, Air eats Aether, Aether eats the *manasic monads* and the *manasic monads* eat the *Buddhi monads*, and the *Buddhi monads* live on Maya, who lives on the *Monas Monadum*. Hence His Invisibility.

(To be continued.)

FISHERFOLK ON THE COROMANDEL COAST.

THE log-book of an early voyager to the East contains the following entry:—

"6. a.m. Saw distinctly two black devils playing at single-stick. We watched these infernal imps above an hour when they were lost in the distance. Surely, this doth portend some great tempest."

The same sight is still visible to the voyager approaching the long, flat, surf-beaten shore of Madras. These "infernal imps"—of the muckwa or fisher caste—are the first Madrasees at the present day to welcome the visitor by sea, as they were three hundred, or, indeed, a thousand years ago. The centuries that have passed since the Captain made his entry in the log-book have wrought no alteration in their habits nor in their appearance. The same primitiveness marks these toilers of the sea in every respect. In fashion of dress they cling tenaciously to the infinitesimal garment worn by their ancestors, who, in a similar way, may have met the Apostle St. Thomas, fifty-two years after the birth of Christ. Fifteen hundred years after the advent of St. Thomas, the muckwas welcomed St. Xavier and the European traders, who had just discovered the route to the East *via* the Cape—Portuguese, Dutch, and lastly the English in succession.

The frail boats of the fisherfolk remain unchanged in shape. Three logs lashed together form the rude boats which they propel with paddles that are nothing more than narrow planks. The rapidity with which this paddle is worked, now on one side, now on the other, is more suggestive of the "infernal imp" playing at single-stick than of a fisherman rowing his boat. Little did the worthy mariner think, as he made the entry, that he was applying the uncomplimentary term to fellow-Christians—men who claim to

have received their Christianity direct from one of the twelve Apostles.

Although the fact is not circumstantially proved, there seems little doubt that St. Thomas visited both the East and West coasts of India. It is mentioned in the "Acts of St. Thomas," supposed to have been written in the second century. There it is said that the twelve Apostles divided the world between them for the purpose of spreading the joyful tidings. India fell to the lot of St. Thomas, whose doubting heart sank appalled at the prospect of such far journeyings. The legend, as related in India, proceeds to say that whilst he hesitated in fear and trembling to take up his mission, Christ appeared to an Indian merchant, who had been commissioned by his king to bring back with him a carpenter, and that He sold St. Thomas for twenty pieces of silver to the merchant. The saint was carried away by force straightway to the East and landed at Cranganore on the West Coast. From there St. Thomas went to Cochin, and later he found his way across the peninsula to the Coromandel Coast, where tradition says that he was martyred by the Brahmins who were jealous of his success. Bishop Heber, Dr. Buchanan, Dr. Kennet and various other authorities gave credence to the fact of his visit to South India as well as Northern India. In countries where there is no regular method of recording history, tradition becomes valuable. The people cherish the tales of their fathers and hand them down carefully to posterity. As Dr. Kennet observes, Arabs, Syrians, and Armenians have made pilgrimages from time immemorial to what they believed was the tomb of St. Thomas, and such belief was not to be lightly regarded.

Apart from legend and tradition, there is archæological evidence of the existence of a Christian community in the eighth century at Mailapur and St. Thomas' Mount. The community at the Mount suffered persecution at the hands of heathen invaders. But the fishermen, with their poverty, their gentle inoffensiveness and their facilities for escape upon the ocean in their rude craft, fared better; and they were left in peaceful possession of their humble mud huts and log boats. When St. Francis Xavier, the friend of Ignatius Loyola, arrived in the middle of the sixteenth century, he found a primitive form of Christianity surviving among the muckwas of the Coromandel Coast.

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But their religion had suffered from want of supervision. It was overlaid with the idolatrous practices of the devil-worshippers of the South. In the interval between the visit of St. Thomas and the arrival of St. Francis, there had been no further assistance and teaching from Europe. The wonder is that any of the instruction of the Apostle remained at all. The fishermen gladly received Xavier and listened to his preaching, submitting to a certain amount of reformation. When he left them, they adopted him as their special patron saint, and as time passed almost deified him. In the present day they appeal to him in times of danger, crying, "Xavier ! Xavier ! Xavier !" in storm and peril. Even if they are unfortunate in their catch when fishing, they turn to their saint for succour.

On certain occasions they make sacrifices to the Virgin Mary on the beach. The ritual is semi-heathen in its character and is of a propitiatory nature. It takes place at night and creates a scene that is both picturesque and impressive. The sacrificial fires are lighted on the sandy shore near the rolling surf, and the worshippers group themselves round the flickering light of the flames, and perform a *pujah* without the assistance of their priests. The ceremonies are more suggestive of the practices of the Dravidian followers of local demons than of a Christian ceremony. Yet the muckwas are staunch Christians, possessing their own churches in the various villages along the coast, which they as staunchly support. Any attempt to eliminate these strange practices is resented. The want of education renders reformation extremely difficult, and of late years the priests, who serve their churches, have thought it best not to interfere.

These priests are of Portuguese extraction and come from Goa. They are chosen by the fishermen because they belong to the same national Church to which their beloved saint, Xavier, belonged. As is the case with regard to their strange ceremonies, the muckwas are very tenacious over their spiritual guides, and will not accept the ministrations of any other community.

All their churches stand within sound of the sea, and to them the fishermen bring their offerings of fish, the first catch of the season. The picturesque little edifices occupy the highest point available near the shore. The fishermen's huts cluster round

them. The presence of the church instead of the temple is a marked feature of the muckwa hamlet and reminds the voyager, coasting by the villages along the sunny coasts, of Italy.

The fishermen's Church in Madras is dedicated to St. Peter. It stands upon a large piece of ground, granted many years ago to the muckwas, when land was less valuable on the Coromandel Coast. The grant still holds good and the muckwas have successfully resisted all encroachments upon their rights, either in the matter of religious ceremonial within its walls or the appropriation of the property upon which it stands to other uses.

In September, 1877, I had my first view of the long, low shore of Madras. In the pearly haze of the muggy September heat a muckwa paddled his boat towards the steamer which carried us to India. His dark skin glistened with salt water in the rays of the rising sun like the scales of a fish brought up from the depths of the ocean. A rope was thrown over the side of the ship and the man stood upon our deck. He held out a packet of letters, which he had preserved from the water by wrapping them in a piece of oil-cloth and placing them inside his grass cap. Having fulfilled his mission, he returned as he came, regaining his log boat with the assistance of the rope and paddling swiftly away towards his fishing grounds.

It was curious to think that in that strange dripping figure, there was a direct and unbroken link with the remote past. Just such a strange dripping figure may have stepped on board the small country-built ship that bore St. Thomas to South India. Just such a fisherman may have been despatched by the Shahbunder (port-officer) to ask for information about the newcomer. He must have worn the same scanty covering, the same kind of grass cap, riding astride his triplet of logs and paddling himself alongside of the ship with his narrow plank paddle. Doubtless a rope of cocoanut fibre was thrown to him as the hempen rope was cast from the steamer and by its aid he climbed up the bulwarks and dropped on deck. He stood before St. Thomas the same in race, in complexion, in habit, in dress, in language, in occupation, as the man who greeted us. There was one difference. The fisherman who slid over the bulwarks of the country-ship that carried the Apostle was a worshipper of the gods of the country, the man who climbed up the

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iron side of the steamer eighteen hundred odd years later was a Christian, a Christian with a longer line of Christian forbears than any of us could boast.

Merchants in all ages and from all parts of the world were tempted into Indian waters by the lucrative trade of the East. The spices, silks, cottons, precious metals and gems lured the Europeans of the middle ages round the Cape of Storms and Good Hope, and the path having once been found, never lacked travellers. The Portuguese were the pioneers in 1498. The muckwas received them in all friendliness, although the attitude of the native rulers inland was not so cordial to the strangers. A century later, in 1595, the fishermen greeted the Dutch, close upon whose heels trod the English. The Portuguese regarded the later arrivals on the field with inimical jealousy, and gave them the name of "piratas." This did not, however, prevent the Dutch and English from landing and establishing their factories at different places on the coast. There was room in the length and breadth of India for the many who desired to trade, and there need have been no jealousy and ill-will among the foreigners.

Whatever the attitude of the rulers might be, the muckwas greeted all alike with their characteristic gentleness, regardless of trade disputes. As the ships appeared on the horizon, they paddled out to meet them with the Shahbunder's letters of enquiry, and a tempting selection of fresh fish for sale. If the strangers desired to land, the muckwas piloted them through the surf—which was too heavy for the ships' boats—and set them safely upon the long stretch of sand, where the monsoon-driven breakers of the Indian seas spent their fury. When the Europeans had established themselves on shore, the fishermen served as porters and palanquin bearers, transporting them and their goods inland as they had transported them through the surf, to trade with native princes and merchants.

Palanquin bearers and porters are no longer required, but the muckwa still plies the oar in the masulah boats that carry cargo to and from the ships anchored in the harbour. The rest of the tribe have returned to their former occupation of fishing, which is a thriving trade. At dawn the sea is covered with catamarans except during the first burst of the north-east monsoon, and fish by the

ton is taken to the market to be sold in Madras or sent up-country. In addition to the large amount required for European consumption, a considerable supply is needed for salting. The salt fish of India—an abomination to the nostrils of the European—is a favourite food with the people. When curried, its strong odour is almost lost in the pungent aromatic spices with which it is prepared. To a palate partially destroyed by garlic, asafoetida and fiery arrack, it is doubtless acceptable. But the European regards it with suspicion as being a possible source of cholera. It also bears the evil reputation of producing a form of leprosy known as elephantiasis, which is common on the Coromandel Coast. The people themselves will hear nothing against their much-loved diet and ascribe the malady to another cause. They say that it is the working of the curse laid upon the descendants of the murderers of St. Thomas ; and cholera, they aver, is the work of the goddess, Kali. So salt-fish continues to find favour in the market and the muckwas drive a good trade.

In the evening the boats return, sailing landwards with their square sails set. The patches of brown upon the horizon redden in the glow of the setting sun as it drops behind the fringe of palms inland. The sea purples to a deep, rich tint and the sky overhead is spanned with broad belts of rosy light, stretching from the west to the very verge of the sea-line on the east. The catamarans rise on the long rollers and sink out of sight in the trough of the waves until they near the long line of breakers. The paddles twirl with marvellous rapidity in the endeavour to keep the rudderless boats head on to the waves. Usually they ride in successfully even though the monsoon may be blowing. But now and then it happens that, in spite of all his efforts, the muckwa gets caught broadside on by a vicious wave and is wrecked in its onward rush. The logs part company, letting him drop through into the sea. He seizes his basket of fish and leaves the rest of his property to take care of itself. Through the boiling surf he comes with a *dèbris* of floating planks, logs, mast, sail and paddles. Unceremoniously the sea rolls him ashore, tossing his disintegrated boat after him. Its wrecking causes no damage whatever and the morrow sees the little fishing craft reconstructed with all its pristine strength and durability. No one is anxious about the result of the accident, for no one doubts

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that the amphibious muckwa will reach the shore safely and retrieve every stick of his scattered property.

The muckwas have two enemies to fear, the shark and the sea-snake. Shark's flesh is accounted a delicacy by the natives and is eagerly purchased. The fish is at its best when it is half grown. There is no difficulty in catching it; but to compass its death is not so easy, as it dies hard. It is more dangerous, strange to say, out of the water than in it. The space on the catamaran is limited; and with all his agility the fisherman does not always escape the snapping jaws of the young shark as it fights for its life under the blows of the cudgel. One bite from the triple row of teeth is sufficient to maim a man and render him a cripple.

The sea-snake is without exception poisonous; this is remarkable, considering that the fresh-water snake is without exception harmless. Some snakes are more poisonous than others. The most dreaded of all is the sea-cobra, probably on account of its combativeness. Like the cobra on land, it is as ready to strike at its foe as to escape, particularly if it is startled. The shell-gatherer, seeking the chunam shells at the weedy mouths of rivers, more often meets the sea-snake than the deep-sea fisherman.

In the St. Mary's cemetery on "the Island" in Madras, there is a monument to the memory of an Englishman who died in the Madras Roads in the year 1838 from the bite of a sea-snake. The story, as told in the Asiatic Register, is, that one morning a snake came alongside of H. M. S. *Wolf*, which was lying in the Madras Roads. The snake was hooked and drawn on board by one of the sailors. A mate named Simon Hyman, a fine young fellow of about twenty-one, was rash enough to handle it. It fastened on his left hand with such a grip that force was necessary to disengage it. Anticipating no harm, he went down to breakfast as usual. Whilst sitting at the table he was seized with giddiness and nausea. His throat swelled rapidly, and before long he was unable to articulate. He became insensible and three hours after he was bitten, he died. The snake belonged to the species *hydrus colubrinus*, (Shaw) which is common in the Indian Ocean. It was six feet six inches in length, six inches in girth, and of a yellow colour, ringed with black bands. Its tail, which was flattened like the blade of an oar, must have been a powerful propeller. Immediately

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after Hyman's death, his throat became discoloured and his body was covered with dark spots. His comrades buried him that same evening and erected a monument to his memory. The epitaph states that he died on board H.M. brig, *Algerine*.

The muckwas live in huts built of mud and thatched with palm leaves. Some of the huts are circular in form, the walls being not more than four feet high and the space within extremely limited. The village that lies between the Fort and St. Thome possesses some dwellings of a better class. In the centre of this group stands a brick house with terraced roof and substantially built verandah. Its proportions are not large, but compared with the humble huts that nestle up to its side, it is a palace. It is the residence of the head of the caste, the fisher-king as the people call him. In by-gone times the chief of the muckwas occupied a hut like the rest of his fellows, but a modern ancestor is said to have met with a stroke of luck by which he was enabled to build himself a mansion suitable to his dignity as king of his caste.

When a fisherman, through old age or accident, is no longer able to go out with the fleet to fish, he employs himself on the shore, searching the high-water mark for flotsam and jetsam. He is rewarded by the discovery of all kinds of treasures—drift-wood for fuel, baskets, fittings of ships, articles thrown or lost overboard, remnants of cargoes swallowed by the sea in shipwreck. Even jewels and money may sometimes be found; for the sea has claimed much treasure from the trader through the aid of storms and cyclones during the long ages that have passed.

The story goes that one day this fortunate old muckwa chief saw his sons and gradsons depart at sunrise with their nets, paddling themselves rapidly out to sea towards their fishing grounds. As they dwindled to mere specks on the horizon, he turned his face towards the stretch of shore and followed with easy steps the ridge of drift left by the night's high tide upon the smooth sand. There had been a storm the previous day, which had torn long strands of umber-coloured sea-weed from its bed below the waves.

Half hidden in these clinging trails the old man found a box. He eagerly weighed it in his hand and shook it. There was no chink of silver nor was it heavy enough to promise gold. He carried it home and opened it. Nothing but printed paper was revealed.

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FISHERFOLK ON THE COROMANDEL COAST 337

Neither he nor his family knew how to read and he tossed the slips aside as useless. The box had not suffered much from its immersion and he appropriated it to his own use for the purpose of storing a few of his personal treasures. A grand-daughter, tidying the little mud hut, found the slips of paper and fastened them round the walls by way of ornament. The rest of the family looked on with indifference, ornamentation of the one and only room being foreign to their traditions.

One day a Government peon had occasion to call at the hut of the muckwa king. It happened to be a cold monsoony day, and the person he wanted to see had taken shelter inside. He stood at the open door and glanced round the room with eyes that grew wide with astonishment. He could scarcely believe that he saw aright. Seventeen thousand rupees in Government notes were fastened in neat rows upon the walls of the hut. The fisherman, who rarely handled even silver money, his wants never exceeding the limitation of copper, knew nothing of bank-notes. He was quickly informed, however; and as no owner could be discovered for them, he became the happy possessor of a part of the sum. With it he bought more nets and logs for boats, and built his house. To this day the family is wealthy in nets and fishing tackle and the women have their jewels and are rich in comparison with their neighbours.

In September, 1877, the building of the harbour at Madras had just commenced, and with the coming of the harbour one of the callings of the muckwas was considerably curtailed. The landing through the surf was coming to an end. The harbour was not sufficiently advanced at that date to be of use to the traveller, and I had to pass through the surf as men and women of all ages had done before me who wished to visit Madras. The sea was rougher than usual for that time of the year, and the prospect of boarding the heaving, rocking masulah boat that awaited us with its eight all but naked rowers was not inviting. Aided by a friendly ship's officer and the strong arm of the muckwa commodore of the masulah boat, my husband and I and the luggage were safely transferred.

With short vigorous strokes of their spade-like oars the boatmen sent us landward. The boat climbed the large rollers and dipped into their hollows until the boom of the surf filled our ears. At a signal from the commodore the rowers stopped, and we lay outside

the dreaded barrier for the space of a minute or so, whilst the panting oarsmen recovered their breath and gathered their energies for the final effort which was to bring us safe to land. Everything depended on the boatmen. With oars in the heaving sea they held up the boat until the advent of a larger wave than usual. At the word of command they bent to their work with might and main, straining every muscle in one supreme effort. The boat was caught on the crest of the roller and was driven forward with the impetus of the breaking wave, which crumbled beneath the keel into hissing foam. A glance backward showed a second roller, almost as big as the first, towering above the boat now helpless in the boiling surf. But the boatmen were too quick for the curling wall of water. At a shout from their captain they abandoned their oars and plunged waist-deep into the surf and drew the boat onwards. The roller fell seething but harmless just short of its stern. With each breaking wave a rush of water tossed the boat onward until it was safely grounded in the long sweep of foam ten to fifteen yards from the dry sand. The roar of the sea and the shouts of the struggling muckwas impressed a scene upon the memory that can never be obliterated, emphasised as it was with the relief of feeling safe from the perils of the ocean. It remained only to lift the passengers from the boat and convey them ashore. Seated on a rough board I was carried by a couple of stalwart muckwas over the creamy foam and placed upon India's burning "coral strand," burning in the throes of "the great famine."

Between Trincomallee on the coast of Ceylon and Calcutta on the Hoogly there is no natural harbour on the shores of the peninsula. Until the harbour at Madras was an accomplished fact, the landing upon the Coromandel Coast had to be effected in this manner. It was attended with frequent accidents in stormy weather. Boats were overturned and valuable cargo was lost. Even if only partially swamped, much damage was done to perishable goods by the sea-water. Sometimes the accidents occurred through bad luck; but occasionally they were the result of carelessness on the part of the boatmen, a carelessness that was not altogether accidental.

In spite of his Christian tenets, the muckwa is a thorough Oriental, sharing with his fellow-countrymen the common traits of

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character to be found throughout the East. The boatmen of the old days traded on the fears of their passengers as they do in other ports at the present day, and demanded extra fees after they had embarked their passengers, pleading as an excuse that extra exertion was necessary to avoid an accident. It is also on record that when the baggage was known to have contained valuables, they allowed the boat to be upset in the surf, and with a great show of concern and devotion they rescued the passengers and received a reward for their pains. The unhappy owner of the baggage was assured that his property was irretrievably lost in the boiling waves. But at night the wily muckwas dived for the precious boxes and carried them off to their mud huts where receivers of stolen goods were not wanting.

Through the surf has been carried many a hero who assisted in the building up of British India. Every civilian and soldier who had a part in establishing British rule through the length and breadth of the peninsula had to go through the surf and temporarily be at the mercy of the "infernal imps" of the single-stick. Through the surf was carried Clive, the friendless, despondent lad who was destined to be one of the greatest of those heroic builders. In the same fashion came Sir Eyre Coote and Lord Cornwallis who laid down their lives in India, and whose names will live in history as long as the fascinating story of British India is told. When the body of the former was transferred from a vault in St Mary's church in the Fort to rest in the family vault at home, it was carried to the beach, and the muckwas piloted it through the surf and assisted to place the honoured remains on board the Company's ship. The body of Cornwallis still lies in India.

Fair women, toiling men, soldiers, traders, statesmen and adventurers have listened with beating hearts to the roar of the surf and the shouts of the muckwa boatmen as they have passed through it ; and they have sent up a silent prayer of thanks to heaven when they have felt the welcome beat of the boat's keel upon the sand. The passage of the surf is already a thing of the past. Some visitors to Madras travel by rail from Bombay and Calcutta ; others, arriving by sea, land with ease at the pier within the harbour. The fisherman alone continues to brave the breakers. Were there

twenty harbours, he would prefer to follow in the steps of his forbears and land upon the open beach.

Years later I wandered by the shore where my foot first touched Indian soil. The sand was strewn with beautiful shells of the palest pink, blue and yellow tints. Remembering certain little people who had left me and gone to the old country, I gathered a basketful to send home. They would serve excellently as counters in the Christmas games at which I could not be present. The beach was deserted, but the sea was dotted with log fishing-boats and the muckwas were busy at their calling. A fine stalwart fisherman approached, a scarlet handkerchief thrown across his shoulder, some string and netting implements in his hands. In idle curiosity he stopped to gaze at the Englishwoman. The native of India is above all things ready to ask questions if his curiosity is aroused. No sense of diffidence or shyness controls his tongue. On the other hand, he is equally ready to answer any questions that the stranger may put to him and knowing this I began:—"Who are you and where do you live?"

"I am of the muckwa caste, and I live over there," he replied, pointing in the direction of the village by the shore where stood the diminutive palace of the fisher-king. "What are you doing here?" I asked.

"I am a mender of nets. The fishermen at work"—he bent his head towards the little fleet upon the dazzling blue waves, "often break their nets; and they come ashore to have them mended at once, so that no time may be lost. What is Memsab doing by the sea?"

"Gathering shells to send to England."

"Of what use will they be?"

"My children will make playthings of them."

He smiled as he answered:—"The English are a strange people. You, Madam, have taken a lot of trouble to come all this way,"—I thought of the landing through the surf,—"*you spend much money in this country; and all—for what? To gather a few shells that are of no value except as playthings for your children!*"

Thus commented the descendant of the men who welcomed St. Thomas and St. Francis Xavier to the shores of India.

England.

F. PENNY.

THE MYSTERY OF ROBESPIERRE'S SISTER.

WAS Robespierre, "the incorruptible," after all, agent of the Comte de Provence? Was it his real intention to lead the Bourbon back to his throne so soon as the guillotine should have cleared the road of Girondins, Dantonists and Hebertists? Napoleon Bonaparte has certainly expressed a strong conviction that Robespierre conspired at playing the part of General Monk: and Mr. Bodley in the first of his two volumes on France apparently favours that theory.

It seems probable, (writes Mr. Bodley) that most of the documentary evidence was destroyed. Courtois, a regicide member of the Convention, was charged with the examination of the papers of Robespierre after his fall, but the report he drew up in 1794 was considered by Robespierre's sister to be a mendacious compilation. Courtois had, however, all his correspondence, and seems to have given up to the First Consul the letters he, when General Bonaparte, had written to Robespierre. Courtois was exiled after the Restoration, but M. Decages, the favourite and minister of Louis XVIII., was sent after him, just before his death in 1816, and got from him twenty letters written by the future king to Robespierre. Mlle. Robespierre had a pension granted to her by Bonaparte when First Consul, which was continued by Louis XVIII., till 1823, when it was stopped for some reasons connected with the Courtois papers.*

It would seem to be inherently improbable that the twenty letters written by the then Comte de Provence to the arch-terrorist will ever be recovered, and so their contents can only be for us a matter of conjecture. The researches of M. G. Lenotre, however,

* J. E. C. Bodley: *France*, Vol. I, p. 89 Note. For Napoleon's view we are referred to the *Memorial de Sainte-Hélène*, and the *Relation du Docteur O'Meara*. For the "Monk Tradition" in France, see *Ibid.* p. 265. See an interesting passage in John Morley's Essay on Robespierre.

have thrown some light on the mysterious pension granted first by Napoleon, and afterwards by Louis XVIII., to the sister of Maximilien and Augustin Robespierre. M. Lenotre does not tell his readers that the pension granted to Marguerite Robespierre was stopped in 1823—the fact, as will be seen, should be credited to such esteem as we can sincerely entertain for that unfortunate woman. It will also be seen, so far as we can see, that it was not Mlle. Robespierre's silence as to the conspiracy of her brother with the then Comte de Provence that was purchased by the pension, but the sister's bitter denunciation of her brother.

In the years 1827-30, Marguerite set herself to compose those idyllic memoirs of her eldest brother's life in which Maximilien is described as the very sweetest and tenderest of all Dame Nature's children. The picture is in the taste of the Rousseau school of sentimentalists. Maximilien would surely faint at the sight of human blood: he weeps like a girl over the dead body of a pet bird: he resigns his office as judge in the tribunal of Arras rather than be party to the infliction of a capital sentence. How, then, could those wicked men of Thermidor have dared to strike at one so gentle and unoffending, and when he fell, writes his sister, "I flung myself into the streets, my head awl, with trouble and despair at my heart: I call for my brothers and look for them: I learn that they are at the conciergerie: I rush thither, I claim to see them, I claim it with clasped hands: I drag myself on my knees before the soldiers . . . they shove me away . . . ; my reason was lost; I know not what passed . . . when I came to myself, I was in a prison."

The picture is surely pathetic: but alas! M. Lenotre has removed the canvas from behind the oils, and the heroic portrait has crumbled to dust. Instead of the heroic scene outside the door of the Conciergerie we have the sad fact that the woman, as soon as the news of her brother's arrest reached her ears, prudently fled to the house of a certain Dame Beguin, in the Rue du Four-Honoré, where the spies of the *Comité de Sûreté Générale* found her, some days after, hidden under the name of "Citoyenne Carraut." Mlle. Robespierre saved her head by telling a tale of woe in which the gentle Maximilien plays any part but that of the tender-hearted elder brother.

The history of Mlle. Robespierre may be very briefly sketched.

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The Robespierre children—two boys, Maximilien and Augustin, and two girls, Marie Marguerite Charlotte and Henriette*—had lost their mother by death, and their father had abandoned them, leaving Arras in 1766 never to return. Guffroy, a member of the *Comité de Sûreté Générale*, bore witness: "I know that the Robespierres, from their mother's side, had only 400 livres of income; their father, who had abandoned them, died in hospital at . . . Very well! the two brothers having made their studies at Louis-le-Grand, sold their capital and income in order to sustain themselves: their sister, generous and imprudent, despite the prediction of an aunt, also sold for them the capital of her 400 livres income, when it was a question of aiding them to come to Paris." Marie and her sister, on the recommendation of the Bishop of Arras, had been brought up at the Manresa house of charity at Tournai, where they had been taught "to read, to write, to sew and make lace"; and, on their departure, presented with clothes "convenables à leur état."†

When, therefore, Maximilien, elected to the States-General in 1789, went to establish himself in Paris, Charlotte practically beggared herself to enable her brother to pay his way. In addition to parting with her patrimony, she even sent Maximilien a sum of one-thousand livres, which she had saved up sous by sous, and six silver covers which remained over from the ruins of the Robespierre household at Arras.

At Paris the "Sea-Green" one‡ had taken up his residence at the house of the carpenter Duplay in the Rue Saint-Honoré, where he lived, so Danton said, "in a circle of fools and gossips," the object of adoring devotion on the part of Madame Duplay and her daughters. His hostess did not see why the great man should be bored by an insufferable sister, and when Charlotte came to Paris to live with Maximilien, although the Duplays found a room for her in their house, they were careful to keep her as far from her brother as possible and to treat her as a stranger. Having persuaded her brother to depart with her, Charlotte left the house; and the two

* Died young.

† Lenotre: *Paris Révolutionnaire. Vieilles Maisons, Vieux Papiers*. Première Série, 22nd Edn.

‡ Carlyle's nickname, though founded on an error, will always stick to Robespierre.

established themselves in the Rue Saint-Florentin : but the trophy of victory was soon snatched from Charlotte's hands : Maximilien returned to his circle of "fools and gossips" in the Rue Saint-Honoré. The next chapter in this curious history may best be told in M. Lenotre's own words:—

Charlotte, in a state of vexation, remained solitary, and was preparing herself for an outburst, when Augustin Robespierre saved the situation. He had been sent on a mission to the Army of Italy together with Ricord, his colleague in the Convention ; and he took the step of taking his sister with him. Mme. Ricord, a charming and light-hearted young woman, was also of the voyage, which commenced gaily. The *conventionnels en mission* had the manners of sovereigns. France was crossed in a comfortable berline. At Nice, General Dumerbion and the officers made themselves the knights in attendance on the Citoyennes Ricord and Robespierre: invitations, pleasure parties, rides on horseback, —it was the gay time of Charlotte's life. Some patriots, who were perishing of hunger, quite thought she was "aping a princess" : some there were who pelted her with apples when she was entering her box at the theatre ; but strong in her virtue, she cared but little for these trifles. Unfortunately, the virtue of Mme. Ricord was of a less robust constitution. Augustin Robespierre knew something about this, and as Charlotte assumed an air of ruffled dignity, he made use of his power of discretion, and gave the order to his sister to leave the army immediately. Furious, indignant at this public affront, she purchased a place in a private carriage, which was leaving for Paris, and the next day set herself *en route*.

On her return to the apartments in the Rue Saint-Florentin, Charlotte had no other resource but an attempt to make peace with her sweetly disposed elder brother, but Madame Duplay would have none of this, and the messenger, who brought two pots of sweetmeat to the door, was driven away with the curt order : "Take those back : I don't want her to poison Robespierre." Sterner measures were, indeed, thought necessary by the good folk in the Rue Saint-Honoré. Charlotte was allowed an audience with the great philanthropist : he betrayed a tender anxiety for his sister, and recommended her to return to Arras under the charge of his friend Joseph Lebon, who was about to return to his proconsulate on the following day. Charlotte consented. On the way to Arras, Lebon was paying all attention to the comfort of Mlle. Robespierre, but, the destina-

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tion reached, he found it necessary to denounce his fair companion as "an aristocrat." Well might the poor woman tremble: for, as M. Lenotre says:

All Lebon's personal following were devoted to Robespierre: the beau Daillet, the important person of the tribunal, was at such a point of intimacy with Maximilien that he provided him with his cravats; Darthé, the public accuser, Lebon's friend, received the word of order direct from the Duplays' house, with which he corresponded regularly; and, even in prison, Charlotte found herself in a land of personal acquaintance: her cousin by blood, Carraut, has been set up there as the pilferer of the detained: men and women had to place themselves naked before him: he shook out their clothes, turned out their pockets, and made the discontented hold their tongues by bragging of the esteem in which "his virtuous parent," Robespierre, held him.

From the veritable den of iniquity, which the prison of Arras had become under the "virtuous" administration of Maximilien's "virtuous" allies, Charlotte, by good fortune, made her escape. For a time she obtained protection from an enemy of her brother's, Florent Guyot, the Commandant at Lille, who brought her back to Paris. Atraid to return to the Rue Saint-Florentin, she went to the house of a friend, the wife of a certain Laporte, whom the Revolution had lifted up from the toils of a glover-perfumer to the dignity of a Judge. And at the house of the Citoyenne Laporte, Mlle. Robespierre was living on the 9th of Thermidor, when Maximilien met his doom, and when his admiring sister was visited with the strange lapse of memory which we have already described.

Such, then, is in brief the story of the sister of the two Robespierres as the old documents in the National Archives of Paris have revealed it to the skilled eyes of an eminent French antiquary. The woman who had so generously parted with her all in order to help her brethren on in the world is thus the victim of the younger brother's lust and the elder brother's cruelty. How welcome this pathetic story must have been to the men who, not so much for horror of the deeds of the Terror, as for the safety of their own skins, and the fulfilment of their own ambitions, had brought Robespierre to his end! To Bonaparte, whom Mme. de Stael characterised as a "Robespierre on horseback," and to Louis XVIII., the exposure of Maximilien by the hand of his own sister would surely have been worth far more than 2,000 francs a year spent in subsidising an un-

fortunate old spinster. Here we have Napoleon, himself indebted to Maximilien's favours, himself believing that the arch-terrorist was in intention a re-incarnation of General Monk, and Louis XVIII., the correspondent and perhaps the fellow-conspirator of Robespierre—paying Robespierre's own sister to blacken her brother's already blasted memory! Is the story by which Charlotte saved her life after Thermidor IXth, and by which she earned her scanty income—is it true?

Certain it is that she lived to repent of the tale of woe she once published from the house-tops. There are the *Mémoires*, the manuscript of which was found at the house in which she died and published by some Robespierrist in 1834. At her funeral an *oraison funèbre*, written by Laponneraye (at the time in detention at Sainte-Pelagie,) was read to the little knot of *Robespierristes* who had assembled "*pour donner une leçon au pouvoir.*" "No, virtuous and ill-starred Maximilien," ran the declamation, "thy sister has not forsworn thee. Sister of Robespierre, tear thyself, for an instant from the arms of death, appear to us once more, and tell us if ever, in thy thoughts, thy good and unhappy brother has ceased to be cherished and revered, and if ever thou has ceased to render homage to his virtues." By way of answer to this invocation, the last deed and testament of Charlotte Robespierre has revealed itself to M. Lenotre. Among a heap of old papers at a notary's office he found it, and pinned to it was the envelope with the seals broken by the notary on the day of Charlotte's death—1st August, 1834.

"Wishing, before paying to nature the tribute which all mortals owe to him, to make known my feelings in regard to the memory of my eldest brother, I declare that I have always known him as a man full of virtue: I protest against all the letters contrary to his honour which have been attributed to me, and, further, wishing to dispose of that which I shall leave at my decease, I appoint as my universal heir Mlle. Reine Louise Victoire Matheu.

"Done and written by my hand, at Paris, 6th February, 1828.

"Marie Marguerite Charlotte de Robespierre."

The pension granted to Mlle. Robespierre had been withdrawn, and during the last years of her life, she lived under the assumed name of "Mme. Carraut." Great was the surprise in the neighbourhood of her home in the Rue de la Fontaine (now the Rue de la

Pitié), close to the Jardin des Plantes, when the tidings spread abroad on the evening of August 1, 1834, that the old lady who had that morning sent away the curé with the remark, "she had all her life long practised virtue and would die with a pure and peaceful conscience," was a sister of Robespierre. Why this secrecy?

It is, no doubt, an essential of the charm of M. Lenotre's series of *Vieilles Maisons*, *Vieux Papiers*, that while he gives us the little details which are in their way so pathetic and illuminative, he, in the end, either leaves us with an impression that behind the story he has traced there lies some hidden mystery, or else makes an appeal to a duty of charity that is developed and strengthened by the appeal. If her past had been what the old documents at the National Archives of Paris reveal, surely there are few of us who, in pity for our own inevitable judgment, could blame the frail woman who saved her life by ruining the reputation of her *dead* brother. Even the *nil nisi bonum* is more than we poor mortals can live up to! M. Lenotre, faithful to detail, tells us of the various dresses found in Mlle. Robespierre's wardrobe at her death, and of the lithograph portrait of Maximilien (valued at two francs, only) which hung on her dismal walls, and the crayon sketch of the gay Augustin. *Sunt lachrymae rerum*! We feel the pathos of these details, but can we frame any conception of the woman who, from time to time, contradicted herself so boldly? For my part, I believe that the story she told to the *Comité de Sûreté Générale* is substantially true, but, I believe that, in the end, love prevailed over the sense of grievous wrong—a God-given love in itself infinitely remote from that miserable Rousseau verbiage of "virtue" which was the only language the poor woman could find to express what the best that was in her was "making for."

I do not think that Marie Marguerite Charlotte Robespierre was a saint *malgré lui*; but I do think she was a conspicuous exponent of that love whose very nature it is to think no evil. Yet with this great love for one so unworthy of it, I think human pride must have been humanly intermingled. Let me, therefore, close this article with a passage from the book to which I have so often referred.

"She had at Nice met with young Bonaparte, who, neglecting nought that might serve his purpose, showed himself full of attention for her. When she saw him in his turn grow great, and take the

place of the little lawyer of Arras in the transient idolatry of the crowd, her regrets would revive. Was not that supreme position to which the hero was elevating himself just what fortune had designed for Maximilien ? And when the Emperor, on his coronation day, crossed Paris to get himself consecrated by the Pope, while the superb procession defiled past her, must she not have had a sort of vision of that other fête long since gone by, when her brother—he too, for a day, master of the destinies of France—instituted the Supreme Being ? The new beginning of things would have been for her full of bitterness ; and glances must not she have cast at that carriage of glass and gold in which the princesses shone resplendent—the sisters of the poor artillery officer whom she remembered so humble and obsequious ? If only fate had willed it, she herself would have been there in that place. . . Why not ? Had not Fouché, long ago, when he smelt which way the wind was blowing, asked her hand in marriage ? She would have been a duchess to-day. How sad she must have been when once again she found herself back in the quiet street where she had taken refuge ! The neighbours from their doors would greet her ‘Good-day, Mme. Carraut.’”

WALTER K. FIRMINGER.

*Kidderpore Vicarage.
Calcutta.*

A PLEA FOR THE INVESTIGATION AND STUDY OF ASTROLOGY.

I.

THE origin of Astrology lies buried in antiquity, nay, it may safely be asserted that its beginning was coeval with the advent of man on this planet. The honour of the first attempts to discover astrological laws belongs to India, like that of those in other sciences and arts : though it must be admitted that in course of time, our astrology became indebted to Egypt, Greece, China, and Arabia, for its development to its present dimensions. However, no other country can boast such a continuous study and extensive progress of this science. Certain circumstances which have brought about stagnation in India of other branches of knowledge, have had the same effect on astrology.

Observation (or experiment) and modification (or correction) are the true factors in all scientific progress. But in these directions, we have fallen victims to lethargy both on account of want of sufficient State patronage, and on account of the indifference and stolid passivity of the exponents of the science.

Legion are the objections raised against Astrology. A few of the main objections may be here mentioned. One of these is that Astrology is not a science. It is merely an imposture, a mere phantom of superstitious people. When primeval man was in a state of ignorance, he had no knowledge of the laws which govern the changes in this world, but he had such a strong faith in *causation*, that he began a search for the laws. He was led to form various theories, and of these Astrology is one. This he accepted without examination or test. Thus Astrology is a fictitious (bogus) science : it has no foundation in truth and derives no support from experience ; being purely hypothetical, its predictions are not confirmed by

experience. If its predictions are ever fulfilled, that is purely accidental ; there is no rational connection between its accepted laws and the evolutions of the world, and therefore, no such science can exist.

Another objection is that even if the predictions are verified by experience, so long as a *rationale* is not suggested, the laws cannot attain to the dignity of science. Yet another objection is, that though the science may be true, what earthly use can we make of it? For the fundamental proposition of the science is that the affairs of this world, individual and general, are governed by the motions and positions of stars and planets, so that all human affairs are wholly under their influence, while these movements are solely guided by dynamical laws. These laws, again, are true for all times and places, so that for any given moment the positions of the stars and planets will form a definite configuration, and as this latter determines the changes and the nature of these changes, there is not the least possibility of man being able to achieve even a modicum of change. Thus man having no free will, there can arise no question of his duty, responsibility and effort. There can be no duty and no effort where there is no freedom. If, then, every human affair is thus predetermined or pre-ordained, to what use can man turn his knowledge of Astrology? If everything is predestined and inevitable, to know or not to know what is going to happen, and when it is going to happen, would least affect his comforts.

Such are some of the main objections against Astrology. Even if it be possible and desirable to answer all such objections in a methodic and scientific way, this would not be the proper place to do it. They will be discussed elsewhere.*

At present we are concerned with a particular inquiry only, *viz.*, how are we circumstanced, and whether Astrology influences our actions at present? As a result of this inquiry we shall find that most of our people have a strong faith in Astrology. There are a few whose faith is not strong and a still smaller number who have no faith at all. Even in the case of the latter, we shall find that though they have no faith in Astrology, their conduct in life, all the same, is guided by its rules. We are forced to admit that Astrology exercises marked

* The author of this article will welcome all communications briefly setting forth any objections against Astrology that may be forwarded to him.

influence over our actions. Some act in accordance with its dictates through faith, while others, because they cannot do otherwise under the present circumstances. Again, there are those who openly manifest their faith in the science, and there are those who lack that courage, and therefore take great care to show in conversation and discussion that they have no faith, but the conduct of both is influenced by an inward regard for it. In short, Astrology has acquired so much influence over our conduct in life that the study, examination and modification of the rules of Astrology would, therefore, appear highly desirable.

The West for centuries has been engaged in the advance of science and knowledge. We own that Astrology has lost much of its former hold on the minds of the people of the West, who are distinguished for their work in the field of science and art. Astrology has not, however, completely disappeared from the field even among them. It would not be correct to suppose that this science has been altogether thrown aside by the people of the West, as antiquated and unsound. Of late, Astrology has been attracting fresh attention and its study is being revived. Ordinary people as well as learned men have been evincing greater interest for this science than formerly. The tendency towards the study of the science is steadily on the increase; it is being subjected to scientific investigation and endeavour is being made to systematise it and impart to it a scientific regularity. How strong so ever may be our faith in Astrology and however extensive our store of knowledge, we must confess that our people have become very inactive and indifferent in matters of investigation and progress. We have no idea of the amount of research and the systematic and continued efforts that are being brought to the service of the science in the West. Lectures are being delivered and associations have been formed for the study and spread of the science, magazines, extensively devoted to it, are issued regularly, and astrological questions are discussed and experiences recorded and collated. The West has thus been busily investigating and studying the science. It would, therefore, be expected that the East should come forward to contribute its share to the work.

Supposing, for argument's sake, that the science has not yet proved its truth indisputably and that experience has not confirmed its claims invariably, or even that the basis of the science is uncertain or

unsound, it would appear necessary that we should undertake to investigate its claims. Its claims to popular acceptance and regard and its claims for truthfulness are of such long standing as to establish a prescriptive right, and its power is so strong and its sphere of influence so extensive that even if it were thought desirable to evict or overthrow it, it would not be feasible without such investigation. There is no possible alternative but to undertake the investigation. If in this ordeal it should come out successful, it would then be regarded with more favour and studied with greater care and thus rendered more useful. If, however, it should be found to be spurious, we should at any rate have the credit of delivering the public from the trammels of error and superstition. In fine, consider it from whatever point you like, the investigation of the claims of this science is highly desirable.

What are the lines on which such investigation should be carried on, and if such task was ever before undertaken, how it has fared, and what obstacles occurred in the attempt, and how such obstacles were removed, are questions, which we propose to deal with here.

II.

Now that it has been shown why it is necessary to investigate the science of Astrology, we propose to discuss the best methods of investigation, and consider whether such task was ever undertaken, and, if so, with what success. We shall also endeavour to weigh the difficulties of the task and to suggest the best way to minimise them.

A science can be examined in two ways. The theory or the fundamental principles on which it is based may be shown to be not only reasonable and consistent with our knowledge and belief, but to be demonstrable by reference to simple experiences or to be almost self-evident. If such a theory and such principles be further shown ultimately to depend upon and to be connected with the principles of physical sciences, they will readily appeal to the modern scientists. Though we may not be able to connect such a theory with modern physical sciences, we cannot do without a theory. A theory must be formed first, and then all the propositions and rules of the science must be deduced therefrom. This is a very difficult task ; there are, however, many sciences which cannot be so derived and explained, and yet their claim to such appellation is admitted and recognised by all. This is the case with almost all imperfect and progressive sciences

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It is no wonder, then, if we are not able to employ the first mode in the investigation of Astrology. It is possible that a theory, though incorrect in the nature of things, may still serve as the basis of a progressive science, for, if the inferences drawn from it be often found to agree with experience, it is not altogether essential for the truth of a science that the theory on which it may be based should be absolutely correct. The Ptolemaic theory of planetary system has been proved to be wrong, while the Copernican theory and Kepler's laws have now found general acceptance, and we look upon them as true to nature; but motions of planets, their conjunctions and eclipses and such other phenomena could be predicted by computation based on Ptolemaic theory, and they agreed well with experience. Our Indian theory of planetary motion, though differing a little from the Ptolemaic, was similar in many respects. The predictions of our astronomers about eclipses, conjunctions, etc., based on our own theory, fairly agreed with observation, and yet neither Ptolemy's followers nor our Indian astronomers had heard either of the Copernican theory or the laws of Kepler or had the least knowledge of Newton's laws of motion. We thus see that a correct theory—a theory true to nature—is not an urgent necessity to establish the truth of a science or to render it acceptable, provided we can show that the majority of predictions made, agree with experience. A theory is accepted when the predictions turn out true.

Hence, even if the first and exact mode of investigation be not practicable, there is yet a second mode of investigating the truth of Astrology. Here we have to make predictions in conformity with the accepted rules of the science and observe their coincidence in the majority of cases with phenomena as they occur. If in this course we meet with some cases of failure, they are to be utilised to form or reform the laws of the science. This mode of investigation—of testing rules by verification—is not only useful but acceptable to all and even popular. In short, it is necessary to lay down some hypothesis for the investigation of a science, and if possible to show that it is based on and is not inconsistent with the principles of physical sciences, but as all inductive sciences are originally constructed on the strength and with the help of repeated observation, and as a science loses its practical importance if its conclusions are at variance with experience, prediction and verification

are sure guides in investigation. A theory need not be in perfect accord with nature. It must also be noted that the agreement of predictions with facts need not be very close or exact, for no science can boast of an exact correspondence between its abstract conclusions and concrete experience.

It will thus be seen that, though the first mode of establishing the truth of a science may be found difficult to adopt, we, in this country, should at least employ the second mode as readily acceptable to all and as easy of accomplishment.

When a prediction turns out true, our faith in the science is naturally strengthened. But sometimes we have to rest content with being able to account for a phenomenon after it has happened. This, therefore, may be regarded as a third mode of investigating a science, but this is not a sure or convincing method. In using it we are naturally tempted to arrive at a forced agreement between facts and theory and to attach greater value to favourable circumstances and less to unfavourable ones. Thus this mode of justifying a science does not meet with favour in many quarters, but it cannot be regarded as either a useless or an improper method merely on that ground, for the progress of many of our sciences is attained by this method alone. A theory cannot be set aside merely because it fails in some cases. In the world of reality a phenomenon is generally the joint effect of many causes. Science, however, cannot take note of all such causes, as many of them may lie outside its scope; it can deal with only one class of causes and it cannot include in its judgment causes which it is not its obvious purpose to investigate. Therefore, when its conclusions are not borne out by experience, we are forced to resort to the mode of explaining the divergence. All sciences have to follow this course, which is liable to be abused or over-used, and the popular mind is seldom satisfied or convinced. Again, one course may produce one or many of several effects. To be on the safer side, the man of science has to make predictions very cautiously, has to add provisos and limitations or has to make them very general: if he follows the last method, he lays himself open to the charge of vagueness or equivocation. This course does not minister to the popular desire to know "all"—the general outline as well as precise details, broad facts as well as minor particulars. To satisfy this popular craving, the professional man has generally to follow some

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wise clue, to look to probabilities and then make specific predictions ; he has to take the risk of a failure, and has to explain whenever predictions and facts are at variance. This method does not seem faulty to those who have faith in the science, but it cannot produce conviction in the mind of the sceptic.

There is evidence enough to show that when Astrology was being built up as a science, the builders had formed a theory of their own or had laid down some general principles. Whether such a basis was the result of actual long-continued observation or was due to supernatural vision or inspiration, there are no means to judge. In the present day, we have given up the study of supernatural sciences, and thus the esoteric continuity has long been interrupted, and we have now acquired a frame of mind which regards the supernatural as impossible ; we are not also prepared to believe that the ancients had made any great development in the study of natural sciences. The history of modern sciences shows that their growth has been gradual and slow ; no such slow stages of evolution discover themselves to our view in the history of the ancients ; we, therefore, are loth to admit that the ancients had attained to any eminence in the development of natural sciences. Whatever may be the knowledge of the ancients of natural sciences, it would appear clear that the ancients did not follow the modern method of accounting for every phenomenon on the material hypothesis. At any rate we do not discover any such hypothesis in the works of the ancients. In more modern times, many works have been written on Astrology, but there is not a trace of theory to be found in them, nay, we may safely assert that there has not been a single work written with a critical intent. While we see the West engaged in trying to establish a connection between Astrology and Natural Sciences, the East is—it is to be regretted—sleeping in utter indifference. Though no such attempts have been made or though they may be difficult to be undertaken, it is necessary for us to form a rational theory as the basis of Astrology.

The perusal of the works of ancient authors shows that they proceed on some theory as their basis ; what that theory was, whether it was derived from long-continued observation or whether it occurred to them as inspiration, are not very important questions. Such questions have not been finally settled in respect of other

sciences as well. It has been said above that a theory need not be true to nature, and what is essential is that the conclusions based on it must be confirmed by experience. The test of experience is, then, the main point and probably the only one that appeals to the popular mind. Such a test is being constantly used in respect of Astrology. People are every day enquiring into their own future, whether their stars are favourable or unfavourable, what good or evil is in store for them, and so on. If the astrologers' replies to their queries turn out correct, they put the faith in the science and its exponents. Otherwise they reject both. But this individual questioning cannot, however, be looked upon as a methodic or scientific enquiry. Public faith cannot follow individual faith, for the range of the latter is from blind credulity to widest scepticism. The experience of these cannot claim any scientific influence. Such divergent experience should be collected and sifted to stand as an aid to scientific investigation. Few have made any attempt to collect such experience, to systematise it and to give it the character of scientific evidence. It appears from the different opinions held on different questions by old Acharyas, that such systematisation and sifting were current in old times. Every old writer on Astrology seems to have been engaged in collecting facts and in generalising from them according to his own lights. In modern works we do not find even this mode of treatment. The modern writers have toiled merely to string together the teachings of the old writers, never pausing to criticise or discuss. This practice of merely mirroring the opinions of the ancients has gone so far that the very word "evidence," which really means "facts," has come to mean "citation." The tendency to give the results of one's own experiences or the conclusions of the ancients has given way before the custom of giving "ample quotations." If modern writers at all evince a progressive tendency, it is in the direction of undue extension of the allegories used by the ancients. The old writers introduced allegories to help the memory and imagination of their students. But when these allegorical statements came into the hands of uncritical students and a clue to their meaning was lost through lapse of time, the allegories came to be looked upon as "facts." The principle became over-shrouded in mystery and the allegories became all-important. We find many instances in the history

of the world where substance has been superseded by form or an idea supplanted by a metaphor. When once the clue to truth is lost, imagination or fancy knows no bounds. When the reins of fancy are relaxed, the allegories assume exaggerated and gigantic proportions. In order to indicate in a clear manner, the sovereign dignity and power of the Sun, he is symbolised as the "king," and when the original intention is lost sight of, fancy is on the alert to provide him with a queen, a retinue, ministers, spies, heralds, banners, etc. Long experience having suggested that the third house in a nativity signifies the native's relationship with his brothers the fourth with the mother, the seventh with the wife and so on fancy extends the principle and recommends the consideration, from one and the same house, of matters relating to the following pairs—"children's brothers and sisters," "and wife," "mother's mother," and "wife" "father-in-law" and "mother." It is no wonder, then, that, under these circumstances, such undue extension of fact and allegory should have the effect of removing traces of any possible relation that might originally have existed between the theory of Astrology and the physical sciences. Every critical reader will be able to see that many of the legends in the Puranas have had their basis in natural phenomena. The stories of Rudra and Prajapati, of Rohini and Krittikas, are doubtless based on particular configurations in the heavens. But the allegorical descriptions have been so bold and strong that at the present time we cannot bear the suggestion that they have no historic basis, but have originated in heavenly configuration.

The above remarks have been made in reference to modern works written on the basis of those of the ancients. In more recent times some pamphlets and magazines have been published on Astrology. Critical remarks have found place in them, we admit ; but this critical portion is of very limited extent, and is not so extensive as it should be, and the attempt has not been made with a simple view to investigate the science. The present works seldom go beyond setting forth and explaining the opinions and ^P_w conclusions of the writers themselves. Their writings do not set forth facts and considerations as amply as the subject demands. They have published the results of their own individual experience and thought. As the men engaged in this work are experts, it is not

to be supposed that their opinions have no scientific value ; but they have not furnished such evidence and such facts as would enable any modern thinker—who has the desire—to study the facts for himself and form a judgment of his own on them. In short, what is required is a collection of facts and evidence accessible to all seekers of truth ; and we are sorry to find that no such work has been yet attempted in a systematic way. Such a collection can be made in two ways : (1) To collect the horoscopes of historically eminent persons, so that by making predictions from them, agreement or otherwise with experience can be observed; (2) To collect reliable natal data and historical accounts corresponding to these data which may enable us to observe agreement of predictions with facts. A few attempts have been made in the first direction, but they are too few to be ever scientifically useful. It is rash from a scientific point of view to rush to conclusions and generalisations based upon a very limited number of cases, and if ever there has occurred any mischief greater than another in Astrology it is that of too hasty generalisations. The rule derived from insufficient and unextended observation is liable to be disproved ultimately. It is owing to the absence of such precaution mainly that Astrology has grown to its present unwieldy and complex dimensions. It is our opinion that pruning of the overgrowth is more necessary than adding and engrafting. The current magazines and such other works are doing valuable service in their own way ; but they do not contribute much to scientific investigation. This can be very easily judged from the way in which they deal with the theme. The matter of their works may be generally distributed under the following heads :—1. Translation or transliteration of some old works (without any comments or criticisms generally). 2. Horoscopes (without corresponding events). 3. Horoscopes referring to individuals who have marked physical defects or mental idiosyncracies (without any guarantee that the times of births have been correctly noted). 4. Theory of Astrology, giving only the results of the author's experience and the result of his deliberation (without the grounds and the facts on which his conclusions have been based). 5. Lessons in Astrology (without any attempt either to show consistency or otherwise with some fixed principles). There is no material supplied which others may examine for themselves. There are here

and there a few remarks of their own ; but there is no way left open for personal investigation. Again, there is no settled standard or theory followed, while making predictions ; sometimes, the Sayan system is followed and when that is found to fail, the Nirayan system is resorted to. Each of any two opposing and inconsistent systems find promiscuous acceptance. In short, the attempt is only to form a large collection on a cyclopædic scale, and very little thought is bestowed on clearness, reliability and discrimination. Such a state of things reflects a degree of indifference towards "truth-seeking," and this extensive collection is of little use to the work of investigation.

Horoscopes of eminent and well-known persons present special advantages and facilities in the investigation of the science of Astrology. The history of these persons is generally well-known and beyond the pale of doubt. The value of the predictions made from their horoscopes is, however, not always certain. These eminent persons are generally obscure at birth and they rise to eminence merely by their efforts. The times of their births, therefore, are not generally correctly noted and their horoscopes are not, therefore, thoroughly reliable. If the foundation itself is not sure, the reader can well imagine what value can be attached to the structure raised on it. For instance, His Highness Sir Sayaji Rao Gaikwar is well-known to all and has attained to a degree of eminence. His life is before the eye of the public, and, if necessary, even his diary may be made accessible to all, but who can say with certainty that the horoscope which now passes for his own, is reliable. Such horoscopes are the results of astrological skill ; from scant data and on the hypothesis that Astrology is a thoroughly reliable science, such astrological feats are accomplished. Predictions are made on a conjectural basis. We do not mean to say that verification of such predictions has no scientific value ; what we mean to say is that such horoscopes will be treated as valuable by those only who have faith in Astrology ; they cannot be used to convince those who have no such faith. We can, therefore, safely assert that if there be any doubt or even a room for doubt as to the authenticity of these horoscopes and their data, they cannot help us materially in our investigation. It is, therefore, desirable and necessary that we should direct our attempts to form a collection of reliable horoscopes. If the times

of births are correctly obtained, a sure foundation will be laid. But mere reliable horoscopes will not suffice; reliable accounts of the corresponding lives must be secured, and if they are not already published or known, they must be made available for publication. When such a reliable basis is secured, the task of prediction and verification will be comparatively easy. There is, however, a minor difficulty: in a horoscope calculation the apparent local time of birth and of the ascendant and the determination of the planetary situation for the moment of birth, play very important parts. It has been found that some of the professional astrologers commit errors in calculating the apparent local time. The mathematical and astrological knowledge of many of our professionals is very limited, and, therefore, nativities calculated by some of them require revision. The task of revision is, however, rendered very difficult, if not impossible, by the astrologers themselves. They do not note down the data supplied; and they leave no way to examine the free manipulation of such data made to secure conformity with some astrological theory of the times of births, which they believe to be true. All trace of the original data is thus lost to the future.

In passing, we may mention that the knowledge of many of our so-called astrologers is very defective. There are no facilities for making observations. Scarcely one in a thousand has ever had the opportunity of making practical scientific observation, as a test and guide. Astrologers have to follow old authors blindly and to regard their word as law. For a thorough and ready grasp of Astronomy and Astrology, one must be acquainted with Geometry, Algebra, Trigonometry and Logarithms. The knowledge of our astrologers generally does not extend beyond the first four simple Rules of Arithmetic, Square Root and a little of Algebra. They do not even care to know Vulgar Fractions or Decimals. This is a matter much to be regretted. An astrologer must know something of the visible heavens and the celestial globe. He must also know a little of dynamics. This is not the place to enquire where the blame for this state of things should rest, and for the present we may pass over the question by throwing all blame on "Time." We must recognise it to be our duty to remove these defects. Howsoever the evils may have crept in, to remove them is our duty and to shirk it would be a grave sin. In the absence of any observatory

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of our own—really a painful and surprising reflection on our incapacity—we must accept the results of western research and work ; but we must also try to stand on our own legs. No better and surer friend than self-reliance can be had. It is we who must work for our own sake, and not others.

To recapitulate : we see that the first thing we ought to do in the matter of investigation of Astrology is to set about collecting precise natal data and reliable accounts of the corresponding lives. We must also try, as far as possible, to eliminate all errors in computation and to aim at precision. Then and then alone will the task of investigation be rendered smooth and easy.

(To be concluded.)

Indore.

R. S. ATHAVLE.

THE PROBLEM OF ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM.

RECENT events at Surat must have conjured up many historical reminiscences regarding that city. It was in 1664 that Sivaji, the Mahratta chief, first looted Surat. He repeated the process in 1669-70. From that time until 1676 Mahratta raids were renewed almost every year, but at last the wall of defence that had occupied a dozen years in the building was completed, and the predatory attacks came to an end, for the city was secure against them. Yet now, in the twentieth century, it might almost be said that Surat has been raided again, and this time also by the Mahrattas. The attack has not been of the old character, it has not been directed against the city or its permanent population or their property. Purely political, its object has been to coerce, and, failing this, to demoralise, a political organisation. It is not Surat in this case but the Indian National Congress around which a great wall of defence has to be built, if the Congress is to continue to exist. To Surat belongs the fame of having been the venue of the struggle, the scene of a disaster that was due to no victory. Surat is the stage whence a great political lesson has been taught to thousands of Indians. Pondering over this, it would be well now to seek inspiration of a hopeful kind from it rather than magnify the importance of its pessimistic aspect, which is perhaps likely to catch the eye of the observer before he realises that there are also other aspects deserving of notice.

Under a new name, perhaps, and refined and purified by the troubles through which it must pass, the Indian National Congress will survive the shock of the Mahratta raid at Surat. There is ground, indeed, for the hope that the ultimate effects of that episode of shame will be almost wholly beneficial. Already men have learnt that Moderation cannot always be fairly regarded as an indication of weakness or dubiety. Already the Moderate party is reaping the benefits of a reaction against political Extremism. Should any Hindu reader take this to be merely

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an Anglo-Indian view, he is invited to ascertain that of his own countrymen, and to make it public. For the time appears to be ripe for serious efforts on the part of both Indians and Anglo-Indians to come to a better mutual understanding than has yet been reached. To this end it is desirable that the true position of each should be comprehended, that their mutual relations should be free from the harmful influence of misrepresentations, and that the aims of each should be realised by the other and, as far as may be, promoted instead of being thwarted.

At this point it may be remarked that an entirely satisfactory adjustment of the mutual relations between the two communities is never likely to be effected by means that have nothing but political or administrative reform as their object. There are a number of social questions, factors in a very complex problem, to which every sincere seeker after reform must attach importance. There are men, indeed, who hold that the solution of the social problem must precede that of the political. This may be a correct view, but our present remarks are concerned specially with certain sections of the problem of improved administration. The above digression is meant to serve no other purpose than to acknowledge the existence of an intimate connection between the political and the social progress of a people.

Of the prospects of a compromise between the Moderate and the Extremist parties in India, nothing need be said here. A more interesting point for consideration is the probability or possibility of an understanding between Indians and Anglo-Indians of moderate views. At present here is visible on all sides a degree of race prejudice that is creditable to neither of the two communities. Is this to continue, is it to increase? Unless both sides adopt new tactics, an answer in the affirmative would appear to be the only proper one. These remarks are intended to suggest, in a general way, a change of tactics. What seems to be needed, in the first place, is that Indians and Anglo-Indians should seek points of agreement. For years past their chief desire has been to discover points of disagreement, which are all too easily to be found. That is not the way in which friendships are formed or maintained. While the spirit of dissent or dissension is encouraged, men can scarcely expect that of brotherhood to spread far and wide through the land, though it is this latter spirit that ought to be encouraged.

Let us not dwell on this point, nor seek to fix the blame on one side or to apportion it between the two. Agreement is what ought to be aimed at, and disagreements should be discussed solely with an eye to their removal. It can scarcely be necessary to advance arguments in

support of this assertion. Indians and Anglo-Indians are fellow-subjects of the Crown. If their rights and privileges are unequal, they are still British subjects and should stand together instead of apart. The immediate aim of Indians should be to assure the abolition of their present disabilities, and to enlist the co-operation of Anglo-Indians to the utmost extent possible. It can scarcely be doubted that there is common ground upon which both communities can meet in full agreement. To demarcate that ground and to make it the base of operations, should be regarded by both communities as a primary duty. This done, time would indicate the paths along which the two might travel together in complete harmony, attaining by degrees to new privileges and a wider liberty. But if this is to be effected, there must be determined efforts to agree as to certain matters. A long list of these might be given, but a discussion of them would involve a departure from that policy of generalisation which has been deliberately adopted as the most suitable to remarks which are in no way intended to be dogmatic. When the turn from abstract principles to concrete applications is made, the risk of dissensions will become greater; but in these days those very risks are aggravated because of the absence of the sound foundation that should first be constructed in the form of an agreement regarding basic principles. Suffice it here, therefore, to submit that, of those matters concerning which agreement ought to be sought, and might probably be found, not the least important are such as may be regarded as essential to the fixing of a standard of administration; for one of the chief objects of an agreement of the kind now alluded to must be to determine the relations between the State and the people for the time being, and to provide for their readjustment as occasion for this may arise.

Now to suggest a definite direction for initial strivings after a basis of agreement.

Most of the cultured Indians who are keenly interested in the subject of political and administrative reform have doubtless studied the writings of Herbert Spencer. Possibly many are not in full accord with this author's dicta. It may well be that some will say of Spencer, as the latter said of Pestalozzi, that while right in his fundamental ideas, he was not therefore right in all his applications of them. Acceptance of certain principles laid down by Spencer must not be taken to mean concurrence with all that he wrote; and certain of these principles may be treated as applicable to the present subject without the writer committing himself to either the adoption or the rejection of others of Spencer's principles which have no immediate connection with the sug-

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gestions here thrown out. Let us, for instance, consider the possibility of applying to questions of administrative methods various statements made by Spencer in respect to moral education. Writing specially about "the greatest defect in our programmes of education," he advocated a changed system of discipline. Having sketched his model scheme, he remarked : "The general practice of any ideal system of discipline is hopeless; parents are not good enough." He proceeded to say that even were there methods by which the desired end could be at once effected, and even had fathers and mothers sufficient insight, sympathy and self-command to employ these methods consistently, it might still be contended that it would be of no use to reform family-government faster than other things are reformed. "There is," he added, "much reason for thinking that as in a nation so in a family, the kind of government is, on the whole, about as good as the general state of human nature permits it to be. We may argue that in the one case, as in the other, the average character of the people determines the quality of the control exercised." In spite of this, Spencer held that an ideal, a high ideal, is necessary. "It is requisite to know where the right lies," he wrote, "in order that the changes we make may be *towards* the *right* instead of *away* from it."

But if it were possible to secure pure rectitude in respect to political government, "in the existing social conditions, its result would be disastrously incongruous with the present state of society." To this view of matters the careful attention of Indian readers is invited. There is, of course, a widespread belief that political reforms have come too slowly. Impartial men will readily admit that to hit the exact standard of reform that would correspond with the social standard arrived at from year to year in any country, would be virtually impossible. The one must fall little short of the other or go a little beyond it; a precise adjustment, varying as progress is achieved, is not to be hoped for. The main question that is left for consideration, therefore, is whether attempts should be deliberately made to fix the administrative or the political standards above the social, or *vice versa*. The former may well be higher than the latter, and yet lower than the level appropriate to the more cultured sections of society. In fact, it can hardly be doubted that in India to-day the method of administration is, to use a familiar expression, too good when compared with the general state of society, though it is not sufficiently high for the most cultured sections of that society. Government, it must be assumed, regulate their standard with some reference to "the happy mean," whereas ardent Indian reformers would have this standard regulated according to the advancement achieved by themselves and their fellows, the highly educated men among their people.

If Government were to consent to be guided by these gentlemen, what would be the result? "On the average," observes Herbert Spencer, "the constitutional conservatism of mankind is strong enough to prevent too rapid a change. Things are so organised that until men have grown up to the level of a higher belief, they cannot receive it; nominally, they may hold it, but not virtually." Is not this true? If it is true, then the Government's preference for advancing slowly is justified. There may be extremists who will say: "Why not give our plans a trial?" But it is easier to cause a conflagration than to put it out; and the wise administrator shuns over-hasty measures that might well set in motion forces he would be powerless to control. If it is true that the "difficulties in the way of a normal government of children will always put an adequate check upon the efforts to realise it," equally true is it that the difficulties in the way of an ideal administrative system will always put an adequate check upon the efforts to realise it—until society is prepared for such a system by having perfected itself.

It would assuredly profit all political agitators and reformers if they would reflect upon such points as those here indicated. Hitherto these gentlemen have excelled in picking out defects, and in dilating on what *might* be. Would it not be wise to endeavour to foresee the inevitable consequences if their ideals were approached too hastily, or prematurely? Granted that some of them might urge with justice, "*we* are ready for these methods that we advocate," are the people of India, *as a whole*, ready for them? That men of light and leading must lead to some extent is a truism; that the improvement of administrative systems must not be dependent solely on the moral or material advancement of "the masses" is obvious. But in no country has the administrative standard ever been set according to the qualifications of the most enlightened or the most intellectual unit, whether king or subject; and it is clear that were such an adjustment found practicable, the result could only be the adoption of the "one-man Government" system, which is revolting to the mind of every man of culture. If the most advanced unit does not represent the right standard, does the most enlightened community or group of communities? That is among the questions submitted for consideration by those who would seek agreement wherever it may be found, rather than lay stress solely on those points of disagreement which cannot be emphasised without stimulating race-prejudice and even race-antipathy. The nobler the object in view, the greater the care with which ignoble paths should be avoided.

HOMUNCULUS.

Bangalore.

THE TOWER OF THE SEVEN STOREYS.

(Concluded from our last number)

AFTER an interval for refreshment I again descended the several flights of steps, accompanied by one man only bearing a powerful lamp. This became to some extent affected by the close atmosphere ; but it nevertheless enabled me to see what I was doing. And soon a surprising thing occurred. Searching the floor with the rays of my lamp I perceived two objects, the very last that I should have expected to find in such a place. One was a shield of black bull's hide about three feet in length. It had been adorned with devices. but time had rendered them indistinct. I tried to take it up, but it crumbled to pieces at the touch of my hand. The other was a helmet with neck guard, side guards for the face, and a prolonged crest, sweeping gracefully over the rounded top of the head-piece, and falling down the back. What country the shield came from might have been doubtful ; but the helmet was unmistakable. It was ancient Greek. Whatever was it doing in Sind ? Had I strayed into a museum of the Bhrahmanabad kings ? I took care not to touch the helmet lest it should resolve into dust ; and with all my nerves tingling with excitement, I proceeded to explore the basement. The wildest powers of imagination could not have foretold the extraordinary adventure that was to befall me. For upon what I may describe as a rude stone bench below the arch that was furthest away from the flight of steps I perceived a recumbent figure. Was it a statue ? No ; on close inspection it had evidently been a man. The skin was unmistakably that of a human being. It must be a mummy ; and the aromatic odour that I had perceived might be due to some substance used for its preservation. But who had ever heard of mummies in Sind ? I passed my lamp over the figure, care-

fully refraining from handling it. It was that of a man in the prime of life, perfectly made, with delicately chiselled features, and a clear complexion somewhat darker than that of an Englishman. And the costume ! The figure wore a short linen chiton, which above the waist was covered by a toughened linen corselet, so woven as to resist a weapon, and above these a himation or loose gown, girt at the waist, but open above, and reaching half way down the thighs. The legs were encased with lengths of cloth, ending in curiously laced sandals. By the side of the figure lay a purple chlamys or military cloak of woollen material ; and attached to it was a gold brooch by which it might be fastened to this chiton. Great heavens, the man had been a Greek soldier ! What an amazing mystery !

What had happened ? Was my brain reeling Was I bereft of my senses, deprived of my judgment, after all the tension that I had gone through in my researches ? For it seemed to me that the figure was stirring. I concentrated the rays of the light upon the face ; and whether I was in a dream or not there was an unmistakable movement of the features followed by a tremor that ran through the whole body. If there were any doubt as to what I saw, it was speedily dissolved by the action of the man whom I had brought with me, for with a horrified cry of "a ghost, a ghost," he turned and fled up the stairs. I was left alone with this startling manifestation. I stood still incapable of movement while the figure, so to speak, gradually seemed to return from death to life. Yes, I could perceive that it breathed. After a time a hand stirred, and then a foot ; and the eyes slowly opened and fixed a curious gaze upon me. I was petrified with astonishment. Upon what mystery of the ages had I innocently stumbled ? I must possess my soul in patience and wait on impending events. It might have been five minutes ; it might have been an hour—I had lost all count of time—when the figure partially raised itself on its side, and to my amazement addressed itself to me.

"By Heracles," said the Unknown, in a thin but distinct voice, "I have slept long ! I might have been plunged in Lethe. Why am I here ? Our orders were for an early start ; and if Lysimachus of the light cavalry is not in his place betimes, Alexander will soon finish another strategos. What think you, O stranger, has the army marched ?"

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Heavens ! Was I, an ordinary Englishman of the twentieth century, listening to a man who had fought in Sind with Alexander the Great ? And this man thinks that his chief is still encamped at Brahmanabad ! Imagine the clock being put back over two and twenty centuries. The thing was so unparalleled, the mystery so profound, that I could but accept the fact, as it seemed to be, without attempting to account for it. What, still weighed upon me more was a feeling of self-consciousness, and of difficulty as to how to address this dashing cavalry leader. What is the correct procedure, I found myself wondering, when people come back to life after a couple of thousand years or some such trifle ? If I told him the truth, it would be absolutely unintelligible to him. How could I explain that he ought to have joined the immortal gods and heroes at Olympus ages ago, and that I came from a little island in the far-off ocean stream, whose soldiers had achieved what Alexander's Macedonians had failed to do, and that we unknown barbarians ruled all India. The situation was embarrassing, not to say impossible. I could only await developments, and trust to luck and discretion to see me through. Fortunately, Lysimachus, as he seemed to be called, solved my immediate difficulty by continuing his apostrophe.

"Riddle of a sphinx !" he ejaculated, "it would take a *Edipus* to make head or tail of this. Here am I lying in this dungeon, as black as that in which Danae was shut up, and feeling as weak as a mouse, when I ought to be getting my horses on board those cursed galleys. The light cavalry carried down this muddy ditch of an Indus on board of galleys ! By the head of the Gorgon Medusa it were a pretty tale to tell them when we get back to Macedon, if indeed the gods are propitious and we ever see our homes again. In truth this is a Hades of a country. If it is not aflame with heat, it stiffens one with cold ; and either the soil is as parched as if Phaeton's fiery chariot were about to roast it up for good and all, or else there is another flood of Deucalion. And oh ! the drinks ! How can a cavalry man stomach the stuff that they concoct from the juice of the palm-tree ? Great Dionysus, what would I not give for a draught of Corinthian wine ? In truth, little that is fit to drink has passed my lips since we fought at Arbela."

This seemed a suitable opening for me. "Will you taste this ?" I said, pouring some whisky and water from my flask into a pocket

tumbler. "I regret that I have no wine at hand ; but an old soldier like yourself will find this not an intolerable substitute."

The Macedonian slowly swallowed the liquid, and gave a sigh of satisfaction, as he sank back upon his couch. "Of a truth," he said, "this draught of yours warms the veins as did the honey-sweet wine that Ulysses gave to the Cyclops Polyphemus. The vine that produced this never grew this side of the Caucasus. Now I can think again. All our marching and fighting, our victories and our retreat, are clear in my memory ; but my mind has seemed clouded about what happened last. Now it is beginning to come back to me. I shall soon be able to recall everything. But there is no strength in my limbs ; and I am more fit to be carried in a litter than to leap on to a horse."

By this time I had become more accustomed to my extraordinary situation ; and I realised how golden an opportunity this was for learning at first hand how the Macedonian army had fared in its Eastern campaign. A little more whisky might encourage my new acquaintance to gratify my curiosity.

"Take another mouthful from my flask," I suggested, "and you will feel more revived. The gods will soon restore the strength to your limbs. Meanwhile, lie still, and tell me of your adventures in this somewhat undesirable country. I am dying to listen to them."

"You would soon weary," he rejoined, after imbibing the refreshment that I held out to him, "if I related all that had happened to me since these eyes last looked upon Europe. My story would be an Iliad and an Odyssey rolled into one. Seven years we wandered in Asia before we reached this infernal India ; and it must be twenty months since we passed through the gloomy defiles of the mountains and came upon the plains that are watered by the five rivers. Great Apollo, how we spread our Empire through country after country, Cappadocia, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Babylon, Persia, Parthia, Bactria and other kingdoms innumerable. Oh ! he is a God, is Alexander ! Such a dominion never was before, and never can be again."

Prophecy was always a trifle risky, I reflected.

"Oh, you should have seen the light cavalry drive all before them at the Granicus, Issus, and Arbela. The heavy brigade with armour on men and horses always supported us gallantly. But the

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companions under me, Lysimachus, with no protection but our shields and linen corselets, were unrivalled."

I was about to ask who the companions had been, when I remembered my friend's trifling error on the subject of centuries, and I put my question in a less invidious way.

"Pardon my ignorance, Lysimachus," I said, "but will you tell me who the companions are? I may be under a misapprehension too as regards another matter. I always understood that it was the famous Macedonian phalanx with its enormous spears that carried Alexander's victorious banners across Asia. But you speak of the cavalry as having achieved these exploits."

"The companions, and the phalanx!" he exclaimed with an air of astonishment. "Name of Bellerophon! You have never heard of Alexander's famous companions, the brigade of companion cavalry, the royal life-guards, all chosen from the noblest families of Macedonia and Thessaly? Are you only a foot-soldier? You look as if you could bestride a horse."

I was flattered at his discrimination, but thought it just as well not to own up that I could not claim to be a soldier at all.

"Yes," he continued, "I, Lysimachus, can tell you of the companions. You should have seen us at the Granicus. I was only a trooper then. Aristodemus, a brave old campaigner, was in command. The Persians were on the other side of the river; and Alexander bade the companions dash through the stream and attack the army of Darius. With a mighty shout of "Io Pæan," we were through the water, formed up the other side in the broken line, and flying across the plain against the enemy. And who was riding side by side with Aristodemus? Alexander himself, on his mighty war horse Bucephalus. Crash we went into the Persian cavalry, Alexander in the front, dealing death and wounds about him. They made a brave resistance, those Persians; but they were no match for Alexander and his companions. We had some losses too. The brave Aristodemus himself was slain by a javelin; and at the same moment one of the Persians, a man of gigantic stature, was about to bring down his scimitar on Alexander's own head. O stranger, the gods sent me that opportunity. As the Persian was in act to strike I smote him with my sword between elbow and shoulder; and his arm, still clenching his weapon, lay on the ground. "Be thou

strategos of the companions, Lysimachus," said Alexander, and fell again furiously on the enemy. Oh, we companions worship Alexander. A very god he is to us ; and we know how he cherishes the companions. And as Alexander joined in the leadership with Aristodemus, so he and I rode side by side in front of the gleaming brigade at Issus and Arbela. May the Eumenides be friendly, and not requite my good fortune with evil !"

It was marvellous to hear this man of old world history tell me his experiences, There was a magic in his speech ; and I felt that I could see him at the head of his brigade.

"And the phalanx," he continued, after a moment's pause, "ah, yes, I admit the hoplites make a gallant show on parade. It is a grand sight to see the six brigades, each three thousand strong, drawn up in battle array, the men massed sixteen deep, elbow to elbow shield touching shield, the long shield that almost covers a man's whole front. Surely that were protection enough. But the armour would break my heart, A strong man is weighed down by it."

Shade of Wellington, I soliloquised, and the thin red line ! Sixteen deep, and crushed with heavy armour ! A nice suitable arrangement for the hot weather in Upper Sind ! Even Thomas Atkins might object to such theories of warfare.

"Then the sarissa," he went on, "the great spear, eighteen cubits long, is to my mind an unwieldy weapon."

"Eighteen cubits long," I interrupted, "how on earth could—I beg pardon—I should say can soldiers massed sixteen deep carry such a monstrosity ? Fancy a spear twenty-four feet long !

"Well, you see," he rejoined, "it is so held that when couched it projects fifteen cubits in front of the hoplite. The spears of six ranks are thus in advance of the first line. The men behind the sixth rank hold their spears upright until they get a chance of bringing them into action. Yea, by Apollo, I have always admired them on parade ; and I have witnessed the very sight of their bristling wall of spears strike terror into the barbarians. But the formation is so cumbersome that the least thing puts it out of gear ; and when the phalanx came to close quarters with the Persians at Issus, it was driven back with disordered ranks till the companions came to its rescue. Had Alexander but a few more brigades of light cavalry, he might have left his phalanx at home. It was these heavy armed

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hoplites whose faint hearts led to the retreat of the great army from the Hyphasis. If we of the cavalry had had our way, we should now be marching down the Ganges and conquering fresh kingdoms instead of retreating by this Indus."

"Talk not to me of the phalanx," he continued, as his eyes flashed with anger. "Alexander conquered the kingdoms of the world to be vanquished by his own hoplites. Yet in truth it was not that they feared the Indians, for they did not fight so badly against Porus and his splendid warriors, nor when we stormed Sangala. Rather they were heavy at heart owing to homesickness, and depressed by the terrible heat and drenching rains; and of a certainty the weight of this armour and their spears is hard to endure in these intemperate climes. But what did we of the companions care for rains or heat or weariness or nostalgia when Alexander was in the field and glory to be won? Oh you should have heard him when he called up the desponding commanders of the hoplites to his great pavilion, and upraised them for their faintness. We were clustered round their leaders; and Alexander's mighty voice could be heard by all the ranks. How could the most stony heart not be melted by his burning words. 'What,' he said, 'Macedonians, do ye no longer follow me into danger with your former keenness? Have we achieved so much only to go back when the vast country of India is within our grasp? Have I, Alexander, failed you as a leader? Have ye not, by your labours and mine, subdued Phrygia, Paphlagonia, Egypt, Syria and Babylon, and all the provinces of the Medes and Persians? Have we not driven the Scythians back to their deserts, conquered Porus and his rivers, and will ye shrink from crossing this last river, and so add to your conquests the tribes that dwell along the Ganges? As for me, I hold it that when his labour leads him to glorious deeds and an immortal name, a brave man needs no further reward than the labour itself. But if ye want more, consider that the boundaries of our empire shall soon coincide with the boundaries of the world. And when all Asia is ours, I shall not only satisfy but exceed all that each man can desire by way of reward. Have I, Macedonians, shrunk for hunger and fatigue, from hardship and danger? What matter such things if they are crowned by glory? Would ye have achieved fame and

reputation by feeding your flocks and herds in Macedon ? Life, when ye perform valorous deeds, is a glorious thing ; and to him who leaves behind him an undying name death is joyful ! Oh, we companions shouted 'Io Pæan' as his words fired our soul ; and we swore to follow him to the ends of the world. But the dolts and fools of the phalanx were moved not one whit. They wept, these hoplites, they wept, at the thought of further trials ; and naught would satisfy them, but to return to their wives and little ones. So Alexander rose up in wrath and said that all cowards might go back to their native land, but he would advance with those who were minded to accompany him willingly. Thereupon he dismissed the assembly, while we companions shouted 'Io Pæan, Io Pæan.' But when the next day he began to offer sacrifice for the passage of the Hyphasis, lo ! a strange thing happened which had never yet befallen him, for the omens were unfavourable to the advance. So the gods determined that by none other than his own hoplites should Alexander be defeated."

Something in my friend's voice struck me as he paused. Was it due to emotion as he re-called the triumphs of the companions ; or after so many centuries of silence had speech wearied him ? I judged it best to say nothing, but wait until he should continue his story. For a while he was still : and then with a sigh he recommenced.

"It was near the close of the season of rains," he said, "and the floods covered most of the country. But our camp was high and dry ; and the rains had ceased for a time, and the sun shone. First we built twelve altars to mark the furthestmost place which Alexander's standards had reached. The tombs of glory we of the light cavalry called these : for was not our glory buried when we were forced to retreat ? And thus for ten days there was rejoicing and merrymaking, with equestrian and gymnastic contests, and races for horsemen and chariots. And albeit our hearts were heavy, we of the cavalry showed what we could do, for Alexander himself encouraged us, nor would he let himself appear bowed down by adversity. Nay, he led the revels, and freely supplied the viands for feasting ; and he opened casks of the rarest Corinthian, and so the army celebrated the orgies of Dionysus. But, by the terrible Erinyes, there was one man sad at heart, and that was

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Lysimachus of the companions. It sickened me to see these hoplites who had refused to march onwards wreathed their brows with chaplets of vineleaves, and rove about like Bacchanals, while the countryside rang with their shouts. Then, gorged with food and stupid with wine, they flung themselves on the ground and lay there till at length their senses returned to them. By the shield of Achilles, it sickens me to think of it."

"What a drunk," I soliloquised, as Lysimachus paused. But to make any remark to him seemed beyond me. Silence was golden.

"I know not what strange lassitude is overtaking me," he continued, after a brief interval. "My voice seems held within my throat. Give me to drink again, and I may be able to tell you more, if indeed you weary not of my words."

"Forgive my remissness," I said, as I supplied his wants. "I know what it is to talk with a dry throat. I was so intent on your history that I forgot all else. As for wearying me, so long as you can continue it will be a delight to me to listen. But you have not satisfied my curiosity as to how you came to be here in this dungeon."

"Here in this dungeon?" he repeated, "No, how was it? My mind seems clouded and there is something that I do not understand. But I must tell you what comes into my memory bit by bit. It was with very different spirits that the companions recrossed the rivers which we had crossed with such ardour on our forward march. But the weather became bright and cold; and the mass of the troop seemed to march along light-heartedly enough, thinking soon to see their wives and little ones again. Now when we came to the Hydaspes, Alexander determined to follow that river to the great sea, instead of again traversing the mountains of the Paropamisos. One division was to march down the right bank and one down the left bank, while for himself, the Hypaspites, or light infantry, the archers, and the companions, he collected many hundreds of ships large and small, including eighty galleys each rowed with thirty oars. By the Dioscuri, but it was labour of Herakles to get our horses on those cursed galleys. What should the light cavalry know of boats? But at last it was done; and Alexander stood on the prow of the foremost galley and poured a libation into the river from a golden bowl, and sacrificed to the gods as was his wont. Then the trumpet sounded for the eparture, and the voyage began, every ship keeping its appointed

place. In truth it was a wonderful sight to one unaccustomed to it to see this conveyance of the army. And the clashing of the oars in water, the shouts of the captains as they gave their orders, and the cries of the men as they bent to their oars caused a noise like thunder. The banks too were lined with Indians who were astonished at the strange sight and they followed the ships in vast crowds singing their wild Indian chants, so adding to the din. Oh, we companions chafed at this weary voyage. But our hearts were lightened when we tarried for a while to fight the Maelian barbarians; we once more felt our horses beneath us. By Herakles, we never encountered a foe whom it was a greater pleasure to meet. They stood up to our charge and gave blow for blow; and it was not until thousands were slain that the remainder retreated to their citadel. On we dashed to the walls; and leaving our horses below, we swarmed up the battlements, Alexander at our head. You should have seen him as he gained the crest, and stood there for a moment like a god in his splendid armour, his helmet of burnished steel surmounted by the white plume gleaming like the sun. 'Io Pæan,' he shouted to us; and leaped down from the wall into the surge of men within the citadel, and smote foeman after foeman with his terrible sword. We were after him in a moment; but the resistance continued for a time; and lo! an arrow, shot by an archer who was standing on the wall, pierced the corselet of Alexander, and penetrated deep into his breast. We called upon the gods as we saw the blood spout out, but he fought on and on until, after a while, his strength was exhausted and he swooned away. Then some continued fighting the Maelians, killing in their wrath for the King all whom they met, while others carried Alexander to his tent on a shield. And when he came to himself, and the wound was examined, it was found that the arrow was barbed, and could with difficulty be extracted. And the surgeon feared to pull it out, lest perchance he should fail, and cause greater evil to the King. At last he summoned up courage, and he besought Alexander to allow himself to be held while he extracted the barb. But Alexander laughed, and forbade any one to hold him; nor did he wince while the surgeon did his work. Who can wonder that he is god unto us?"

Lysimachus was silent. His voice had been becoming weaker

and weaker. I applied my glass to his lips ; and he drank what remained of my refreshment. I waited till he felt inclined to go on.

"And this dungeon," he resumed after a short space, "you asked how I came here. I must try to tell you now ere my strength fails me. We sailed in those galleys until all the rivers were united into one ; and our ships were on this mighty Indus. Many cities we saw as we passed along ; and of some the rulers submitted, but others we had to subdue. And at last we came to this city which they call the city of the priests. In truth it is a rich and splendid place. You will have seen the gilded pillars of the King's palace around which are twined golden vines in whose tendrils there repose birds wrought in silver. But I trust not the King, whose jaw-breaking name comes with difficulty to a Macedonian tongue, nor the intriguing priests, who seem to have little less power than the King. And this dungeon ! Yes, yes, it is coming back to me. You see I love not the King ; but his daughter Gungabaya was fair to look upon. You know the light cavalry were always the favourites of the women. I remember many beautiful girls with whom I have talked. There was Lalage in Thessaly, a delightful little chatterbox, and Iole at Corinth, very fair, but somewhat too stately for my taste, and when we crossed the Hellespont there was Chloe as fresh as the foliage of spring, and Phoebe, the girl from Athens, who was living in Egypt. Yes, it was pleasant to talk with these maidens. But there was none in this country who pleased me until I met Gungabaya, the daughter of the King. And we met and talked, once, twice, yea, many times, as the sun sank in the west. And if she loved Lysimachus of the companions, who shall say that it was wonderful ? But one day it chanced that Alexander looked upon her and saw that she was fair, and he arranged with her father, the King, that she should become his bride. Then Gungabaya came to me weeping ; and we talked for a long time thinking what would be done. For in truth, though I, Lysimachus, was the slave of Alexander I would not surrender the girl to him ; nor would she give me up for twenty Alexanders. And one morning—was it yesterday, or the day before ?—Alexander summoned me to his tent, and received me honourably, nor did he speak of the maiden. And he said that he had need of my services, for he was sending a missive to the king of this city upon weighty matters of state, and he had selected me

to bear it as he trusted no one so greatly as the strategos of the companions. And I bore the letter to the king, and he read it, and was silent for a while ; and then he said that he sought my counsel and would confer with me in secret. So he led me into the recesses of his palace ; and we passed between silken trappings, and we entered a side chamber. Then I know not what took place, whether the gods deprived me of my reason, or the King wrought some treachery. If the King has caused evil to the commander of the companions, Alexander will requite it sevenfold."

"I hardly think so," I said to myself. "If the story is not exactly on all-fours with that of David and Uriah the Hittite, certain resemblances in the incident suggest themselves."

But I was startled at the change in Lysimachus. He seemed withering away. His last words had been so feeble that I could scarcely distinguish them. He sank back motionless on his rough couch. What was happening ? Was he at length about to pay the debt that he had owed for more than two thousand years ? Had the course of nature been suspended for so long while Lysimachus reposed in the bowels of the earth, only to have its way when light and air were admitted ?

Suddenly, as with a supreme effort, Lysimachus half arose. His countenance was radiant. He stretched out his hand, and with a full clear voice exclaimed : "Hark ; the trumpet for the companions ! Io Pæan, Alexander, I come, I come !"

And the strategos of the light cavalry had answered his last muster-roll, and fallen in with the immortals.

Karachi.

EDMUND C. COX.

THE SECRET OF THE AGES.

AS we sit at the window and watch the crowds pass by, high and low, rich and poor, we slip into a philosophic mood of contemplation which leads us away deep down into the heart of things where our own personal activities are temporarily forgotten, and we enjoy for the moment a sense of peaceful content to which the most of us are generally strangers.

The reflective mind must have often been struck with the fact that it is only at such times, when the purely personal element is absorbed in deep attention to something outside of itself, that pure content may be found. Thus the unhappy instinctively seek to find peace, or at least temporary rest, for themselves, in plunging into some course of action which shall enable their minds to be turned away from the agony which possesses them. Some seek relief in change of scene, some in the feverish pursuit of entirely new interests, while others have recourse to narcotics and an excess of stimulants. Again, many look to the natural function of sleep to relieve them, often to find, however, that the mind in that state is well able to automatically repeat the burden of its waking thoughts.

In short, it is abundantly manifest that none of these things are effective agents in dispelling the clouds and bringing anything but a sense of transitory assuagement, and the pendulum is apt to swing back more forcibly still into the arc of suffering.

How many of those who are flitting by before our eyes are ever stirred with the thought of the problem of their own being? Watch their faces critically, and you will find that in most cases they wear an expressionless mask, the conventional cloak to their emotions, which they only put off in secret or in the presence of familiars. They borrow their thoughts and speech from their associates and adapt their habits to that world in which they chiefly move. They are slaves and bondmen, the devotees of Convention, whose god is

EAST & WEST

Hypocrisy and their bugbear Eccentricity. The circle of so-called fashionable people includes a generous number of such masqueraders. It is the sign of a feeble mind to desire nothing higher than to move in the glare and glint of publicity. The whirl and tear of such lives imperially demand the continuance of the same conditions, otherwise, there arises that strange result which is unknown to the well-balanced mind, the sensation of being bored or dull. This peculiar state is the particular property of the modern civilised being. Such people of course have not yet begun to learn the meaning of life. When trouble overtakes them, they flounder about in the dark whirlpool of ignorance and instability. They fall back upon certain trite aphorisms for their comfort, which, however, they feel to be woefully inadequate to the occasion. In most people the religious instinct survives somewhere deep down in their being, but as it has had very little care and nourishment, it is not a strong counsellor in emergency. The trouble blows over, and the joys and activities of life claim the personality again in the ocean of chance and circumstance.

A headlong pursuit of "good times" -and the devil take the "bad times." There is no wisdom in this, of course, but then most people want not wisdom. It is ridiculous even to talk of such a thing. We are creatures placed here to play the game, it was none of our choosing, we cannot really know anything for certain, so we shall just make the best of things, behave ourselves moderately well, at least in public, and we have sufficient faith to believe that we shall in the end be fairly dealt with. Such, roughly, is the general attitude.

But, Reader, is this enough for you and me? If it is, then turn over the pages and waste no more time in what you consider vain imaginings. The student of life and its mysteries, I know, I shall have with me, and I am well content.

Life is a patchwork of startling commonsense. There are no eccentricities in Nature. There is nothing that cannot be gradually accounted for by patient and intelligent research. Nothing is ultimately impossible to Man. To restrict and belittle him is a legacy of mediæval monkery. It is easy to see how in simpler times it was necessary to treat humanity on the "naughty children" plan and the ecclesiastical system was well adapted to the purpose.

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Any one who thinks must see how nowadays many are growing too strong for such food and are crying out for stronger meat, metaphorically speaking.

To go on pathetically telling them that there is nothing further to learn in spiritual science than what was once revealed to the Saints, is simply a feeble refuge adopted by those who might themselves be expected to come forward with the necessary nourishment. It is a logical inconsistency to presume an orderly progress to be possible for man in the departments of physical and chemical research and to deny to him any further advance in the fields of higher endeavour.

There is a fearfully narrow conservatism in religious thought. It is a sort of religious patriotism. Here, again, we see how hard it is for a man to be honest to himself in the midst of his surroundings. There is no space in this paper for a diagnosis of dogma, but it may be said in passing that a fuller and brighter light is being thrown on these problems by qualified students, very much to the advantage of the system of belief into which they enter, and in no sense destructive of it. There is no undermining of faith, which constitutes such a terror to those who promise to be so easily shaken off their feeble hold on the special ark of Faith in which they are sailing the great Ocean of the Unknown. The history of our planet, and the great scheme of evolution to which we belong, is unrolling before our mind's eye, everything is seen to be reasonable, orderly and sequential. Immutable law reigns throughout. So surely as the chemist trusts to the operation of law among the elements he handles in his laboratory, even so certain and regular are Nature's laws in their operation in the spiritual laboratory of the human soul. So we have reason to believe.

Many problems thus vanish with regard to, for instance, the inequalities and apparent injustice we see rife around us. For if it takes Nature ages to build the physical worlds, it is not likely that she should take but a few years to build the human soul, or consider that one brief visit to this planet has taught it all the lessons this planet has to teach. It is plainly illogical on the face of it, even if there were not a number of other arguments to adduce to strengthen the hypothesis.

So, in short, the prospect of infinite progress is held out to each

of us, and there are not wanting pointers to indicate the way. And now we come to the explanation of the title of this paper.

"Know thyself" is the ancient exhortation to the eager student of life. The Divinity of Man must be recognised and the infinite potentialities of his soul. But how can he master the world-forces before he has mastered himself ?

Thus having realised his place and purpose in nature he takes himself intelligently in hand and attacks the great problem, the secret of the ages, that which shall eventually make a god of him, the *Control of his Mind*. Oriental philosophy teems with images and symbols illustrative of this great subject. The mind is now compared to a light which flickers under the breeze of passion and emotion. It must be steadied if the man wishes to advance to spiritual greatness and wisdom. Again, the mind is a chariot, the horses are the senses, while the charioteer is the man, who, if he wishes to advance along the narrow path of spiritual progress, must learn to check and control the wild career of his senses or they will carry him wheresoever they list. And he has full many examples around him to show how often the senses overpower and master the individual, who himself should be the ruler and not the slave.

It is the supremest lesson that life has to teach, there is no higher. Only a few at present succeed in the task, but as time goes on, more and more will enter upon the struggle as humanity begins to realise the great object of its existence, and each unit soul puts out its strength to co-operate with the Divine Purpose, in full recognition of the grandeur of its ultimate possibilities.

The great magician, Mind, weaves its spells over us, anon leading us along pleasant paths of imagined happiness and again plunging us into the gloom and murky shadows of discontent, where the grim spectres of melancholy and carking trouble vex and torment the soul. And the reason of this is ? Our want of knowledge and our indifference. The great battle has to be fought in the theatre of the mind and nowhere else. The mind has to become the tool of the soul, alias Man. At present, in nearly all cases it is the reverse.

It is a question of the growth and experience of the soul. Many intellectually appreciate the situation, but the mind fights hard for its long-held supremacy and the field is bound to be strewn

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with the bleeding corpses of a host of long-cherished friends and companions before the fully awakened man has conquered, and is no more a prey to the illusory enchantment of his mind.

When this is achieved, then comes that peace which passeth all understanding, and not before.

Serene and calm stands the conquering man, and the waves of the world's passions and turmoil cannot shake the citadel of his mind. He then is prepared to learn many things, of which the world never dreams.

Rajkot.

W. BEALE.

EAST AND WEST.

Green terraces, white balustrades,
And sweeping, graceful palms :
At little tables gay Messieurs
And dignified Mesdames.

A band in uniforms of red :
Liqueurs and silver trays,
And overhead a thousand lights
Shedding a dazzling blaze.

One in a soft and snowy gown,
A pink rose in her hair,
Turns her young eyes away from his,
Seated before her there.

Oh ! The ennui of it No more
The untasted cup she stirs.
The gold band on her finger burns—
A different dream is hers !

In the dark night the jackals howl :
The rustling bamboos sigh :
And never another sound is heard
Save when the night-birds fly.

England—so far away—shut out.
Yet Oh ! why think of it.
The jungle silence better robs
Some of the pain from it !

Nagpur.

H. CAMPBELL.

A POET LITTLE KNOWN—T. E. BROWN.

WE owe Mr. Selwyn Simpson a debt of gratitude for his appreciation of T. E. Brown, the Manx poet, published recently. We owe him a double debt, for drawing the attention of readers, ignorant that such a person existed, to poems which, if they possess any poetic instincts, they must be grateful to make the acquaintance of, and for reminding those who have long known and loved the poems that they are now gathered together in one volume.

Mr. Simpson's book and his enthusiastic admiration for a man belonging to a generation earlier than his own recalls our own youthful pleasure in the "Fo'c'sle Yarns" published anonymously.

Not until Tom Brown died in 1897 was it known that he was the author of these poems, and not until we read his other poems, in the volume which was put forth a year or two after his death, did we realise why it was that the yarns seized upon us and would not let us go. As a rule we took fright at dialect, and Betsy Lee and the other yarns were not only "very much" dialect, but in a dialect unfamiliar to us. Moreover, we had small liking for narrative of commonplace happenings done into verse, and these narratives in verse were framed within commonplace details of the most commonplace kind. Wherein lay their fascination, we asked ourselves in youthful ignorance. In maturer age, and after reading them side by side with his poems of a different kind, appealing to a larger world, we answered our own question : they have in them the life which is poetry and the life which is truth. They are not stories galvanised into imitation of life by rhyme ; they are prophecy in the sense of being a revelation of some of the springs of human life. The stories told by a mere versifier might have struck the reader as not only commonplace, but squalid ; they would have wearied us by their ungainly dialect if put before us as a recital of facts. But a poet

can make the heart of his people his own, can see with their eyes, hear with their ears, reveal the source of their feelings, and, as such, Thomas Edward Brown is the prophet of the Manxmen, the genius of the little Island of Man, and we pay no more heed to the uncouth phraseology than we do to the quaint clothing of a person whose presence is greater than his clothes.

Still, it is not for the narrative yarns that we prize the volume of his collected poems to which Mr. Simpson makes us turn again. They, it is true, reveal the genius that turns the straw of commonplace to gold, but the other poems reveal the child of Nature, the student of humanity, the humourist, the mystic.

T. E. Brown was truly a child of Nature, not merely an admirer or a lover in an artistic sense. He did not stand and gaze at her in order to make word pictures or to work himself into ecstasies ; he crept to her confidingly as a child creeps to his mother, and pressed so closely against her great heart that his whole frame was thrilled by the throbs of it, and his own pulses were set in motion by it. He flung himself into her lap when he was tired, and got up refreshed ; he made haste to reach her when he had been disgusted with the trivialities and artificialities of civilisation ; he sought her help in his quest of the great realities. He loved laughter and was quick to see tears, and he made Nature supply him with images when he wanted to stir ripples of mirth and when he wanted a comely vase to hold the *lachrymae rerum* he had collected. He identified himself with her till he could imagine his bodily self dissolved and his thoughts merging into her moods.

Here is one of his Nature lyrics ;

Weary wind of the West
Over the billowy sea—
Come to my heart and rest
Ah, rest with me.

Come from the distance dim
Bearing the sun's last sigh ;
I hear thee sobbing for him
Through all the sky.

So the wind came,
Purpling the middle sea,

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Crisping the ripples of flame—
 Came unto me ;
 Came with a rush to the shore,
 Came with a bound to the hill,
 Fell and died at my feet,
 Then all was still.

Scarlett Rocks will serve to show how he took his questionings
 and perplexities to the Great Mother :

I thought of life, the outer and the inner,
 As I was walking by the sea ;
 How vague, unshapen this, and that, though thinner,
 Yet hard and clear in its rigidity,
 Then took I up the fragment of a shell,
 And saw its accurate loveliness,
 And searched its filmy lines, its pearly cell,
 And all that keen contention to express
 A finite thought. And then I recognised
 God's working in the shell from root to rim,
 And said ; " He works till he has realised—
 O Heaven ! if I could only work like him."

His *Canticle* confesses his dependence on Nature's moods :

When all the sky is pure
 My soul takes flight,
 Serene and sure,
 Upward—till at the height
 She weighs her wings,
 And sings.

But when the heaven is black,
 And west winds sigh,
 Beat back, beat back,
 She has no strength to try
 The drifting rain
 Again.

So cheaply baffled ! see !
 The field is bare—
 Behold a tree—
 Is't not enough ? Sit there
 Thou foolish thing
 And sing.

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In his *Epistola ad Dakyns*, in which he bids his friend Dakyns visit three places after he himself is dead, he describes how each of these places will contain something of his personality.

Of these places—"The first is by the Avon's side." He bids his friend come

and pause upon the edge,
And I will lean in every ledge . . .
And you shall feel an inner sense,
A being kindred and intense ;
And you shall feel a strict control,
A something drawing at your soul,
A going out, a life suspended,
A spirit with a spirit blended.

The next is where a hundred fells stand round Lake Derwent-water, and he tells his friend that

a nameless tribulation
Shall sway the whole, a silent stress
Borne in upon that loveliness ;
A burden as of human ills ;
A human trouble in the hills ;
A quickening pulse in earth and sky,
And you shall know that it is I.

The next is where God keeps for me
A little island in the sea ;
A body for my needs, that so
I may not all unclothed go,
A vital instrument whereby
I still may commune with the sky,
When death has loosed the plaited strands
And left me feeling for the lands.
Even now between its simple poles
It has the soul of all my souls.

The poem is too long for us to quote the whole of it, and thought so overlaps thought that it would be barbarous to break off a few lines here and there ; we have given enough to show the peculiar tenderness the poet felt for the "little island in the sea." His affection for the land of his birth was as passionate as it was enduring. It was "home" to him from birth to death, never more so than when he was absent from it, in his Oxford days, as undergraduate

first and Fellow afterwards, and in his middle life as Master of Clifton College. Here is a little poem called *Clifton*, which reveals the hunger that gnawed at his heart-strings when, outwardly, he was the self-contained, at times impassive, head-master :

I'm here at Clifton grinding at the mill,
 My feet for thrice nine barren years have trod ;
 But there are rocks and waves at Scarlett still,
 And gorse runs riot in Glen Chass—thank God !
 Alert, I seek exactitude of rule,
 I step and square my shoulders with the squad ;
 But there are blackberries on old Barrule,
 And Langness has its heather still—thank God !
 There is no silence here: the truculent quack
 Insists with acrid shriek my ears to prod ;
 And, if I stop them, fumes ; but there's no lack
 Of silence still on Carraghyn—thank God !
 Pragmatic fibs surround my soul, and bate it
 With measured phrase, that asks the assenting nod ;
 I rise and say the bitter thing, and hate it—
 But Wordsworth's Castle's still at Peel—thank God !
 O broken life ! O wretched bits of being,
 Unrhythmic, patched, the even and the odd !
 But Bradda still has lichens worth the seeing,
 And thunder in her caves—thank God !—thank God !

In speaking of his childhood we must not leave out the portrait he has given us of his father's old man-servant, John. In limning this tender picture he reveals himself almost as plainly as he makes old John stand forth in "the light of other days," that tender, gracious light in which a happy childhood is always bathed, looked back upon through the vista of memory.

John was a Scotchman and Mrs. Brown, the poet's mother, was a Scotchwoman ; doubtless this fact helped to create an atmosphere which made mutual understanding easy between the loyal old servant and the impressionable young master. It also explains the verse.

You were not of our kin nor of our race,
 Old John, nor of our Church, nor of our speech ;
 Yet what of strength, or truth, or tender grace,

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I owe, 'twas you that taught me. Born to teach
 All nobleness, whereof divines may preach,
 And pedagogues may wag their tongues of iron,
 I have no doubt you could have taught the leech
 That taught old Chiron.

Boyish memories crowd upon him :

Old John, do you remember how you ran
 Before the tide that choked the narrowing firth,
 When Cumbria took you ere you came to Man ?
 What joy was mine ! what straining of the knees
 To test the peril of that strenuous mile,
 To hear the clamour of the yelping seas !
 And step for step to challenge you the while,
 And see the sunshine of your constant smile !
 I loved you that you dared the splendid danger,
 I loved you that you landed on our Isle
 A helpless stranger.

It is not only remembrance of bodily feats that comes to him ; the
 thews and sinews of his mind were exercised by the old servant.

The matchless tales your own great Wizard penned
 To us were patent when you gave the key :
 I knew Montrose ; stern Clavers was my friend ;
 I carved the tombs with old Mortality ;
 I sailed with Hatterick on the stormy sea ;
 Curled Cavalier and Roundhead atrabiliar,
 The shifts of Caleb Balderstone to me
 Were quite familiar.

The reality of the old man's faith, stern though it was, impressed
 the boy so much that in middle age he says of him :

The thirst

For God was in you from the very first,
 and he affirms,

No gentler soul e'er took its earthward flight
 From Heaven's high towers, or clove the ethereal blue
 With softer wings, or full of purer light.

And he puts his finishing touches thus :

O faithfullest ! my debt to you is long ;
 Life's grave complexity around me grows.

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From you it comes, if in the busy throng
 Some friends I have, and have not any foes;
 And even now, when purple morning glows,
 And I am on the hills, a night-worn watchman,
 I see you in the centre of the rose,
 Dear, brave old Scotchman.

Brown's narrative poems, classified as "I'o'c'sle Yarns" and other tales reveal him as the student of human nature, observant of all outward signs that express the inner man, and also as one who meditated on the springs of human conduct, and on the influence of general surroundings on individual character. But these poems can hardly be of interest to readers unacquainted with the locality and class of persons of which they treat, and we pass them by with this comment only, that they would serve to show readers of world-wide sympathies many touches of Nature "which make the whole world kin." They also show the warmth of affection, geniality, and whimsical delight in quaint simplicity, possessed by the chronicler of these homely folk.

This lover of Nature and Home, this quick discerner of the incongruities and ironies of life, this heart so responsive to every suggestion of mirth or tears, could not fail to be a lover of children. He stands confessed as such in some of the most musical and some of the most pathetic of his verses. He "meets a little maiden in the lane"—a maiden whom he has never seen before and lo! she smiles upon him. He turns round and sees her father at his back and perceives that the smile was for him, but the poet breaks out:

O, blest be God! that such an overplus
 Of joy is given to us,
 That that sweet innocent
 Gave me the gift she never meant,
 A gift secure and permanent!
 For, howsoe'er the smile had birth,
 It is an added glory on the earth.

But it is grief that unlocks the costliest treasure of his love.

There is a joyous lilt in all that he sings of children until bereavement touched him and bore away his little son. Thenceforward, his music was mostly set in a minor key, and there is a cadence in his voice inexpressibly touching.

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O God, to Thee I yield
 The gift Thou givest most precious, most divine ;
 Yet to what field
 I must resign
 His little feet
 That wont to be so fleet.
 I muse. Oh, joy to think
 On what soft brink
 Of flood he plucks the daffodils,
 On what empurpled hills
 He stands. Thy kiss all fresh upon his brow,
 And wonders, if his father sees him now.

He rebels not, yet every now and then his full heart overflows

‘Why do I make so much of Aber Fall ?’

Four years ago

My little boy was with me here ;

That’s all—

He died next year.

and again

I felt as if a soft hand slipt

Its fingers into mine—he’s near—

He’s with us.

His power of loving, which made the pain of losing thus poignant,
 gave him a penetrating power of sympathy.

Read this *In Memoriam* :

Dead!

Dead, say you? Yes, the last sweet rose

Is gathered. Close, O close,

O gently, gently, very gently close

Her little book of life, and seal it up

To God Who gave, Who took,—O bitter cup!

O bell!

O folding grave—O Mother, it is well—

Yes, it is well. He holds the key

That opens all the mysteries ; and He

Has blessed our children—it is well.

The sympathy, however, that can only share pain is incomplete.
 Brown’s sympathy was too generous not to double the joy of others
 by making it his own too. He takes pleasure in the gaiety of others,

even in that of persons unknown to him, as is proved by his delicious sonnet *The Laugh*. Really, we have quoted enough to weary the most generous reader, so we will not give the whole, but the description of the laugh, "shivering the twilight with its lance of mirth" is too good to keep to ourselves, and the conclusion must be shared too :

Laugh on, laugh long and loud, O merry child,
And be not careful to unearth a cause,
Thou art serenely placed above our laws,
And we in thee with God are reconciled.

His narrative poems and many shorter ones bring him before us tinglingly sensitive to all that affects the senses, but capable also of transferring little homely details to a mental plane where they can be clothed with interest, pathos, or humour in accordance with their character. The comical little picture he gives us in *Ne sit Ancillae* proves this capability of genius to find investiture of interest for things devoid of it to the prosaic mind. And, practical man though he was, strenuous, and gifted with common sense in no ordinary measure, mysticism was as present at the back of his mind as it always is where genius and poesy meet and kiss each other. If we would discover this, let us go with him a *Morning Walk*. Let us stand beside him on his *Specula*

When he appoints to meet thee, go thou forth—
It matters not
If south or north,
Bleak waste or sunny plot
Nor think if haply He thou seekst be late,
He does thee wrong.
To stile or gate
Lean thou thy head and long !
It may be that to spy thee He is mounting
Upon a tower,
Or in thy counting
Thou hast mista'en the hour.
But, if He come not, neither do thou go
Till vesper chime,
Belike thou then shalt know
He hath been with thee all the time.

Let us follow him as he dreams about *Dreams* in which one of his aspirations is,

O but if God would make a deep suspense
And draw me perfect from th' adhesive sheath,
If all the veils and swathings of pretence
Dropt from me, sunk beneath,
Then would I get me very far from hence.
I'd come to Him with one swift arrow dart,
Aimed at the zenith of the o'erbrooding blue
Straight to the centre of His awful heart
The flight long wing'd and true
Should bear me rapt through all the spheres that part.

Other poems such as *Preparation* and *Obviam* serve to convince us that his true life was lived in the secrecy of converse with the Invisible and the Infinite, and was filled with incommunicable raptures and sorrows. And, if we need the seal of conviction, let us read the sonnet "At the Play," with which he takes leaves of us :

And when the curtain falls we may not wait
Death takes the lights and we go home to sleep.

Yet we linger even after the hand has pulled down the curtain. We are loth to take leave of him. Now and then we catch a tone of Browning's voice in his accents, noticeable in his

Pain.

For then it is God stings us into life,
Provoking actual souls
From bodily systems, giving us the poles
That are His own, not merely balanced strife.

And there are three little poems which have for us a peculiar charm :

Evensong.

Eastward the valley of my soul was
This morning; now the West hath laid
Upon its fields the festal robe,
And East hath shade.
Full soon the night shall fit
Her star-besprinkled serge
On hill, and rock, and bay ;
But even then behind the mounting globe

EAST & WEST

God makes a verge
Of dawn that shall be day.

My Garden.

A Garden is a lovesome thing, God wot
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contentends that God is not—
Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

Out of *Land Ho!* we quote but one verse

It's clad in purple mist, my land
In regal robe it is apparelled
A crown is set upon its head,
And on its breast a golden band—
Land ho! land.

And in that land we leave our poet.

Oxford.

JEAN ROBERTS.

NASRIN : OR AN INDIAN MEDLEY

(Continued from our last issue.)

CHAPTER XX.

SIR BENJAMIN SMITH gave a garden party and invited all the prominent "natives" to it. It was one of those rare occasions, when high English officials try to extend social amenities to Indians by inviting them to a garden party or some other public function of the kind. It is a genuine effort, but it is a poor parody of social life though it serves to bring together a picturesque crowd which may well please the eye of a dilettante, and satisfy the vanity of those who cannot live without official smiles.

Long before the appointed hour a stream of carriages had set in towards the Government House and rolled through the gate, where a sentry in red tunic and blue turban steadily walked to and fro.

Here passed the carriage of a rich but old-fashioned Rais who almost filled the back seat; it was a fair picture of lavish magnificence and sordid neglect; the carriage, though it had been recently washed for the occasion, still had patches of dust clinging to the places from which the varnish had worn off, and its wheels, loosely held by ill-fitting iron tyres, made a noise that served the purpose of a drum in announcing the progress of the Rais. But then there were two large silver lamps attached to it, the harness, though it was covered with an oily black material, had silver fittings, and the driver was dressed in a velvet tunic fringed with gold lace. The occupant himself seemed to be a man who moved with the times and was dressed in what he called the new fashion. He wore a coat which could not be called a frock coat yet it came down to the knees and was double breasted; its turned-down collar showed well enough the white muslin shirt below, he wore loose flannel pyjamas, a sad imitation of English trousers, which were neither the one nor the other; a bright pink turban and a pair of fine Indian shoes, embroidered with gold thread, completed his costume and bore witness to the cosmopolitan taste of the Chief. He had not forgotten to oil and plait his beard, which looked jet black from a distance, but on a closer view, it appeared white at the roots, red in the middle, and purple at the ends. His face was red and bright, in

strange contrast with the pale face of the young man who followed him in an English-made landau of the latest fashion which softly glided on its ball bearings and rubber tyres. This youth was dressed from head to heel in sombre black and nervously played with his silver-mounted stick. He was followed by a Sikh Sirdar, who had kept the picturesque dress of his forefathers: a loose velvet choga, richly embroidered, fell over a loose white shirt, and tight pyjamas stuck closely to his thin legs, which were almost lost in its folds; a big white turban and a long white flowing beard added dignity to his calm broad features. There were many carriages and as many variegated dresses. Mr. Ahmad drove in at the last moment in a fine Oldsmobile, and while others bent themselves low to make their bows to His Honour, he carelessly walked up and shook hands with Sir Benjamin Smith, and then quietly withdrew. There were a large number of high civil officials present who acknowledged the bows of the Indian guests with a slight incline of their heads or managed to say "How do you do?" and then turned to talk to some English friend of their own. There were separate tables for Hindus and Mahomedans covered with fruit and Indian sweetmeats, and a liberal supply of aerated waters. Sir Benjamin Smith, however, made no distinction between his Indian and English guests and freely mixed with the Indians.

"How are you, Raja Sahib," he said, coming up, to the Rais who was dressed in modern fashion, "I hope you are well."

"By the kindness of the Hazoor," said he, doubling up "your slave is well. And how is the saintly temper of Hazoor?"

"I am well, thank you," said Sir Benjamin, casting a tired look around. "Have you had sufficient rain for the crops?"

"My gracious Hazoor," said he, making a bow, "God, by the kindness of Hazoor, sent timely rain and I expect bumper harvests. I have a favour to ask of Hazoor and if Hazoor permits and promises to forgive my impertinence, I will open my lips."

Sir Benjamin Smith was a little annoyed and was about to say that it was no place for business, but on a second thought he changed his mind, smiled and said, "Of course, Raja Sahib, I shall be glad to hear what you have to say."

"Hazoor," said the Raja, "I was telling Raja Dina Nath that your Honour is Naushairwan reborn in India. Hazoor, your Honour's well-born son is of age now to do some work."

"What do you mean?" enquired His Honour, somewhat perplexed "I do not quite follow you, Raja Sahib."

"Your Honour's well-born son, Hazoor," replied the Raja, "that is to say, the son of your humble servant is of age now to do some work, and though by the kindness of Hazoor God has given me everything, it is my earnest desire that my family should always serve the "Angraiz Bahadur."

"I appreciate your good intentions," said Sir Benjamin Smith, "and your family may well be proud of their loyal service. I will see what I can do for your boy. Excuse me"—and Sir Benjamin moved away and shook hands with Mr. Justice Bannerjee, while the Raja, erect like a cock pheasant, looked round to proclaim to the other people that he had just been talking to the Lieutenant-Governor.

"Oh, the work is very heavy, Sir Benjamin," Mr. Justice Bannerjee was familiarly saying when the usual greetings were over. "Would you believe that Civil Appeals filed two years ago have not yet come for hearing before the bench?"

"It is very much to be regretted," said His Honour "and yet in spite of all this delay and other worries connected with the litigation, the people are becoming every day more and more litigious, and I really do not know what to do in the matter."

"A great deal can be done," said the Judge in his slow broad accents, "by reviving the old village Panchayats and referring petty suits to them, and by recruiting the judicial service from the Bar. Sometime we have appeals before us against orders of lower courts full of illegalities, which no one with any knowledge of law could ever have made."

"I have great faith in village Panchayats," admitted Sir Benjamin, "but it is so difficult to organise them, the people are so jealous of each other that they would never co-operate, and seem to enjoy being fleeced by the pleaders who foster unnecessary litigation."

"As I said before," said Mr. Bannerjee, "I have great hopes in village Panchayats, but I beg leave to differ from you as to your remark about the Bar. The highly complicated laws of a civilised society can hardly be understood by common people, and pleaders and lawyers have a natural place and a real sphere of useful work."

"The laws that are not understood by those for whom they are made," observed Sir Benjamin, "do more harm than good, and it would be much better if India had a simpler code of laws suited to its primitive conditions."

"I have not made the laws," said Mr. Bannerjee, with a smile "but since they exist we cannot do without lawyers."

"You are right, Mr. Bannerjee," said Sir Benjamin, "but I

hate the law's delays." This saying, he turned to Mr. Ahmad, who was just passing that way talking to a friend.

"I have been looking for you everywhere," said the Lt.-Governor affably, "I thought you had gone away."

"I was going away," said Mr. Ahmad, "but my friend detained me."

"Are you still going on with your Yogic studies," he enquired, "they seem to possess a strange fascination for you."

"I am still going on with Yoga," said Ahmad, "the more I study, the more I am struck with its truth; it casts a new light upon every problem of life."

"It must be such an interesting study," said Sir Benjamin, "and I would so much like to become your pupil, but unfortunately I have no time to spare."

"In these days," said Ahmad, "people are so busy in setting the world aright that they can hardly find time to set themselves right, and yet what can be of greater importance than the question of life and how to live it?"

"I believe in Christ," said Sir Benjamin, "and believe with Him that a duty well performed is better than a whole life spent in empty penances. You will acknowledge that Christianity is one of the noblest religions of the world."

"It is a noble religion," admitted Ahmad, "or, to be accurate, it is one of the finest and best expositions of *the religion* of mankind, but I find very few earnest followers of Christ among Christian nations. On the other hand, true Christians, like Count Tolstoi, are excommunicated by those who are anything but Christians themselves. I cannot by any stretch of imagination call whisky-drinking, life-destroying, fighting and gambling people Christians."

"Human nature is everywhere the same," said Sir Benjamin, apologetically, "we are weak, but we still try to follow Christ and his teachings."

"I know that human nature is weak," said Ahmad, "and can make allowances for it. What exasperates me is, that people unable to follow the high teachings of Christ, try to bring them down to their own low level; they say that the Sermon on the Mount is not meant to be practised, that Christ was not serious when He preached it, and thus they blaspheme Him who brought them light and are foolish enough to believe that they know better than Him."

"The Sermon on the Mount," retorted Sir Benjamin, "sets up a very

high ideal, and it is very difficult to follow. It almost ignores the existence of evil which we have to contend against."

"It does not ignore the existence of evil," retorted Mr. Ahmad, who was now in his element, "but it sets up a higher law and teaches that it is wrong to meet evil by evil, to combat wickedness by wickedness, and that love alone can stop evil for ever."

"Supposing there was no Government in the country," said Sir Benjamin, "people would fight like animals and kill each other."

"That shows that they have not learnt this law of love, or understood the meaning of evil. Supposing some one struck me and I struck him in return; by doing so I will only propagate evil and serve as an agent of the devil, but if I turned the other cheek also to be struck, the other man is sure to forbear and may learn the lesson of the law of love which alone can destroy evil. This is the only right method of combating evil."

"We will go on combating evil in our own way till you people have succeeded in changing human nature," said Sir Benjamin, "and men can understand the higher law; in the meanwhile, we must restrain them from going to the devil altogether."

"Governments are evil in themselves," insisted Ahmad, "they are founded on wrong and maintained by injustice. How can men ever understand the higher law if even those who understand its divine potentiality do not follow it themselves?"

"Governments are the natural outcome of societies that they rule," said Sir Benjamin, "they are organised by wise people to lessen the evil which would prevail if there was nothing to restrain the animal in man. In a true Christian society, there perhaps will be no need for a Government, but until we have such a society the Governments have a natural and a necessary place in the world."

"How can people ever learn to lead Christian lives," asked Ahmad, "if there is no one to show them the sweetness and the glory of such lives?"

"My dear friend," replied Sir Benjamin, "you do not seem to have seen much life, and have lived mostly in the world of thought. I accede unreservedly to all your arguments, and you are perhaps correct in theory, but as to the practicability of your ideas, I can safely assert that unless some miracle changes the whole trend of our thought, it will take ages for human society to reach that stage when it can dispense with Governments, when each individual will be a law unto himself. I am sure you don't think it right to let a party of children, who have no idea of the responsibility of their actions, to have their own way."

"Of course, they should be guided to manhood," said Ahmad, "by their elders."

"The Government performs the function of an elder to the whole community," said Sir Benjamin, "and so you cannot blame it."

"When Governments, instead of guiding child humanity," retorted Ahmad, "use it for their own purposes, they lose their high character and, sink to the level of unmitigated tyrannous rule."

"Things will get much better when higher consciousness is awakened in those who form the Government. I am glad you came, for it is a real treat to have a genuine Yogi as one's guest."

This saying, Sir Benjamin walked away and Mr. Mitra, the editor of a local newspaper, was introduced to him by his chief secretary.

"What brings the Lord of the Lahore Thunderer here," said Sir Benjamin, half jestingly as he shook hands with him.

"I came," replied Mr. Mitra, in a dry tone of voice, "in response to the invitation sent to me."

"You are welcome, Mr. Mitra," said His Honour, "I read your paper with interest."

"I am trying to do my duty," said Mr. Mitra, "by showing up some of the abuses of your system of government and in pointing out wrongs which our people so often suffer."

"You are quite right in bringing to the public notice what you consider wrong," said Sir Benjamin, "but your paper would carry greater influence if you made a moderate use of adjectives. Sometimes the language of your paper is what we in England call unparliamentary."

"I cannot repress my feelings," said Mr. Mitra, "some of the things that happen are too provoking, and I cannot but give expression to public indignation."

"Indian papers can do a great deal of good work," said Sir Benjamin "but they don't seem to exercise any educative influence. I have seldom come across a single new idea in an Indian paper."

"We are educating our public in politics," said Mr. Mitra, "people are already taking a great deal of interest in public questions, and we have succeeded in forming a public opinion."

"I am no foe to criticism," Sir Benjamin observed, "but you will be doing greater good if you teach the people to criticise themselves and induce them to look round and discover the causes of the degeneration of the Indian people. Let me assure you that I am one of those Englishmen who wish well for India and Indians, and feel that the regeneration of India lies in the hands of the Indians themselves. You must realise your own responsi-

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bility, you must remove those causes which have brought about your downfall and set a new and a positive influence acting upon the national mind, and then India will rise once again."

"Education is doing a great deal," said Mr. Mitra, "and we have the social reform movement also; things are improving."

"I do not see any real improvement," said Sir Benjamin; "your people are busy talking as usual, but they have not approached the real problem as yet."

"And what is that, your Honour?" enquired Mr. Mitra, with an ill-concealed sneer.

"Only free men can have free institutions," Sir Benjamin replied, "you require organised self-help. It is want of character and lack of those qualities which win in the modern struggle for existence, which are retarding your progress."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," retorted the Editor, "we have never lacked character, and I can name heroes whose glory has not as yet been dimmed or surpassed by any man."

"You are growing very sensitive," the Lt.-Governor said, "I did not mean to disparage any one, nor have I any desire to dispute your statement. I am talking to you as a friend and giving you my personal opinion. To me this seems to be the root evil, and when Indians eradicate it, the splendid human power which now wholly runs to waste, will find its true field of work and lay the foundation of Indian prosperity, framed in constructive thought and laid enduringly in human character."

"How can we do anything," asked Mr. Mitra, "when we are handicapped in our political life; we have no national institutions, no national organisation to take up regular work?"

"My dear Sir," said Sir Benjamin, "you will have institutions when you are prepared for them. Who can hold them back when men of character and real ability stand up and demand the constitution? First produce your men, inspire them with higher ideals of life, and then ask for a constitution. At present even in small matters you cannot work harmoniously, you exaggerate personal likes and dislikes, and cannot co-operate even for high national purposes. It is useless your talking of a constitutional government at present."

"We are learning to forget petty differences," assured Mr. Mitra, "but you are right in the main; the Rajputs could never have been conquered had they not fought among themselves."

"Nor would the Sikhs," said Sir Benjamin, "have lost the Panjab

had they not fought amongst themselves. It is this defect which you have got to cure ; the British Government gives you a fair and open field."

"It does," said Mr. Mitra, thoughtfully, "but our Government does not seem to be moving with the times. You seem to think that India of to-day is not different from the India of fifty years ago, but in this you are greatly mistaken. You forget that blessings of English rule were real to those who passed from a state of anarchy into a state of perfect peace ; they were thankful for it, and were actively loyal, but Indians of to-day regard this peace as their birthright and want to have the rights which, as the citizens of this great empire, they have every right to demand."

"There is something in what you say," His Honour admitted, "but we English are very slow in making up our minds to any change. We are used to the party system of Government, and we never do anything until our hands are forced. But don't tell anybody," he added, with a laugh, "that I said so."

"I have implicit faith in the inherent love of justice of an Englishman," said Mr. Mitra, "and that is why we are agitating for our rights."

"You should never pass beyond constitutional limits," advised Sir Benjamin. "An Englishman is, after all, human, and does not like to be abused. You should try to persuade him and rely on the irrefutable logic of facts."

Sir Benjamin Smith cut short the conversation and moved away and joined a group of Englishmen who were taking their tea. Some of the advanced Indians took their tea at the European table, while others contented themselves with fruit or lemonade, while some touched nothing.

"Lat Sahib," said the Raja to another Rais, "did you notice how long he talked to me?"

"There is nothing unusual in his talking to you," retorted the other nobleman, "he talked to me longer and enquired about the health of my family. Won't you take anything?"

"How can I?" said the Raja. "I have shaken hands with the Lat Sahib and cannot take anything till I wash them. My father used to bathe and change clothes after meeting an Englishman."

"So did my father," said his friend, "but there is no harm in taking some fruit. Look at Ahmad, he is munching English bread and yet calls himself a Yogi."

"Men like him are a disgrace to their people," said the Raja, "they have no Dharma, no religion."

"These people say," said the other man, "that religion has nothing

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to do with eating and drinking, and consider themselves more than religious."

"Hypocrites," thundered the Raja, who had several Mahomedan mistresses, "I can never eat anything touched by these men."

"Nor can I," joined his companion.

A little before evening Sir Benjamin Smith bade good-bye to his guests, and they all dispersed in different directions.

(To be continued).

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THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

BY the time this article reaches its destination, the cold weather of 1907-8 will be a thing of the past. It must have occurred to all who think on Indian politics how important a season is passing away from us with the advent of spring. The whole future of the country may hang upon the outcome of these few months.

We are waiting to see if the rival parties who are bidding for popular support can combine together for the great and many-sided task which lies before them, or whether they will continue to waste their strength in internecine strife.

More than a quarter of a century ago, some of us who may perhaps claim to be considered well-wishers of India, tried to create what may be called a "Third Party" in Indian domestic politics. We tried to convince the Indian Government that the time had come when the first and most important task of administration was the training of the great people committed to their care by Omnipotent Power for national development.

We argued that foreign policy should be confined to preserving the frontier already acquired ; that the majority of questions which it was sought to set at rest by legislation, often premature and imperfectly thought out, would solve themselves by natural evolution ; that the only question of real importance was one which was suffered to languish in undeserved neglect. The attempt to bridge over the ever widening gulf between rulers and ruled, to unite European and Asiatic in the one great task of progress in all its myriad forms—this was a matter outside the purview of administration altogether, and all efforts towards it were denounced as utopian and "idealistic," if not branded with that curious word "disloyalty."

The events of the past year, deplorable as they have been, have still been productive of one good result. It is perhaps not too much to say that no one who now works with a single eye to the advance-

ment of his country on safe lines of progress will be again traduced as a criminal. But there is as much to mourn, as to be thankful for. The time when concessions to the legitimate aspirations of a dawning nationality could have been made with grace and received with thankfulness, has passed away. In all steps that are now made in this direction the dark shadow of compulsion and fear will ever be present to cloud the satisfaction of those who make them. But there is no object in wasting time over useless regrets : let us now look at another side of the question.

It was not only the Government that we tried to influence. The minority who endeavoured to organise a "National" or reform party for India appeared to us to be far too "idealistic" for practical politics, and to be building on a foundation we thought insecure. The extreme democratic theory of representative Government, which they seemed to wish to apply to India, we not only thought unsuited for the East—we had grave doubts as to its success in Europe. It was perhaps only natural that our treatment at the hands of this forward party should be somewhat similar to that experienced from the party which regarded all progress as dangerous—we were considered by both as hostile to the best interests of India. The justification of our attitude can perhaps be found in the recent regrettable occurrences at Surat.

The necessity for a Third Party is no less urgent now than it was in the past—it is indeed much more so—almost a matter of political life and death. We may perhaps rest assured that the reality of the new movement will not now be misunderstood in England : indeed, the danger of its being exaggerated, and made the excuse for premature and ill-judged action, has been more than once revealed by recent events. The question which takes the foremost place is whether the feelings excited will translate themselves into beneficent action. Will the Government recognise that no mere tinkering reforms will meet the situation—that a complete reconstruction of the system of administration is called for ? If the answer to this question is in the affirmative, it may be that the near future will shew some radical change in the system of appointment to the Indian Civil Service.

We do not want any lower standard of intellectual attainments but we want those attainments to be of a special kind. For the

higher appointments, at least, we want men trained in classical oriental lore—men who can hear the “call” of the East, and sympathise with her in her efforts to raise herself to the lost levels : such men would be fitted to work side by side with local leaders in the Renaissance of the new century.

The leaders of the movement, and of the remarkable wave of high-class journalism which has heralded the birth of the new era, bear the weight of a heavy responsibility. They have to show to the world that they are not like their predecessors of antiquity, endeavouring to gain power for themselves under the pretext of championship of popular rights. They will do this best by showing that they are ready to help on any measures which may tend to protect the “dumb millions” even against themselves. The true well-wisher of India cannot feel very jubilant over recent events, but he has no reason for despondency in anticipating what the summer will bring forth.

The most promising feature of the situation is perhaps this new journalism, which, it is to be hoped, will retain the high position it at present occupies, in the evolution of an enlightened body of instructed public opinion. If some one could only think out a plan by which a *measure of official support* could be given to these high class journals without destroying their independence, the necessity for any kind of control of the Press (a terrible *bête noire* to most English politicians) might be avoided. The “yellow” or “reptile” Press, which is deprecated by journalists themselves as earnestly as by any other class, might die a natural death. The men of the pen, and the men of action, require the assistance of a third body, whose advice and co-operation would be as invaluable to them as to the Administration. This body comprises a large section of the “better mind” of India : it includes the men who keep aloof from politics for personal reasons. Of these perhaps the most important are the pensioned officials of Government. These are, surely, the real intermediaries between rulers and ruled. They are of the people, and they know where the administrative shoe (so to speak) pinches. They have identified themselves with the Empire, and they understand the responsibilities and the difficulties of administration. Their abstention from politics, intelligible as it is, is surely disastrous to the cause of progress on moderate, practical lines.

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The only agency which can bring these mute "Counsellors of the Indian Empire" forward is the Government they have served. This still further accentuates the necessity which has been alluded to, of a specially selected *personnel* for that Government. It may be that a new system of administration may be evoked, having for its object the persistent protection of India from the contamination of party politics. Be this as it may, some reform is called for by which the men selected for high administrative posts are sure to be those who can appreciate and understand Oriental civilisation, Oriental literature, and (shall we not say ?) Oriental art. In contact and co-operation with the leaders of Indian thought, these men will be able to organise all necessary reforms. They will, as the all-important preliminary to action, understand the situation. Then, for one thing, there will be no recurrence of the disgraceful scares of last summer.

C. W. WHISH.

England.

A FEW WORDS ON ISLAM.

(Continued from our last number.)

BEFORE coming to the other two essentials of Islam, it may not be out of place to show here what will be the fate of those who do not obey His orders. God says: "The sinners will be recognised by their foreheads. They will be dragged by the forelocks and feet. How will you then deny the kindness of God? This is the Hell which you did not believe in; the sinners will be struggling in its boiling waters" (Surai Rahman). "O Mohamad, explain what we order. He who fears me will understand it, and he who disregards it is miserable. He will welter in the Great Fire, where he will neither die, nor find escape (but suffer perpetual pangs). So it is better for him to repeat the name of thy Lord and perform the Namaz" (Surai Gashia). Similarly, those who obey His orders will go to Paradise. The whole chapter of "Ar Rahman" is a description of Paradise, where streams of fresh water flow in all directions. There are rivers of milk, honey, and water, so pure that the inhabitants of this world cannot have an idea of their purity. Everything is green there. The Garden of Paradise teems with flowers and fruits, which we do not know. No kind of pain exists there. The inhabitants of that holy garden will be above illness and all human weaknesses. No envy, no jealousy, is to be found there. Their bodies will be shining, and happiness will reign throughout. Of course, there are different grades among the inhabitants of Paradise, but "all will be satisfied with the gifts of their Lord, and their Lord will be pleased with them." All these blessings of the Creator are mentioned in the Koran, and they were also described by Mohamad, who saw them with his own eyes during the Night of his Journey. I shall describe in brief this "Night of Journey," or Shabi Miraj. The Surai Bani Israel begins thus: "Holy is that Being, who one night took His slave (Mohamad) from the sacred mosque of Mecca to the mosque beyond (in the sky), which is full of grace, so that he might show him a few examples of His Creation." The account of this Journey

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is as follows:—One day Gabriel came to Mohamad as usual and said, "O Prophet, salutations to you from God. He desires to see you, and has, therefore, invited you to His Presence." Whereupon Mohamad made himself ready for the Divine Journey. It is needless to mention here all the details of this Journey, how Mohamad started on the back of the animal called Barak, how Gabriel conducted him through the Seven Heavens, how they saw different objects in these Heavens, how he was conducted to Paradise and Hell, and finally into the presence of the Creator. In short, the Prophet found himself standing before his Host. This honour of a personal interview (if I may use this expression, for God is above shape and person) was bestowed upon Mohamad alone. He returned to this planet during the same night, and in the morning his companions were astonished to find a certain glow on his face, and a revered change in his countenance. On being questioned, he gave them the account of his Journey as mentioned above. The conversation between God and Mohamad on the occasion of this visit remains a mystery, for who can understand it? Many of his followers requested Mohamad to let them know the nature of that conversation, but he replied that he was not authorised to reveal it. Some Mohamadans do not believe in his bodily Journey. They believe that it was the soul that travelled and not the body. Whatever may be the points of discussion on this subject, every Musalman has to believe in the Journey, for it is mentioned in the Koran, as I have already said.

4. But to return to our subject. The fourth essential of Islam is the Roza or Fast. Every Mohamadan, male or female, except children and old or sick persons, has to keep fast during the whole month of Ramzan. Nothing is to be tasted from the time of dawn till the time of sunset. Nothing whatever is to be eaten or drunk, so that the fast is a complete fast. The orders for Roza were sent by God many years after the first preaching of Islam. The benefits of the Roza cannot be exaggerated. It teaches us the habit of endurance, and from a medical point of view it is good for health. The Prophet, while explaining the importance of fasting, is related to have advised his followers to observe fast, not only in eating and drinking, but in all human passions. The Roza of the stomach means no eating and drinking. Similarly, the Roza of the ear means we should not hear forbidden music. The Roza of the hands means, we should not use them for evil purposes, &c. In short the Roza is a lesson for curbing not only hunger, but all human passions. The month of Ramzan is held sacred for this reason, as well as for the fact that the Koran was sent for the first time during this month.

Musalmans are excused from keeping fast while they are on a journey. They should, however, make up the fasts afterwards. When the month of Ramzan is over, the Mohamadans celebrate the holiday of the Id-i-Ramzan, on the first of the next month, *viz.* Shawal. This holiday is spent in open fields just like the Dasera ceremony. There is a special gate in Paradise through which the fasters will enter, and they will get the mercy of God. The Merciful has promised forgiveness to those who repent, and consequently the Mohamadans in general believe that all their sins are washed away in the holy month of Ramzan. The drunkard gives up his wine during this month. A thief would not extend his favour to his brethren for thirty days. Every one tries to attend the Masjid and expects mercy from his Creator, for, He says, "Do not be disappointed in God's mercy." "Repent for your actions and return to God." Many simple-minded Mohamadans have thus made it a rule to repent once a year and not repent once for all, and believe that they are entitled to His promised forgiveness. But the teachings of Mohamad do not seem to encourage this sort of expectations. He said to his daughter, "Oh Fatima, do not depend upon your being the daughter of a Prophet, but depend upon your own actions." The orders in the Koran are also to the same effect, as I have quoted before.

5. The last essential of Islam is the Haj, or pilgrimage to Mecca. Those who can afford it, have to go to the pilgrimage once in their lifetime. Strange to say, our experience of to-day is to the contrary. The rich are so busy with their luxuries that they can hardly spare time to go to Mecca while the fakirs are ready to start on the voyage at the charity of others. A beggar may not consider it a sin to neglect his namaz, yet he must go to Mecca and obey the order of God, which is not meant for him. On the day of the Haj, Musalmans from all parts of the globe assemble in the temple of Mecca. It is on this occasion that a spectator will find Mohamadans of all sects, Arabs, Moguls, Turks, Indians, Chinese, &c., standing side by side as brethren in the presence of their Father. There it is that one exclaims, "Verily the Faithful are brethren." Kings, nobles, beggars, all will be found wearing the same uniform of 'Ibrahim' and crying 'Labbaik,' *viz.*, "here we are, O God, in Thy presence." The festival of the Haj is known as Bakre Id. These are the five essentials of Islam. The orders of the Koran and the teachings of Mohamad are clearly meant for all Musalmans as brethren, yet, a few interested priests and moulvis were able to see a gulf of difference between the Sunnis and Shias; Hanafis and Shafais, &c. Professor Froude rightly remarks: "The seamless robe of the Saviour is

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rent in pieces, and the earth becomes the habitation of fiends. Each side tells the story as it prefers to have it; facts, characters, circumstances, are melted in the theological crucible, and cast in moulds diametrically opposite. Nothing remains the same except the names and dates. Each side chooses its own witnesses. Everything is credible which makes for what it calls the truth. Everything is made false which will not fit into its place." No person can ever become a Musalman unless he acts according to all these five directions. No difference of opinion exists as regards these. What then led to so many sects, as many as seventy-two, in Islam? It is not possible to discuss this question fully on this occasion, but I shall try to give an idea of some of the principal sects of our Faith. They are Sunnis, Shias, Wahabees, Kharjis, Nuseriya, Ismailiya, and a few others.

When Mohamad left this world, it was found necessary to have a Commander of the Faithful. The Prophet was in the position of a King a General; in short everything for the Musalmans. It, therefore, became an important question as to who should be such a Commander. At once there arose a difference of opinion among the Mohamadans which led to the subsequent sects of Sunnis and Shias. One party advocated the election of the best man to the post of the Successor of Mohamad, so that he should be regarded as Leader of the Musalmans in all matters. Others argued that none but members of the Prophet's family could claim to be his successors. Many, on the other hand, took a milder view of the question, saying that as Defenders of the Faith of Islam, the members of Mohamad's family had a decided privilege, while the administration of state affairs might be entrusted in the hands of some able person. This difference of opinion took a serious turn. Every one was trying his best to be installed as Commander of the Faithful. However, four of the companions of Mohamad, *viz.*, Abubakar, Umar, Usman and Ali, had claims superior to others for various reasons.

1. All of them were related to Mohamad. The first two were his fathers-in-law and the other two were his sons-in-law. The relation of Ali was, however, stronger than that of the others, for he was the husband of Mohamad's beloved daughter Fatima. He was also his cousin, and Ali's father Abu Talib had brought up Mohamad from his childhood and treated him like his own son.

2. These "four companions" were known for their devotion and had sacrificed everything for the sake of their beloved Prophet. They were his assistants in everything, and are very often rightly compared to so many planets revolving round their sun, Mohamad.

3. Their personal character was unquestionable, and historical books are full of the accounts of their fidelity, heroism, chastity, and other virtues.

4. Mohamad is related to have said during his lifetime that these four (and six others) would assuredly go to Paradise.

The Mohamadans had, therefore, good reason to believe that the office of Mohamad's successor would fall on one of these companions. Those who were in favour of hereditary succession (that the office should remain in the family of the Prophet) advocated the cause of Ali and are now known as the Shias. Those who were for the principle of election, advocated the cause of Abubakar, the father of Mohamad's beloved wife Ayesha. He was finally elected to the Caliphate and is known in history as the first Commander of the Faithful.

I cannot discuss the merits or demerits of either principle here, for I should be treading on delicate ground. Thus arose the two famous sects, *viz.*, Shias and Sunnis. The other sects are, correctly speaking, subsects of these two and may, therefore, be left alone. The point of issue afterwards became very intricate, and the simple and clear religion of Mohamad was rent in pieces. At present all the Mohamadan nations of the world, except Persia, belong to the Sunni sect. The Persians are Shias. Among the Indian Musalmans, the Khojas, Bohras, Moguls are Shias, the rest are Sunnis.

In connection with this question of sects, I may be allowed to point out one thing, that the members of the Prophet's family and their descendants, known as Syeds, are held in respect by all Musalmans, to whatever sect they may belong. Though the Sunnis and others do not follow the principle of hereditary succession, they are bound to respect, and in fact they do respect, Ali and his descendants. No Mohamadan would disobey the distinct order of the Prophet who has enjoined his followers to pay all respect to the Koran and his family. He has said, "I leave behind me two things, *viz.*, the Koran and my family." By the word family, he meant Ali, Fatima and their two sons Hasan and Husain (may the peace of God be on them!). There existed a sect known as the Kharjis, who were hostile towards the Prophet's family, but so far as I know, that sect is now extinct. It may be asked, "Why did not the Prophet settle the question of succession during his lifetime?" Here again, answers differ.

The Sunnis argue that while Mohamad was ill (and it was his last illness), he had directed his old father-in-law Abubakar, to conduct the prayers instead of him. This in their opinion means, that if there was

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any person next in dignity to Mohamad, it was Abubakar. The illness of the Prophet lasted for a long time and on all occasions of the *namaz*, he ordered Abubakar to lead the prayers. Mohamad himself used to do that duty, and the fact that he asked Abubakar to do it during his illness, signifies that he regarded him as his successor. The argument of the Shias is this:—On the occasion of the last pilgrimage known as the “Hajatul Wida,” Mohamad preached a very touching sermon to the audience, and during the course of his preaching, he declared, “Oh Musalmans, he who is Ali's friend is my friend, and he who is Ali's enemy, is my enemy also.” This was a clear hint that he intended Ali to succeed him. He has also said, “I am the city of knowledge and Ali is its gate.” Ali, therefore, ought to have been preferred, they say, in the matter of the Caliphate. The account of this struggle between the different sects of Islam may be of historical interest to the reader, but one cannot help regretting that there should be so much hostility among those whose religion teaches union

(To be concluded.)

KAZI SEYD BADINZAMAN.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

**The Preservation of
Oriental Ideas
under British Rule.**

Those who take the trouble to think out theories of their own regarding the government of the oriental races and the introduction of Western civilisation among them may be divided into three principal classes—the utilitarians, the sentimentalists, and the tacticians. Macaulay was a utilitarian of a pronounced type, and the decision in the second quarter of last century to throw open the gates of India to European knowledge, and to make the diffusion of that knowledge the main object of education, was due to the influence and the intellectual ascendancy of the utilitarian school. Macaulay was an “extremist” in his preference of European culture to Native learning, and as he was also a distinguished man of letters, his name stands out in bold relief in the history of European civilisation in India. The sentimentalists are “moderates.” They would preserve and even develop what is quaint and characteristic, whatever possesses historic interest, and is racy of the soil, though its utility may have passed away with the altered times, and it may excite a decently suppressed sense of the ludicrous. Lord Curzon, with whom the preservation of Indian art and architectural remains was a passion, would not perhaps disclaim being a representative of this school, at least in one branch. In the intellectual and moral aspect, as distinguished from the æsthetic side, of Indian culture and civilisation, he does not perhaps see much more than Macaulay did, that is worth being reverentially preserved and cultivated, making allowance for that increased respect for Indian thought which even Macaulay would have cherished if he had lived in our generation, and read what oriental scholars have brought to the notice of the English-speaking world since his time. The

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tactician does not force upon us his own opinions, utilitarian or otherwise. He accepts it as a fact that the vast majority of mankind are governed by sentiment, that rightly or wrongly, wisely or unwisely, they are in a large measure addicted to the past, and as a matter of expediency he not only refrains from provoking displeasure by interference with their prejudices, but professes deep sympathy with them. He would allow even error and folly to disappear gradually, and would not flash the bull's eye of enlightenment on the vision that cannot bear the unexpected light without pain. Not to give pain, not to provoke ill-will, is his motto : he does not concern himself either with the utility of the true, or the pleasurable of the beautiful. He looks at things from the policeman's rather than the professor's point of view, and it may be said that most administrators, as such, belong to his school. Administrators, who combine a theory with the practice of government, and who are conscious of coming to the East with a distinct mission, unite tact with utilitarianism and sentiment. As the Svadeshi spirit is rapidly advancing and permeating the educated classes, high officials sometimes pay a compliment to the natives of the soil by speaking in appreciative terms of their ancient civilisation and the literature and the institutions which the ancients have left behind them. In politics there is not much room for paying this compliment, for the old political ideas and institutions do not commend themselves to the educated classes who have tasted the sweets of British liberty ; and even a courteous reference to the good points of oriental Governments is apt to be received with suspicion and interpreted as if the bureaucrats are sighing for the good old days when the will of the Raja or the Nabob was the law in general administration, though he respected the customs which governed the daily life and the domestic and social relations of the people. The Government of India, in its recent well known circular letter to the Local Governments on the establishment of Advisory Councils and other reforms, has made a graceful allusion to the practice of oriental rulers to consult Advisory Councils before deciding on the best and the most expedient course, and it is not a little significant that this compliment to the forefathers of the modern educated Indians has not invariably pleased them : some of them, indeed, have informed Government that its admiration for Eastern methods of government has filled them

with grave concern ! For aught one knows, the Government might not have intended anything more mischievous or wicked than to make a flattering reference to a state of things which no one dreams of reviving in all its details, but in which the Svadeshi patriots, who do not like things outlandish, might presumably feel some amount of pride. The historical accuracy of the Government's assumption, that an oriental ruler did not surrender his own discretion by consulting his ministers, and that he was not bound by the vote of the majority of the advisers, does not seem to be open to attack. Manu, for example, gives the following advice to a king :—

Let him appoint seven or eight ministers whose ancestors have been royal servants, who are versed in the sciences, heroes skilled in the use of weapons and descended from noble families, and who have been tried. Let him daily consult with them the ordinary business, referring to peace, war, &c. Having first ascertained the opinion of each minister separately, and then the views of all together, let him do what is most beneficial for him in his affairs.

It does not appear from this language that according to the constitutional theory of Hindu writers, the king could exercise no discretion in accepting the advice given to him, and that he was bound by the vote of the majority. The *Ayeen Akbery* summarises what was accepted among Hindu Princes as the best *rajaniti* in Akbar's time as follows :—

If the king hath not sufficient ability of mind, or strength of constitution, to execute all public affairs himself, he must search for a man of exemplary piety and approved integrity, and who to these valuable qualities adds experience and activity of business. Him he must consult on all occasions with implicit confidence and entrust with the executive power. In affairs of moment it is not advisable to consult with many, because that to be qualified to give advice on such occasions requires fidelity, liberality of sentiment, valour and circumspection ; qualities that are seldom found united in one person. Some ancient monarchs . . . found it the safest way to join with the prime minister a few wise and experienced men, and to require each to deliver his opinion in writing, to be separately canvassed and debated upon.

The practice of different kings, even the best among them, must have differed, and there was no settled constitutional law or custom. But it appears, according to various writers, that both in the selection of his advisers and in discovering from the opinions given by them

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what would be the most beneficial course to pursue, the king's responsibility was heavy, and it was not confined to a mere counting of heads ; and it could not be, for the advisers were selected by the ruler, and he was responsible if they were not competent and wise advisers. If his ministers had been elected by the people, he could have thrown all responsibility on them, and been guided by the majority : a bad choice of counsellors could not be cured or compensated for by acting on the advice tendered by a majority of them. Government by majorities is a part of the democratic scheme of government, or government by a plurality of persons, all of whom are invested with an equal amount of responsibility : the system that prevailed in India was different. The government was carried on by a king aided by a council, and not by a king in council. When we speak of the oriental system of government, we refer to a time when the monarchical system had already developed to its fullest extent. There are reasons to believe that in very early times the Indo-Aryan Chiefs were elected by the people, though the hereditary principle was ordinarily respected in the elections. The coronation ceremony described in early literature, as well as other scriptural texts, have preserved reminiscences of an earlier notion that the king derives his authority from the people, and the early States were really democratic. The Khasi States in Assam are even now little democracies : the Chiefs are elected, though usually a son is elected in the place of his father. Conquests threw more power into the hands of the military leaders and governors, and as the people of the conquered states could claim no rights and equality with the conquerors, the people of the conquering states also gradually lost their power and sank to the level of "subjects." It is likely that such has been the history of monarchy and imperialism all over the world, and India is no exception to the rule. What are known as oriental methods of government have prevailed for centuries, but they have not existed from the beginning, and there is no reason why they should be eternal in the East. They will change in sympathy with the progress made by the people in successfully working out Western ideas. Lord Curzon is a worshipper of the past in whose estimation perhaps not even homicide ranks as a more serious offence than vandalism. In his speech before the Society of Arts last month, he remarked that the Native States system

summed up all that was beautiful and venerable in the past, that it was indeed the past projected into the present, and mad would be the man who would propose to cut it out of the view. Even he, however, with all his admiration for the beautiful and the venerable, would make the States "progressive and strong," and we believe they would have to advance along the same lines as British India. If there is little or none of political agitation in the Native States, no bold attempt to challenge the autocratic basis of the prevailing system of government, it may be remembered that the Chiefs are more and more desirous of bringing their administrations into line with the progress made in British India, and indeed sometimes of surpassing British India, according to the standard at least of those who occupy the galleries in the political theatre, if it is not possible in these matters to set up a standard which should be universally acceptable.

In politics the inroad of Western ideas is not resented by the educated classes in India : they would rather resent any attempt to arrest the invasion. To the purity of native art they are generally indifferent. The Svadeshi patriot is more anxious to compete successfully with the foreign manufacturer than to claim protection for the æsthetic culture of his land. His enthusiasm is not of the study, but of the market, place. European votaries of art, however, have for decades protested against the hybridisation of Indian art, and the disappearance, now happily averted, of the architectural treasures of the country. Forty years ago James Fergusson said before the Society of Arts in London that the styles in India had changed, as they had in England ; that each was a complete indication of the race of people to which it belonged—each style differed from the preceding one, but was entirely without foreign admixture ; but where European influences prevailed architecturally, the style had become "corrupt and bad to the last degree." In the course of the debate on Fergusson's lecture, Henry Cole expressed the opinion that "we had a great deal more to learn from the Indians that we could hope to teach them in the designing of patterns," and he protested against Schools of Art creating a "hybrid style, the most detestable ever seen," instead of "leading the Natives to advance in their own styles of art." If the history of this protest against the debasement of Indian art be traced fully, it will perhaps be found

that it is much older than Fergusson and other students of Indian architecture. While European appreciation of the high degree of excellence attained by the Indian artist in the "designing or patterns" is received with pride by the Svadeshi Indian, there are other branches of art where the Indian has to learn a great deal from the European artist, and any unwillingness to teach the foreign art would be attributed to something worse and less disinterested than a desire to maintain the purity of the indigenous art. Statues, for example, are constantly wanted in this country, and it is not considered satisfactory that every time a statue is wanted we must place an order in England. Artists are no doubt born, and art is not a sphere where considerations of nationality may be allowed to prevail. But if Indians have neglected statuary in the past, it does not follow that they have no natural aptitude for this branch of sculpture, and that Schools of Art would waste their efforts in trying to teach it. Hence educated Indians have sometimes taken strong objection to the suggestion that Schools of Art in India should occupy themselves with the teaching and advancement of distinctively Indian styles, lest the introduction of the student to the European styles should lead to a corruption of the native art.

There are perhaps as many who would see the Indian type of character preserved as there are those who would preserve the Indian art without foreign admixture. But what is the Indian type of character? The "ten commandments" of the Indian sages are thus summarised by Manu :—"Contentment, forgiveness, self-control, abstention from unrighteously appropriating anything purification, subjugation of passions, wisdom, knowledge, truthfulness and abstention from anger—these form the tenfold law." These virtues are to be cultivated by all. Different qualities are required in different occupations and different situations, and this was not forgotten by the sages. The priest must love study and should not be too much absorbed in the cares of the world ; the warrior must be brave ; the trader diligent and honest ; the servant dutiful and obedient. Domestic relations require certain virtues, and it was thought that an identical code for public and private morals was impracticable. In private life an enemy might be forgiven, but a king could not treat an enemy of the state with the same forbearance. It is recommended that a foreign enemy should be "borne

on the shoulder" as long as it is difficult to quarrel with him, and that when the proper opportunity arrives, he should be dashed to the ground like an earthenware pot. In exceptional situations and in public life a utilitarian view of ethics is frankly recommended, and this has made certain critics imagine that the oriental standard of honesty is lower than the occidental. It is well known, however, that Western statesmen do not regard the Sermon on the Mount as a code of political ethics. Thus, judging each other from the qualities exhibited in exceptional and dissimilar situations, Englishmen and Indians are apt to imagine that their codes of ethics differ more widely than they really do. Megasthenes found the people of India frugal in this life and simple in their manners, though with a penchant for personal adornment, truthful and trustful, but somewhat exclusive in their habits. "They always eat alone," says the Greek observer, "and they have no fixed hours when all take their meals in common. The contrary custom would be better for the interests of social and political life." This is substantially the picture of the modern Indian as well. The golden age is always in the past, and there are some who think that India has fallen away from the ideals of the sages. Comparisons in these matters must be necessarily misleading. The writers, on whose testimony we base our judgments, are different, and the phases of life observed by them might not have been similar. The knowledge of the ideals must be more widely diffused now than it was formerly, while there is nothing to show that conformity to the ideals is less common now than it was in days of yore. The sentiments which we admire in Sanskrit literature have been dissolved in vernacular song and folklore and have filtered down to the masses. Aryan culture has steadily advanced; reformers after reformers have arisen in every part of the land open to civilisation, and they have popularised through modern vernaculars all that is highest and most admirable in the classical productions of the ancients. Oriental scholars generally study Sanskrit and forget the development of the vernacular literatures; and hence those who content themselves with a perusal of their writings are apt to imagine that there has an intellectual hiatus in India since the days of the Bhagavadgita, and the people have fallen. As a matter of fact the ideals of the sages have been steadily popu-

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larised by perhaps an uninterrupted succession of labourers in the field of vernacular literature.

The key-note of what is generally regarded as Eastern character is contentment, and of Western character discontent. Reverence, which is said to be passing away under the influence of Western education, is a form of intellectual contentment : its opposite, the critical temper, is a form of discontent. It has for years been the complaint of many that the simplicity and reverence, which were at one time the conspicuous features of Indian character, are rapidly disappearing. The Chancellor of the Bombay University, in his last convocation address, quoted a passage from the Bhagavadgita, and regretted that the ideal of character therein set forth no longer rules the conduct of the vast masses of the population. Not long ago Hindu audiences, attracted by popular lecturers, felt flattered if they were told that their countrymen had developed a highly spiritual type of character ; that they always recognised the imperious call of Duty, while Western nations were given to quarrelling about their rights ; and that they would continue to be happy if they preserved their own type of character, instead of imitating the restlessness and bellicose tendencies of the materialistic nations of the West. Those are not exactly the sentiments which fill the atmosphere of Calcutta or Lahore, or Nagpur or Madras, now. Unrest is incompatible with contentment. But how can contentment be preserved ? Boarding-houses attached to schools and colleges, and religious education, are expected to provide the most effective means of arresting the growth of discontent and irreverence. There is no doubt that the personal influence of teachers must be helpful in preserving the old traits of of character in the rising generation. But if society outside is losing its contentment and is imbued with a different spirit, how can an atmosphere of a contrary nature be maintained within the walls of a college or a boarding-house ? A non-official Native Member of the Viceregal Council spoke the following weighty words at the last meeting of the Council :

The chief cause of discontent appears to me to be *want*. My Lord, no class of people is free from the baneful and irritating influence of this all-pervading evil, which is, to a large extent at least, the effect of a civilisation unsuited to the habits, temperament and peculiar circumstances of the country. With the gradual working of the disruptive laws

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of succession and the break-up of the joint family system, most of the ancient families are ruined ; with the limitations upon their authority the land-holding classes have lost their capacity, prestige and power ; increased competition for a career has reduced the prospects of the respectable classes who have for centuries supported themselves by service, while the progress of an attractive material civilisation has instilled into them high ideas of ease and enjoyment, and placed these beyond their reach by their costliness ; and the lower classes, although in receipt of higher wages at places, have lost the pristine simplicity of rural life, and, with their habitual want of forethought, have become spoilt by the example of the higher classes, and been drawn into reckless and ruinous expenditure.

How can this be prevented ? Can we expect the school-master to push back the Atlantic ?

CURRENT EVENTS.

The magic effect of the "currency trick" has nearly spent itself. It converted deficits into huge surpluses; with surpluses came remissions of taxation, administrative reforms, public works, and a lavish distribution of grants to the provincial Governments. Mr. Baker sat on the throne of Pluto, and year after year the recipients of his charity congratulated him and themselves on their common good fortune. But the vaults in which our Finance Minister hordes up his wealth are not abysmal: a few remissions of taxation, a few permanent grants, and the time comes for him to moderate his liberality. It is possible that if famine had not prevailed in Northern India, Mr. Baker would have been able to announce this year a further reduction of taxation, or at least more liberal grants for objects like sanitation and education. Famine is officially declared to prevail over an area of about 118,000 square miles in British India and 15,000 square miles in the States of Central India, the population of this area being 49 millions. In the year that has just closed, about 222 lakhs of land revenue were suspended, and in the current year it is expected that about 135 lakhs more will have to be suspended. Over 2 crores of rupees have already been distributed as takavi, and 2 crores more will be distributed in the current year. If the next monsoon proves to be a normal one, the Local Governments expect that their expenditure on direct famine relief during the two years will amount to about 2 crores. As a consequence of this calamity, the Finance Member has to be content with merely "marking time." He has, however, budgeted for a surplus of £571,500—the estimated revenue for the current year being £73,438,000, and the estimated expenditure £72,867,400. The only special grants that the Government of India will make to the provincial Governments will be £301,000 on account of police reform, £280,000 for improvement of sanitation, with special reference to the prevention of plague, and £183,200 for education.



The needs of the country always outrun the revenue which the Government can spare for them. During the year that has just closed, 15 crores were provided for capital expenditure on railways,

and another 15 crores are provided during the ensuing year, and yet the Hon. Mr. Apar is not satisfied. Much less is expended on irrigation. Between the years 1900 and 1906, the annual expenditure on productive works was about 80 lakhs; in 1906—7 it was increased to 120, and then to 130, and in the ensuing year it will be about 150 lakhs. On protective works the expenditure for the next year is placed in the budget at 60 lakhs. The disparity between expenditure on railways and on irrigation has always been a subject of adverse comment in many quarters. Apart from the question of policy, the Government's excuse for not pushing on irrigation at a more rapid rate is that the available trained staff is inadequate for survey, estimate and construction. There are now 42 projects under construction or examination by professional advisers. Among the largest of the protective works suggested by the Irrigation Commission were the Tungabhadra and the Krishna canals in Madras. It seems to have been finally decided now that their cost is prohibitive. Sanitation and education require a great deal more money than the Government has been able to spare. Agricultural research and veterinary improvement are among the most urgent, and not the least costly, needs.



The country's misfortunes and grievances that are voiced forth by the non-official members of the Viceregal Council would fill a volume, though the time allowed for their ventilation is short. Foremost among these is the abnormal rise in the prices, particularly of food grains. It is believed by some that this growing hardship is partly due to the Government's policy in allowing a free exportation of food grains, and perhaps also to an inflated rupee currency. The Government will shortly appoint a committee of official and non-official experts to investigate the causes of the rise in prices. As regards interference with freedom of trade, the present Parliament is not likely to allow it, and the objections of free-traders to such interference are well known. The excise duty imposed on Indian cotton goods at the instance of English free-traders does little good to Manchester: on the other hand, it is complained that it has seriously handicapped the Indian manufacturer in his competition with foreign manufacturers like those of Japan, who are supported by bounties. The cost of the army is another standing grievance. The Maharaja of Darbhanga asked the Viceroy to consider whether 30 crores of rupees per annum was not too high an "insurance premium" to pay in a time of peace, especially after the Anglo-Russian Agreement. There are, however, some non-official members who fully recognise the need of an efficient army. One Hon. Member quoted Manu to the effect that "By a king whose forces are always ready for action the whole world may be kept in awe; let him then, by a force always ready, make all living

creatures his own." Even Lord Kitchener does not seem prepared for such universal conquest. The punitive expedition against the Zakka Kkels was quickly recalled, and it seems to have cost about £56,700. The Tikka Sahib of Nabha not only regretted that the expedition had achieved no permanent result, but reminded the Government that such occasions afford more fitting opportunities for training our troops than the lifeless annual manœuvres. No better proof is needed to show that the Sikh and the Bengali do not always take the same view of politics.

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Whether one reads the speeches of the members of Government or considers the nature of the concessions they make, one can readily see that the policy of Lord Minto's Government is in the highest degree conciliatory, though conciliation cannot go to the length of permitting flagrant violations of the law or attempts to undermine the stability of British Government in India. The most recent and important of the measures which the Government has decided upon, in response to popular demand, is the separation of the executive from the judicial functions of magistrates. The National Congress has asked for this reform for a number of years, and it will be tried as an experiment in the two Bengals. It was admitted by Sir Harvey Adamson that in consequence of the combination of the two functions under the present system, the atmosphere of the magisterial Courts sometimes gets too heated, and confidence in British justice is shaken. The main objections to the reform were two—first, that the prestige of the District Magistrate would suffer, if he were deprived of his control over the police and the subordinate magistracy; and secondly, that neither the police nor the magistracy are so perfect that the control of the head of the district can be withdrawn with beneficial results. As regards prestige, Sir Harvey points out that nothing can be more injurious to the prestige of the British Government than want of confidence in the impartial administration of justice. The force of the second objection is not denied. The proposed scheme is to maintain the control of the District Officer over the police and also his *preventive* magisterial powers. A separate officer, called the Senior Magistrate, will be appointed to control the *judicial* work of the subordinate magistracy and to try important magisterial cases himself. Corresponding to this division of functions between the two officers, the whole machinery of criminal administration will be recast and reduplicated. This seems to be a skilful way of meeting the objections raised by the Local Governments, and of simultaneously carrying out the principle that the thief-catcher should not be also the magistrate to try the thief. Most of the Local Governments seem to have been opposed to any radical reform. The proposed scheme must be acceptable at least to the two Governments concerned.

The Maharaja of Darbhanga believes that, as a consequence of the sympathetic and wise rule of Lord Minto's Government, much of the bitterness which characterised the unrest some time ago is passing away. The Hindu deputation headed by the Maharaja, though its ostensible object was not political, must have had some influence on the public mind and tended towards an "increase of closer and more friendly feelings between the governors and the governed," which the Maharaja already discerns. The unrest, which at one time centred round certain local problems, has now merged itself in the larger problem of "nationalism," which presents the same features in Tinnevely as at Lahore, and in Calcutta as at Poona. The release of Mr. Bepinchandra Pal from prison was the occasion of public congratulations in certain places, and the committal of a "nationalist" leader to jail at Tuticorin resulted in serious riots, in which several public buildings were burnt down, and peace had to be restored at some sacrifice of life. While the elders are discussing the differences between the so-called Moderates and Extremists, the trend of thought and sympathy among the younger generation is unmistakable. H. E. the Viceroy called the attention of the Hindu deputation to this fact; he must be a bold man who thinks that the remedy is simple and easy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A HINDU APPRECIATION OF ISLAM.

To the Editor, EAST & WEST.

SIR,—Mrs. R. Knight's article "A Christian Appreciation of Islam," in the March number of *East & West*, is a welcome attempt towards closer union between Muhammadans and Christians. The learned lady thinks that if the followers of Muhammad and Christ could find out what the teachings and tenets of their respective Masters really are there could be a great bond of sympathy and fellowship between Muhammadans and Christians. In the article referred to Mrs. Knight has by way of example given some points of resemblance between the teachings of Christ and Muhammad, *viz.*, Faith in God; Belief in Angels; belief in all God's prophets; Belief in the Resurrection and Judgment; Belief in the Omniscience of God, etc.

These points of resemblance between the tenets of Islam and Christianity are so broad that many of them might be said to be found in almost all the great religions of the world, but there seems to be so striking a similarity between the principles of Hindu and Muhamadan religions even in minute points that it would not be uninteresting to relate a few of them.

This resemblance was pointed out some years ago by M. Jalpa Pershad, the learned editor of "Oudh Akbar," in a monthly Urdu Magazine published in those days. I translate a few of the points of resemblance between the teachings of the two great religions as showing the claim of Hindus upon the sympathy and friendship of not only Muhammadans, but also of Christians, who have so many points of agreement between the teachings of their respective religions.

To come to the point, the Hindu's Panch Yag, the Muhammadan's Panj-Gana Namaz (five-time prayer); the Hindu's Achman, the Muhammadans Vazu (ablution); the Hindu's Asparsh, the Muhammadan's Masah (touching the head with water at the time of ablution); the Hindu's Ahauch, the Muhammadan's Taiyammum (purification by mud); the Hindu's Lasanka, the Muhammadans, Istinja; the Hindu's Jap, the Muhammadan's Tasbih (reading the beads); the Hindu's Path, the Muhammadan's Talawat; the Hindu's, bart, the Muhammadan's roza (fast); the Hindu's Baldan, the Muhammadan's Sadqa (sacrifice); the Hindu's Jatra, the Muhammadan's haj (pilgrimage); the Hindu's Pardakshina, the Muhammadan's Tawaf; the Hindu's Paraschat, the Muhammadan's Kafara (atonement); the Hindu's Saradh, the Muhammadan's Fatiha (feast to the dead); the Hindu's apsara, the Muhammadan's hurs (houries); the Hindu's akashbani, the Muhammadans ilham (inspiration); the Hindu's achaybat, the Muhammadan's tuba (the tree of produce); the Hindu's chatrgupt, the Muhammadan's kiramun katibin (the angels said

to be always recording ones actions); the Hindu's Jamraj, the Muhammadan's Izrael (Israel); the Hindu's baitarni, the Muhammadan's Pul-i-surat; the Hindu's Madhkarkund, the Muhammadan's Houz-i-kausar; the Hindu's Dharmraj, the Muhammadan's Rizwan; the Hindu's Kalb-biriksh; the Muhammadan's Sidr; the Hindu's gan; the Muhammadan's malaika (angels); the Hindu's Barni, the Muhammadan's Sharab-i-tahur; the Hindu's Kailash, the Muhammadan's Arsh; the Hindu's Buva; the Muhammadan's Miraj (the ladder of ascension); the Hindu's Gian; the Muhammadan's Irfan; the Hindu's Dhian; the Muhammadan's Maraqba, are not the only points in which the two religions, Hindu and Muhammadan, agree, but there are several laws as prescribed in Hindu Shashtar and Muhammadan Shara which are common in both religions. For instance, Manu directs—one should make ablutions thrice, then wash his face and touch his nose, ears, eyes, mouth and head with water—similar are the rules prescribed by the Muhammadan law giver. According to the Hindus there are twelve impurities in the body which render ablution necessary, the Muhammadan's have the same view. The system of purification by water or earth is also common in both the communities. Manu prohibits a woman at certain times from touching anything considered sacred. The Muhammadan fiqah, also prohibits her from taking part in sacred duties. Pure water is described by Manu as having no smell or colour; the Muhammadan lawgiver orders the same test. According to both Hindus and Muhammadans, water and fire possess power of purification. For the purpose of ablution rain and river waters are preferred. According to Manu, things touched by swine, dogs, crows and jackals, and by raw flesh eaters, as lions, cats, mouse and mungoose are rendered impure and unfit to be partaken. The Muhammadan lawgiver has ordered similar prohibition in the case of Muhammadans. The Hindu and Muhammadan religions both forbid the flesh of such animals as have not been killed after proper incantations. Among the animals both prohibit the flesh of pigeons, hawks, crows and monkeys, wine is prohibited in both the religions though it is allowed in the case of Kshattriyas among the Hindus.

Like the Muhammadan lawgiver Manu also prohibits the making of pictures and taking of interest on moneys given as loan (Manu Adhyeya III., verses 64 and 65). Hindu religion, like that of Muhammad, enjoins married life. Hindu religion allows polygamy in the same way as does the Muhammadan religion, but restricts the number of wives to four in the case of Brahmins; three in the case of Kshattriyas, two in the case of Vaissas and one in the case of Sudras.

There are numerous points of agreement between the two religions, but the few points given above are I think quite sufficient to indicate that if such resemblances can form a basis for mutual sympathy and friendships, Hindus are in a position to put forward such claim.

A HINDU.

*Hazrat Jang, Lucknow,
March 27th, 1908.*

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EDUCATED INDIANS AND THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

THE Convocation Speech of the Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces naturally directs our attention once again to what is, at the same time, a social and political problem—the problem of the attitude which the educated classes in the country do hold, and the attitude which they should hold, towards the British rulers of the land. We call it at once a social and a political problem, for it is almost a truism to say that social progress and social welfare, on the one hand, presuppose political stability and harmony, as, on the other hand, they promote, reconcile and consolidate the *apparently* conflicting interests of the rulers and the ruled. In our times we have no oracle with its authoritative responses, such as the Greeks of old had, to settle and set at rest the many insoluble questions that perplex us; we seek in vain for sanctuaries, like those at Delphi and Dodona, where we might learn the decrees of Providence, finding utterance through the mouths of inspired priestesses fume-beset on all sides. Alienated as we are from all possibility of direct contact with the Divine powers by our scientific and crudely materialistic attitude, we moderns have to rest content with the help that the “dry light” of reason can afford in discovering a solution to the vital problems that surround and confront us.

The spread of Western education, slowly permeating through the land during the last fifty years and more, has been said to be one of the main causes of the present discontent in India. And this is not quite an incorrect or inaccurate observation. In the first place, an appeal to recent events in Bengal, and for the matter of that all over the land, might amply justify the statement. The *oracles* of Bengal have been the product of crude Western ideas of a type fermenting in minds made ready to imbibe and adopt them.

by an education based on Western books and Western culture. The anarchist organisation has been clearly a direct importation from the West, unknown before in this old-fashioned, conservative, slowly-moving country. The political agitation which is so prominent a feature of late in the country's life, whether it be conducted through legitimate channels as with the large majority of the sober-minded, or through the blind and suicidal methods of unwarranted outrages on innocent lives, is solely the monopoly of the educated classes, led by the idea of claiming a share in the Government of the country, for which they think themselves prepared by the culture and training they have received. The agricultural population, which constitutes the vast majority of the people, may have economic grievances; but these are not sufficiently acute to spur them on to an active campaign of hostility towards the rulers. And after all they are sufficiently alive to the solidarity of interests which binds them to the preservers of the "Pax Britannica" to refrain from taking up any other attitude than one of ready acquiescence in, and obedience to, British Rule.

And this surface appeal to facts might be corroborated by other and deeper considerations. Sir John Hewett rightly alluded to the comparative neglect of the indigenous literature of the country as a source of great moral danger. The result of the system of education that has now been in force for the last fifty years may be said to be the production of a sort of double personality in its recipients. The social environment, the influence of the family and the home, the social and religious traditions in which he is brought up, all co-operate towards the production of a definite type of personality. The influences that form and mould the mind during youth can never be completely eradicated in manhood; but they may be shaken, they may be corroded by hostile tendencies, they may be supplemented and counteracted; and this is practically what Western education is said to have done. It has superimposed a new personality that has no direct and intrinsic connection with the old; it has given the Indian a culture that stands in marked contrast to his already acquired tendencies and modes of thought. The educated Indian is a strange product of Eastern and Western influences, not sufficiently conservative to exploit the resources of his learning and education for the glorification and strengthening of his Eastern

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personality, yet not so radically transformed as to cast off the influence of his early traditions and to create a new atmosphere which he and his co-associates could live in, without dependence on the society in which they are born. And the purely secular character of the education imparted to the student has aggravated the evil of the situation. The few beliefs that he may have imbibed in youth fade from his mind; they are not fed and strengthened in the course of his education. The influence of the purely scientific and liberal education makes itself felt in the course of time; he comes to look upon religious beliefs with a lukewarm attitude of mind. Western education, as it is imparted in the schools and colleges, has ended in producing a class of men in whom outward polish and refinement are accompanied by no inward reverence, who cherish no lofty ideals save those which a study of various unconnected items of knowledge can impart who are sadly lacking in that element of faith which alone can hallow the lowest duties of life and inspire the noblest deeds. Void of all faith as he is, is there anything to be surprised at if he looks upon the State which maintains peace in India in the same utilitarian, cynical mood in which he looks upon all other things?

For him the State is only a human machinery for the performance of useful services; the subjects pay the rulers for such services, and they think they are entitled to dismiss the rulers if they do not perform them well. Altruistic ideals of conduct, that are not ultimately based on religious faith, are suicidal, self-contradictory, easily shaken; and the only ideal in which the educated Indian under the present system can be expected to trust is the ideal of self-interest—it may be that enlightened form of self-interest which we style the culture of self. If the interests of that august self conflict with the interests of those Rulers who, because they are designated as the State, might be supposed to be *selfless*, then clearly he has the moral right to assert the claims of the self that he knows and appreciates so well. Something of this kind happens when he finds that the aspirations of political liberty and the desires of holding appointments in the State, which his education has awakened in him, find no legitimate channel of satisfaction.

But to these considerations there has to be added one more, and that is the character of the literature that he has to study

There can be no doubt that the educated Indian has imbibed exclusively one class of ideas and ideals, the ideas and ideals of the individualist school, which occupy so large a portion of English literature. In ethics and philosophy he is familiar with Mill and Spencer and Bacon and Hume. In politics he is familiar with Hobbes and Locke, and has imbibed the easier paradoxes of Burke while he is impervious to the profounder aspects of his teaching. He believes it as an axiom in politics that the social organism is really a conglomeration of the individuals who make up the unity ; that the State exists only for the security of person and property, and that it is a necessary evil, necessary inasmuch as men could not do without it, evil inasmuch as it artificially represses and restrains the *natural liberties* of man. He looks upon the State as an artificial creation dictated by human needs, imposed on the individual from outside, and having no intrinsic connection with his own individual growth and development. He has taken up the popular cry of English politics about political freedom, without pausing to reflect that frequently political constraints operate to enlarge the capacity of the individual for action and enjoyment. Nurtured under the influence of these predominantly individualistic ideas, the educated Indian naturally feels himself bound by no ties of affection or reverence towards that portion of the social organism in the country which we style the ruling race. And this sense of alienation is liable to become all the more deeply rooted, when he happens to reflect that the State in India is represented by a handful of alien rulers, divided in race, religion and culture from those millions over whom they exercise sway. The rulers are not members of the social organism, in the strictest sense of the word, so he might argue, their interests and their *ratio esseadi* are to be sought elsewhere than in the body politic itself ; and as such an exotic growth they have no claim to the usual nourishing support of co-operation and affection on the part of the governed.

Such are the logical issues to which the educated Indians of the present day are likely to be led under the influence of the training and culture that are given to them with the express sanction and approval of the *de-facto* rulers. Not that this is the *actual* attitude of all educated Indians ; it is, on the other hand, a matter for congratulation that the majority of educated Indians think

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otherwise. Consistency is, after all, the commonest and cheapest of intellectual virtues ; and it is a sign of hope that Indians, brought up under the influence of the individualistic school, are not consistent adherents of that school in life.

To go back on the course of our remarks for a moment, we have seen that a purely secular system of education, based on the study of the sciences and literature and permeated largely by an individualistic trend of thought, has resulted in producing a class of men who at the best are not in active sympathy with the *de-facto* system of government. Historically they may be found to offer a striking parallel to the educated classes who frequented the literary salons under the Ancien Régime in France, who were sceptics and cynics from a religious point of view, and who took up the catchwords of political equality and liberty, and endeavoured so disastrously to bring about the millennium by rash and over-hasty legislation. A system of education based on religious principles and principles of righteousness can alone improve the situation and remedy the evil of estrangement. But if the secular system of education cannot be radically transformed just at present by a government that has declared neutrality to be the watchword of its religious policy, then it is time that the more sober amongst the educated class itself, those who should be the leaders of society in the best sense of the word should come forward to infuse into the minds of their associates and of future generations the elements of a better teaching, which might counteract the pernicious tendencies that have already set in and restore that sympathy between the rulers and the ruled which is the fundamental condition of all social and political progress. The "dry light" of reason is nowhere so difficult to realise and apply as in the study of political questions : no prejudices are so difficult to destroy as those political prepossessions implicitly received by an uncritical understanding from those he is asked to look upon as veritable oracles in politics. If, however, the few observations we are about to offer serve to point out the lines along which healthier political teaching is to be sought, they will have amply answered their purpose.

What, then, should be the attitude of the educated classes of India towards their rulers ? In the first place they have to recognise

that the British rulers of the land bear a more intrinsic connection to the social organism which we briefly call "New India." They are part and parcel of the body politic, they are as much a part of it as the subject races are; they share in its welfare to as great an extent as the subject races do. They are no longer alien rulers, no longer foreigners governing the country from without and divided in their interests from the governed. One has only to analyse the conception of "New India" to recognise the truth of this observation. "New India" is a brief way of summarising all those political, social, economic changes which have been brought about in the country under the ægis of British rule in the last half-century. Economically, the change that has been brought about is a change from "status to contract," a change from the conservative, unprogressive, agricultural organisation to a progressive, industrial régime, with the prospect of all the vast mineral and industrial resources of the land being opened up and developed. And it is a change that could only have been brought about under the British régime. A strongly centralised, bureaucratic Government, bent on maintaining internal security on the one hand, and on freely introducing Western culture and Western science into the land, on the other, could alone have helped on this economic transition. Socially, the change has been from the cramping, lifeless, and life-destroying domination of social corporations and sects to the unhampered proclamation of individual freedom and the rights of individual self-development. That this was the work of Western education so freely fostered by British rule, we need not pause to point out. And it may be that it is an exaggerated phase of this very social transition that confronts us in the shape of the estrangement between the rulers and the ruled. Politically, the change has been from a state of lawlessness and anarchy to one of internal peace and security of life and property. It is this group of tendencies in their operation in the life of the people that we denominate as "New India," and obviously enough the British Rulers of the land have as great a right to call themselves parts and members of "New India" as the Indians themselves. They have made "New India" what it is to-day; it is their pride and their boast, and if loyalty to "New India" is to be the most important item in the ethical code of educated Indians of the present day, it involves

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loyalty likewise to those who have made "New India" possible, to those who strive their best to keep up and perpetuate the work of their predecessors. The *personnel* of the administration may change; indeed, even in an autonomous country the *personnel* cannot remain the same, so long as short-lived mortal men supply this *personnel*. But there is a historic continuity in the administration itself which demands loyalty and willing obedience to itself as the price—it may be an inadequate price—for the immense services it has done to the land and the people.

In fact, those are not truly *Nationalists* and *Swadeshists* who preach a patriotism that would exclude the British Rulers as aliens and refuse to recognise them as members of the Indian nation. They are only erecting a party cry into a false universal; they are preaching sectional interests under the guise of patriotism. The true *Swadeshist* is he who would recognise the accomplished facts of the past fifty years, who would admit that the British rule in India is an essential and vital factor of Indian life, who would frankly accept the British Rulers as members of the Indian social organism, whose interests and welfare are inextricably bound up with the interests and welfare of the country. Any one who fails to recognise this, who treats the interests of the rulers as conflicting with the interests of the ruled, so far impedes the progress of his country, and occupies the position of its worst enemy.

In the next place, such a view might be strengthened by a few general considerations of political philosophy. The individual stands towards the social organism in much the same relation, in a closer relation, in fact, than the hand or foot does to the body. He owes all that he is, he owes all that he has, to the society of which he is a member. The highest development of his individual capacities can be helped on, and is rendered possible, through the social organism to which he belongs. He owes the heaviest of debts to the society in which he is born, the debt of all the rich treasures of intellect and spiritual gifts which he inherits at the time of his birth. Shall he not in turn render a willing obedience and pay reverence to it, and particularly to the ruling portion of the organism who mainly symbolise it? And what is the liberty to which the individual aspires? Certainly not the liberty to do what he pleases. The highest liberty consists in willing obedience to the law of reason; it is

truth alone that can make us free ; the law of the State is the embodiment of this reason, and obedience to this law alone can pave the way for complete liberty. The State is not, then, an artificial product of human invention, to be looked on as a necessary evil ; it is the necessary medium for progress, for the development of the latent possibilities in man ; it is one of the divinely appointed instruments for our ultimate salvation, whose laws we must revere and obey. And this salvation does not depend upon the capricious satisfaction of those lawless instincts which we foolishly call the desire for freedom, but upon absolute self-surrender of our own will to the will of a superior power.

How far can we regard the British rule in India as such a divine instrument ? If we know that this rule in the past has helped on the country to the acquisition of internal peace, that British rule has been the main agent in the production of all those movements which we briefly call "the material and spiritual progress" of the country, and if we feel that the continuation of this progress essentially depends upon the presence of this factor in Indian political life, have we not reason enough to look upon British rule in India as one of those divinely appointed instruments which work out the destinies of nations and help on the advent of the "final consummation" of things ? Two thousand years ago a different empire, similarly founded and growing along similar lines of development, but with a less centralised and a less efficient machinery of Government, endeavoured to perform a similar task—that of welding together the heterogeneous races under its rule and infusing into them the spirit of a common culture. If the Roman Empire, with its system of administration which allowed more scope to the caprices of proconsuls than to the enforcement of laws, with its open advocacy of the rule of the sword, could still be regarded, and not inaccurately regarded, as an instrument divinely appointed to work at the task of unification and to prepare the way for the advent of Christianity, are we not entitled to look from a similar point of view at the British Empire in India, working at the same great task of unification, spreading the spirit of a common culture throughout the land, helping on the material and moral regeneration of a vast continent ? Individual members of the corporation may fail to respond to these ideals ; they are human

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beings, with human frailties and weaknesses. A Commissioner here or a Lieutenant-Governor there may prove a jarring discord in the harmony of the whole. Even the majority of those who constitute the machinery of government may appear to be out of touch with the ideals that have inspired the noble work of Britain in India. But the individuals who belong to the corporation do not exhaust the corporation ; its vitality remains unaffected ; its inspiring and noble ideals cannot be shaken by the desecrating hands of inferior members. The fabric of British rule in India requires to be looked at with a veneration and feelings of reverence that should be paid all the more ungrudgingly, as the people and the land have been accustomed from time immemorial to a theocratic view of government.

It is, then, the absence of a healthier teaching and a misdirected system of education that are mainly responsible for some of the growing evils of Indian political life. It was a profound study of human institutions that led the author of the *Republic* to the observation that the cause of all the ills of mankind is ignorance of their true good and neglect of their noblest natures. The brilliant sketch of the true system of education that Plato drew for his times has lost nothing of its freshness and application in our days. The warnings conveyed in the *Republic* read as if they were warnings against the system of secular education of modern India. All that early implanting of healthy and noble ideas which Plato advocated in the shape of purified myths and musical training is remarkably neglected. And if the ground-work is defective, the superstructure is not less defective. The crowning study of philosophy, which for Plato meant not only the intellectual apprehension, but likewise the realisation in practice, of the highest ideals of life, has nothing analogous to it in our days in India. If there are circumstances which render this latter deficiency unavoidable, then we must be prepared to meet it in other ways. And not the least amongst these remedial measures should rank the study of history. It is time that the study of all history, and of the history of India in particular, should be undertaken in the truly philosophic spirit. Instead of being taught by rote, as an exercise to the memory, it should train the judgment and strengthen the understanding. Instead of being looked upon as a mass of isolated, uncon-

nected facts and happenings, it should train the student to the discovery of those higher laws which bear witness to the presence of God at every stage and at every moment of life. Thus alone can come that true knowledge of history which would enable the student to see things from the right perspective, and to take up an attitude of active sympathy towards the *de facto* rulers. Sympathy is ultimately based on right knowledge; we cannot love a thing whose meaning and place in life we do not understand. Sympathy with the British rule in India is possible only with the correct appreciation of its historical significance and final purpose.

There are, indeed, other factors in the situation than the one we have touched on that may be said to have led to the present estrangement between the rulers and the ruled. Perhaps a more conciliating and sympathetic attitude on the part of the individual members of the bureaucracy—or, to avoid that word, of the administration—in India may do more towards restoring healthy political relations than anything else. Perhaps a little more promptitude on the part of Government to deal severely with the idiosyncracies of erratic officials here and there, and to redress the wrongs resulting from its slow-moving judicial machinery, a little more earnestness and willingness to enter into close and intimate social relations with the subject races, might improve the situation and make men forget the storm in the brightness of the sunshine. But the true basis of active sympathy between the rulers and the ruled, who constitute the two organically connected members of "New India," can be found only in a healthy system of education resting on the inculcation of religious reverence in youth and culminating in studies that strengthen that reverence by the bonds of reason.

Bombay.

PESTONJI ARDESIR WADIA.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

THE matter with which I shall attempt to deal in the following pages is one of the highest moment, urgency and importance. During many past years I have given much thought and study to it; but I am conscious that within the compass at my disposal, I cannot hope to come near satisfying myself, for I must eliminate many facts and arguments which would strengthen the position taken up.

I would preface the remarks I have to make on the relations between England and Germany with a few general observations. It is emphatically untrue to accuse those among us who foresee that unless existing tendencies—tendencies dating from the Franco-German war—indeed, their genesis was earlier than that epoch-making event—are diverted or arrested, a conflict between Germany and England is inevitable, of being consumed by an insensate hate of Germany, of “jingoism,” “militarism” and so forth. Such accusations are entirely baseless, entirely wide of the mark.*

* It is commonly said by those among us who detest to be troubled with serious matters, and wish to cry “Peace, Peace,” when there is no peace, that a sure way to bring about disaster is to prophesy it. Others assert that the situation has been created, or in any case aggravated, by those persons who insist upon talking and writing about it. I entirely agree that it is a lamentable thing that England is governed as she is—the German system, so far in any case, as foreign policy goes, is infinitely better. It is most regrettable that England is not governed by a council of really able men of world-wide knowledge and experience, drawn from the entire Empire, tried patriots who should possess the power to make England strong and to insure her against attack, without being under the necessity of talking about it. But this is merely a pious wish; a dream. It does not touch solid ground. We are so governed that it is impossible to get anything accomplished until it has been prefaced by floods of talk. The more the pity, but we must recognise facts as they are. Our party system is ruining the Empire. The reason that it is essential that those who foresee the disaster ahead of us should open their lips is, that for many years the campaign against us in Germany, in the press and lecture room, and the active preparations, military and naval, passed unheeded and indeed almost unknown in this country. Even now it seems impossible to bring home to our rulers and the great mass of the people, the real state of affairs. The eleventh hour is almost upon us; and it is quite improper in the face of the seriousness of the situation, and the ceaseless preparation and incitements going on on the other side of the North Sea, to maintain the attitude of silence. *Post factum nullum consilium.*

Let it be said at once that I yield to none in my sincere admiration of the many sterling qualities of the German people. In numerous important regards, they set us an example we would do well to emulate. Their educational system is far and away in advance of ours; their commercial systems and methods of trading leave ours far behind. In general efficiency and thoroughness a comparison between the two peoples puts our nation to an open shame. Under their social and domestic institutions the men retain their masculinity, the women their true womanhood. Germans are patriotic enough to submit to a rigorous system of military training. The average Englishman will not so much as listen to schemes under which, tentative and inadequate though they be, our manhood would at least gain some knowledge of the elements of self and national defence; even so mild a system as that obtaining in Switzerland being scouted as un-English, and so dismissed from serious consideration.

Again, no one blames Germany for wishing to found Colonies, or to provide herself with a fleet worthy of her position as the greatest European power. No sane Englishman has any quarrel with German patriotism. The German Emperor's magnificent devotion to his country, His Majesty's tireless activity in its service, coupled with his extraordinary versatility go far to justify his own belief, and that of a vast number of his subjects, in his divine prerogatives and mission. For myself, I ought to say that for many long years I was a persistent and consistent advocate of an Anglo-German alliance. No one deplores more than I do the pusillanimity, procrastination and equivocation of our Foreign Office in dealing with Germany's earliest and tentative endeavours to found Colonies. It was clearly Lord Granville's duty to point out to Prince Bismarck that, having regard to the future potentialities of our South African Colonies, we would not tolerate the intrusion of Germany into territory long before ear-marked by Cape Colony and in which, as an actual possession, the principal port, Walfish Bay, was already coloured red on the map. But Lord Granville had not the frankness to say this; nor had he the grace, tact, or magnanimity to help Germany in the realisation of her newborn Colonial aspirations in directions where he could have properly done so.

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Assuredly, Germans have some reason to feel aggrieved at the churlish manner, officially that is to say, we met their entrance into the arena of Colonial powers. It is only fair to make this admission, and I make it because the insufferable indifferentism and almost insulting trifling of Lord Granville—a weak minister with a wholly deceptive appearance of strength—was at the root, it is in fact the germ, of that anti-English feeling, now so general throughout Germany. It explains this animus, or rather goes far to explain how it began, and thereby helps to make clearer, what to so many Englishmen seems inexplicable—the extraordinary prevalence, not only of an anti-British feeling throughout the German Empire, but of a distinct desire and growing intention on the part of exceedingly powerful sections of the nation, to prepare Germany for a conflict to the finish with us, which shall result, so it is hoped and believed, in the break-up of the British Empire, and in the conquest and humiliation of the British Isles.

It was not until I became absolutely convinced, by signs and proofs of irresistible force and cogency, that such was Germany's aim, the aim, that is to say, of that section of Germany's people that counts—the Prussian war party and the leaders of thought throughout the Empire; not until the disdainful rejection of all suggestions at a common policy in world politics on the part of Germany's writers and speakers, had opened my eyes to the true facts of the case—the settled intention of Teutonic policy to put itself athwart our path—that I abandoned the advocacy of an understanding or alliance with Germany, and devoted myself, with several others, to the task of endeavouring to open the eyes of my countrymen to the dangers almost immediately confronting them.

Now, what are the symptoms and proofs of this intention on the part of our so-called cousins?*

(1) The writings and teachings of a large number of German professors and publicists with Heinrich von Treitschke at their head,

* As a matter of fact the kinship between the two nations is not nearly so close as it is generally assumed to be. It is now widely accepted that the ancient British (Celtic) stock inhabiting this country before the incursions of Germanic and Scandinavian hordes—a stock, by the way, largely infiltrated with Latin blood during the Roman occupation—constitutes the basis of the English race to-day, rather than the Anglo-Saxon invaders. Moreover, it is certain the Norman conquest led to a very much more distinct tincturing of the existing population of England, than the mere numbers of the invaders would indicate.

in which Great Britain is represented as the enemy: the great obstacle to German progress and expansion and to the realisation of Germany's legitimate ambitions, the constant insistence upon these and cognate ideas in the journals and from the platforms and rostrums of the country.

(2) The declaration of the German Emperor that "the trident must be in the German fist," and the enthusiastic support this idea has received throughout the Empire. The Flottenverein (Navy League of Germany) numbers over a million members.

(3) The extraordinary efforts put forth to bring the German fleet abreast, in strength, numbers, and efficiency of our own. The rapid, almost feverish haste with which the building of this fleet is being pushed forward, every few years seeing fresh programmes of expansion sanctioned. The impossibility of accepting the explanation that this fleet is required for the protection of German shipping, commerce and seaboard, since on a liberal calculation, it is already more than sufficient for these purposes. No responsible person in Germany can possibly imagine that either France or England would attack Germany. The conclusion forced upon one as to the use this fleet is to be put to is, therefore, not to be evaded.

(4) The building of two miles of quays and harbourage at Emden, one of the nearest and most practicable pushing-off ports for an invasion of these islands. The explanation that these works are merely to serve commercial objects cannot be accepted, because upwards of 200,000 highly trained troops, with more in easy call, are mobilised in the immediate Hinterland. The military business of ceaselessly, day and night, rehearsing the embarking and disembarking of men, horses and munitions of war has an obvious significance.

(5) The minute mapping out of England and her colonies and the indisputable fact that Germany has at her disposal a large and increasing body of fully-trained Germans, resident in this country and our colonies, who possess an intimate knowledge of every square yard of the British Isles, and of all the points of strategical importance throughout the Empire. It is practically certain that in any movement of need or emergency, Germany could put her hands on a considerable number of men, in each district, possessing this local knowledge.

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These are the main facts, but of course they are supported by a number of accessory and minor ones. It is customary to put down the Emperor's historic telegram to President Krüger, and other significant utterances on his Imperial Majesty's part, to the irresponsible workings of an impulsive and, indeed, neurotic temperament. Be that as it may. The Kaiser, powerful though he be, owes the permanence in his power to associating himself with the dominant minds of his country—the Prussian war party and the more energetic and pushful spirits among his people. In the Prussian war party and in the aforesaid elements the belief resides that it is Germany's destiny to become the ruler and final arbiter of Europe. The main obstacle to the realisation of this destiny is held and believed to be England. It is essential, then, that this obstacle shall be removed, as speedily as circumstances will allow.

It will be profitable now to examine more nearly and in greater detail what Germany expects to gain by the humiliation, subjection and elimination of England. It may be said at once that apart from the more material and practical gains, the German people have in view certain objects of a sentimental kind, which objects have a far more persuasive effect on the Teutonic mind than many persons suppose.

With all their excellent qualities (they are many and obvious), Germans, as a nation, cannot be absolved from the sin of envy. It was this fault—a variant of it in any case—particularism—that kept the German States apart so long, and seemed, until the will of the Iron-Chancellor subordinated it to his ends, to be likely to keep the Germanic States detached and at variance among themselves indefinitely. Even now, so far as internal matters are concerned, it is not dead; though while Prussia preserves the ascendancy, it has small chance of asserting itself actively. It finds its vent externally, in an extreme intolerance of any power which may seem to dwarf, in the eyes of the world, Germany's self-esteem. Since the subjugation of France, and the reduction of that nation to a condition of vassalage, or something too nearly like it, the self-esteem of Germany has grown by leaps and bounds. This self-esteem and envy of other nations, especially of England, has shewn itself in numerous ways during recent years. The gratuitous, and in a measure successful, interference with the arrangement come to by England, France and

Spain—the three powers concerned—in regard to Morocco, may be cited as a conspicuous example. Now, apart from the material gains, some problematical, others certain, (with these we shall deal later) it would be exceedingly agreeable to German *amour propre* to see England robbed of her pre-eminence as the premier world-power; while it would be particularly gratifying to German spleen if Germany, acutely envious as she is of the British Empire's commanding position, could be instrumental in bringing about that end. Of course, it is not suggested that Germany would embark on an enterprise of this magnitude and daring, exacting so much from her, for purely sentimental reasons. But the sentimental reason is the one that counts with the multitude. The Germans are before everything sentimentalists; this is the dole nature exacts as compensation in giving them natures so calculating and level-headed. It will be easy to show that this interdependence of two, on the surface, divergent and antagonistic characteristics in the complex mental and moral equipment of the average German, added to their opportunities and general acceptance of the creed that the end justifies the means renders the mass of the people convinced of the sound policy and entire reasonableness of directing their efforts to the task of removing the British Empire from the path of their advance. Treitschke and his school, long ascendant in the Fatherland, have taken care to bedeck what is really an ugly monster, the demon of greed, rapacity and envy, in a garb wherein it presents quite an attractive exterior. Great Britain has been the great thief, the great marauder; the relentless, selfish oppressor of innocent and defenceless peoples. It is convenient to forget that on the whole, rather than having exploited the nations we have conquered, we have been exploited by them. It is convenient to forget that our national debt, unlike that of Germany—that country's State debt being almost wholly represented by public works bringing a steady revenue to the imperial exchequer—was mainly incurred, not merely to preserve ourselves from such devouring ogres as Lewis XIV. and Napoleon, but to free Europe from their thralldom. Incidentally, and it may be allowed more by luck than conscious design, our colonies, or the greater part of them, came to us as rewards; but this fact does not affect that other one, that we made the union of Germany possible when we freed Europe from Napo-

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leon. To-day the creed inculcated in Germany is that England, having obtained her Empire by unholy means, fortuitously fortified by extraordinary good fortune, has no moral right to it. Further, that, seeing she gained it by the sword and by stealth, and that she no longer boasts the strength of arm or cunning of brain to hold it against a determined attack, it is perfectly legitimate for a power—Germany to wit—self-assumed of its physical and intellectual superiority, to wrest that Empire from her. It is beside the mark to enquire as to how far the German plotters imagine they could and would secure the reversionary interest in the dismembered British Empire. Able pens have laboured to show that neither in Canada, the West Indies, South America, Australasia, India or South Africa, could Germany hope to step in, were our tenancy terminated. Assuredly, the Monroe doctrine, and the spirit of the American people, would make any such design impossible of realisation in America—North or South; while I am personally convinced that the Canadians, unaided, could and would make any such attempt, so far as the Dominion is concerned, abortive. It is also obvious that Australasia, however she might fail in self-defence, would not be permitted by Japan or China to fall into the German lap. As to India, the case is more problematical, because it is impossible to say what kind of reception German invaders would meet with locally. I am persuaded that the Native Princes would rally to our standard to a man, and whether or not Russia has really relinquished her designs on India, or is merely disguising them seasonably, it is in any case certain that Russia would not tamely acquiesce in the substitution of any other than her own for British rule in India. Obviously, Russia would be in a position to make her wishes on this point respected. Unquestionably, the presence in Damaraland of a large armed force—and the new Realm of South Africa, if it be established, would do well to remember this fact in connection with the intention with which the dominant factors are credited, of making this new Realm entirely self-defensive—would give Germany an advantage in trying to translate into fact her long-cherished ambition to supplant us in the sub-continent. But it would mean war to the death, for of this I am certain, that the Dutch, whether of the Cape, Natal or the erstwhile Republics, would never kill Charles to make

James king. The love of individual freedom, each family (its head that is to say), a law unto itself, is the dominant note of Boer character. The Boers are not such fools as to wish to substitute the hard and fast bureaucratic red-tape German system, with its grandmotherly, old-maidish interferences with personal liberty, for the free-and-easy, go-as-you-please methods of British administration. Without question the intrusion of German legions into British South Africa would result in an *entente-cordiale* between British and Dutch and would unite them in solid phalanx against the invaders. The natives being the letter *x*, it is of course possible Germany might subdue South Africa; but she would never hold it permanently.

A shrewd appreciation of some of these facts and considerations marks a German pamphlet just published at Berlin and brought under my notice since I penned the above lines. This effusion is entitled: "After the Storm: Reflexions on the Decline of the British Empire." Therein it is set forth that the German High Sea Fleet, having utterly vanquished the British Navy, Australasia and Hongkong fall to Japan; India revolts and is annexed by Russia; Canada is incorporated by the United States. Ireland becomes an independent republic, as does South Africa. England, Scotland and Wales in the year 1911 constitute the British Empire. Africa, other than the sub-continent, is divided between the three powers forming the Triple Alliance. France is ruled out everywhere and shorn of all her possessions. Here is a splendid revenge for the *entente cordiale*. But the author of this agreeable little forecast really shows a very acute mind. It is amusing to note how he ascribes Germany's moderation in not taking more of the broken fragments of the British Empire, and contenting herself with the nascent and undeveloped colonies such as Uganda, to a self-denying ordinance; to magnanimity forsooth; whereas this shrewd prophet has very well thought out the probabilities of the case, and has constructed his drama skilfully. In point of fact it is highly problematical whether Germany could take more. But even at that, the gain from the German point of view would be immense and worth any sacrifice to obtain. English pride would be hopelessly humbled the spectacle of her grandeur—her ports and coaling stations, her flag

on which the sun never sets—would be obliterated ; and no longer all the world over would a standing eye-sore offend the vision of of the covetous Teuton.

So much for the more sentimental view of the matter. But in such a case as that foreshadowed by this anonymous scribe, surely, many of the ports and coaling stations would fall to Germany and the Spredaeagle would float over Aden and over Gibraltar and Malta, giving Germany the position in the Mediterranean she has worked herself into the habit of coveting. *

In any case it may be taken as a corollary of the destruction of the British Fleet, or its being placed *hors de combat*, or so successfully out-maneuvred as to make a German invasion of England and its subjugation an accomplished fact, that the colonies, or rather, let me say, those great states in North America and Africa, which, once colonies, are now affiliated nations, would fall away from the parent land. This, not from a craven or pusillanimous motive, but because of the inevitableness of the situation created. Now, apart from the aforesaid sentimental gratification, there is a real and substantial reason why the Fatherland would view this consummation with entire satisfaction. Germany knows that, other things being equal, should no great disruptive shock, that is to say, shatter the British Empire, it is only a question of time when Mr. Chamberlain's great and statesmanlike policy, under which the British Empire would be welded into a homogeneous whole, first for trade purposes, then as a natural sequence for defence, and finally for legislative purposes, would become a reality. That anything approaching a British Zollverein would be extremely hurtful to Germany's trade, no one need doubt; while the wealth to the whole Empire following thereon would be so great that the creation of an imperial fleet too powerful for any power or powers to challenge, would follow easily and naturally. Germany has, therefore, a solid reason for wishing the British Empire to fall to pieces as quickly as possible. This, then, is the practical aim of her policy in contradistinction to the sentimental aim.

* As indirectly bearing on this part of my subject, it may be mentioned that during the last 20 years or so the Germans have gradually replaced the English as sojourners in the French and Italian Riviera, and have great and increasing private interests all along the littoral. They are becoming the unofficial garrison of the coast.

Nor would the gains resulting from our fall stop there. It would be sufficiently satisfying to Teutonic aspirations to accomplish all that is set forth above ; but it by no means exhausts the list of German gains, nor have we, so far, so much as touched upon what, after all, is the principal and paramount aim Germany has in view, in her subtle preparations to destroy British power and prestige. Unquestionably, Germany aspires to become the mistress of Europe, that is the ultimate of her *Welt-politik*. She wishes to be the doyen of the states of Europe ; in other words, to have Europe at her feet.

The treaties which guarantee the independence of, or in any case neutrality of, such small states as Holland, Belgium, Denmark and Switzerland, were signed by the great powers of Europe. Two of these, Austria-Hungary and Germany, have recently shewn the world what store they set upon international treaties. But apart from this, can it be questioned for a moment that were England eliminated, the chief sanction and guarantee for the sacredness of these arrangements, the one solid basis on which they rest, would be removed ? I think not—I am sure not. France could offer no effectual resistance, neither could Russia. Austria-Hungary could be easily bought off and silenced for the present. It does not seem likely that Italy could or would intervene ; for the internal conditions under which the Italian Kingdom lives and moves and has its being are such—a Socialist and Radical combination could wreck the monarchy and split up the Kingdom on occasion—that in the circumstances foreshadowed Italy—though other things being equal the potentialities of her future are great—could hardly protest, much less offer active opposition. So the end would be that either in actual fact, Holland, Denmark and Switzerland would be absorbed by Germany, or in any case their individual action would certainly become a thing of the past. Either in name or in fact they would be reduced to a condition of vassalage to Berlin.

This much being accomplished, and Austria-Hungary being what it is, a loose grouping of states and nationalities, the aims of the Pan-German party in Germany and Austria would not wait long for fulfilment, with the result that German influence and power would extend from the Adriatic to the Baltic, from the Mediterranean to the North Sea.

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As touching the elimination of the smaller states, it may be said in passing that Great Britain, who has done so much for them, would in the case of three of them in any event be wasting sympathy in deploring their fate. This is particularly true of Holland and Switzerland. The Boer war brought to a head the anti-British feeling in these states and revealed the animus of these countries towards us. So far as the Netherlands are concerned, there may be some justification for the feeling : history supplies it. The case of Switzerland is different. Her prosperity had its genesis in the appreciation Englishmen were the first to show of the natural beauties of that favoured corner of Europe. This beauty, which is in no sense the exclusive possession of the people inhabiting the land, the Swiss for sordid reasons, during the past generation or so, have done their best to destroy ; it has been, in fact, exploited for all and more than it is worth. The Swiss, apart from a certain exclusive class (there are of course some exceptions outside that class), are not unjustly described as a band of legalised robbers, pursuing their selfish aims (the enrichment of themselves,) with characteristic directness and narrowness of purpose ; each canton a self-centred little state, ready to fly at the throats of every other canton. Switzerland, a buffer state, created by Europe for its convenience, is in no true sense a nation at all, and strictly speaking, the Frenchmen, Germans and Italians whose homes abut on France, Germany and Italy, ought to be absorbed by the States to which they are respectively contiguous. Despite all Switzerland owes to England, politically, and to Englishmen personally, during the Boer war, save in the case of those Englishmen whose wealth made the outward manifestation of hostility impolitic, an Englishman's life in Switzerland, especially in those cantons upon which Britons had conferred the greatest benefits, was made a misery to him. Assuredly in the case of Holland and Switzerland, England could have no sentimental objections to their absorption by Germany.

Now, apart from the remoter reasons urging Germany to attack England, I am persuaded that the more immediate and direct one is the desire to remove Great Britain altogether from the arena of European affairs, seeing that our country is the chief obstacle to the achievement of German designs of aggrandisement. There is a peculiar irony about the situation. The Little Englishers, whose heart

is aglow with joy when British loyalists in South Africa, Ireland and elsewhere are subjected to humiliation and loss, would doubtless resent the suggestion as the basest form of cynical selfishness, that we should give Germany a free hand in Europe, intimating that so far as we were concerned she might do as she chose with the smaller States. Nevertheless, seeing that we will not put ourselves in a position of invulnerability, and by our growing weakness positively invite German attack, there might be some worldly wisdom—base it would be, I allow—in disavowing any obligation to protect the interests and independence of these smaller States, in that, while willing and eager to profit by us, politically and privately, they invariably repay us, in the hour of our distress and adversity, with insult, contumely and outrage. Naturally, no right-thinking person would have any sympathy with a policy so pusillanimous and un-Christian-like, but I submit, whatever Little Englanders may think, that our frequent desertions of our own loyal and patriotic subjects is grosser still. I am aware, too, of course, that this matter has wider issues, especially so far as Holland is concerned. And indeed, in regard to Switzerland, an effective buffer between Germany and Italy, or in other words the Mediterranean, England's interest in the independence of that State is not, I freely allow, solely a platonic one. The mention of Italy reminds me that the men who are shaping the destinies of Germany are as little pleased to witness the substantial growth of Italy, in a military, manufacturing and commercial sense, as they are, at the unexpected turn events have taken in Turkey, a change which looks very much like the rejuvenescence of the Ottoman Empire. The recovery of a patient, supposed to be *in extremis*, is frequently displeasing to his expectant heirs. As to Italy, that country is probably the only really disinterested friend, if we except Scandinavia, the British Empire has the world over; and Italy may become a power to reckon with; in any case, I am persuaded that her army could and would give a most excellent account of itself.

Nevertheless, I think any student of world politics must allow that in the event of any power, and especially in the event of Germany, making an attack upon England, however unprovoked however much the sympathies of certain powers might be with us, and however, much in their own interests certain powers, and indeed every power, might deplore seeing England supplanted by

Germany, it is useless to expect any aid from any source whatsoever, with the possible exception of France, and personally I do not at all count on any such help being vouchsafed from that direction.

Of all this Germany is acutely conscious and she is shaping her policy on the assumption of our isolation.

We may now consider on what grounds we must assume that Germany would be successful in her challenge.

I do not propose here to enter into a laboured analysis of the respective strength, to-day, of the fleets of Germany and England. I have before me a fine assortment of statistical statements, all professing to be authoritative but gloriously contradictory for all that, on the respective strength of the two navies. However, on paper, we can, of course, still make out a very considerable advantage. The fact remains that Germany's "High Sea Fleet" at the present moment is a most formidable weapon of offence, being in a splendid state of efficiency, while in certain respects it is not to be denied that the German fleet is ahead of our own. Moreover, Germany is laying down more and more ships every year, and her naval programmes are expanding in a truly remarkable and significant manner. Meanwhile, Great Britain is making more and more economies in her naval expenditure and in the opinion of all, or nearly all, naval experts and authorities—outside the region of interested persons—is seriously jeopardising, not only the two-power standard, that would appear to have gone by the board already, but also, it must be said, her position of invulnerability as touching Germany alone. This may not be the case at the present moment; but it is not too much to say, while guarding one's words, that our fleet is rapidly tending that way. I for one am absolutely convinced that unless a radical change takes place in the policy of our Government, unless they divert their energies from the work of ruining native industries, driving the trade of the country away, and destroying the nation's credit, to the more patriotic work of national defence, unless a heavy loan, (probably £100,000,000 is not more than is needed is demanded immediately for naval purposes, England's boast that she is the mistress of the seas, will become an idle one.

Apart even from this consideration, let us suppose for the

sake of argument that England has to-day, and will continue to have in the future, assured and actual superiority at sea. Does this in itself, in these days of rapid movement by sea and land, presuppose an immunity from successful attack? The English channel, the North Sea even, are not the bulwarks of defence they were, even ten years ago, though we go on regarding them as of the same defensive importance they were in Napoleon's days. We know, in any case, that in order to make our strength in home waters look reasonably secure on paper, we have withdrawn our ships from those seas where we formerly thought it essential to have a naval predominance, and that all or nearly all the outlying portions of the Empire are practically defenceless. At the eleventh hour, Australasia, in any case, has become alive to the fact that although it may be sound strategical policy, as the Admiralty maintains it to be, to concentrate our strength in the region from which attack will come (and it is a significant fact that it is tacitly assumed that this attack is to be expected from Germany and Germany alone), the possibility of predatory attacks and even attacks from allied powers—for it is rash to assume as a certainty that Germany will be without support when the moment for her onslaught upon our Empire arrives—upon the outlying portions of His Majesty's dominions must be reckoned with, and as far as may be, anticipated. Obviously, as things now are, the peril, under which our great dependencies labour, is great. But let that pass.

At home a combination of fortuitous circumstances—our ships being demanded imperatively in other waters, a series of accidents to them or what not—might give our ever-watchful rival and potential enemy the right to risk a sudden surprise. I will grant that it is not likely or even possible that Germany will take any risks. It is her habit, witness the Franco-German war, so carefully to prepare every detail of her plan of campaign beforehand, with so much exactness and precision, that when the moment for action arrives, nothing short of a miracle could rob her of the victim she has marked out as hers. The history of her wars, throughout the best part of two centuries, makes this clear enough. But with an enemy so watchful, alert and subtle, we are by no means justified in assuming that the moment, unexpected by us, might not suddenly arrive, giving her the advantages momentarily waited for, with the result that, our

fleet being out-manœuvred and out-matched, a landing in force could be effected on our shores.

In the face of such a disaster, what resistance could we offer ? We have an army of less than 300,000 men all told, for the rest of our manhood is nothing better, from a military point of view, than an "unarmed rabble."

It is the opinion of all, practically all, military men, and especially men of high attainments, that in this event no effective opposition would be possible. This fact is, indeed, recognised by all classes of earnest and detached thinkers throughout the Empire. Still, we seem to be no nearer the remedy. We are making no efforts to bring our manhood up to that standard, as fighting men, which is now attained by all the great nations of Europe. Our greatest soldier has taken up this parable and preached it up and down the country ; but his words of warning and advice fall on deaf ears and are likely to. The advocates of national service are rudely dismissed as alarmists and militarists, when it is obvious that they are really more ardently in love with peace than the most pronounced pacifist. Our riches, our colonies, our coaling stations all excite cupidity and envy and invite attack. That the only way to avert war is to be prepared for it is, of course, a trite aphorism ; but as it is often necessary to repeat to a child any lesson it may be essential for it to learn, some hundreds, nay thousands of times before it will learn it, so it would seem to be necessary to repeat these and similar platitudes indefinitely in the hope that at last the nation will grasp their significance. No one who knows human nature, and especially is this true of German human nature, supposes for a moment that anything but our defencelessness would invite attack. If the prophecies of the "alarmists," "terrorists," and "panicmongers" should unhappily come true, which may Heaven avert, it will simply be because our countrymen refused to learn the obvious lessons of history or to regard human nature as it is, and not as countless centuries hence, we hope it may become ; it will be simply because we preferred to follow the lead of such fatuous persons as Lloyd-George and his school rather than men of knowledge and experience such as Earl Roberts—in brief, it will be because we would not learn by heart a few tiresome oft-repeated lessons. They are teaching these elementary truisms to eager learners in Germany. Even the school children are taught

the A. B. C. of patriotism, and along with it the pernicious doctrine that England is the enemy, and the bier-hallen and bier-gärten of the Fatherland take up the legends inculcated in the nursery. Pfennigs and marks flow into the coffers of the Flottenverein, while here in England fierce opposition is shown to the proposal to make official the unfurling of the Union Jack over the school-houses of the United Kingdom on Empire Day! And the most conspicuous instance of any awakened interest in our first line of defence forthcoming in recent years, has been the curiosity to learn the details of an unfortunate personal quarrel between two distinguished admirals!

To so low an ebb has our patriotism fallen that it is a common thing for our countrymen to justify the designs of Germany against us on the grounds that as we won Canada, India and South Africa by the sword, we ourselves are only robbers of yesterday, and have no right to criticise the designs of those who wish to become the robbers of to-morrow! Could pusillanimity go further? Another school, who seek to darken judgment, contend that all our fears of a land invasion are superfluous, since although the Kaiser can do what he likes with the navy, neither he nor his Government has the power to move a German soldier across the seas! Naturally a stroke of the Imperial pen or in any case a hastily passed enactment would quickly dispose of this technical quibble. The Kaiser and his ministers and generals are not sticklers for constitutional etiquette; it is notorious, for instance, that although the constitution enacts that frequent recourse should be had to the Bundesrat, a supreme council representative of the different states of the Empire, the most delicate problems of foreign policy are settled off-hand by the real rulers of Germany, without calling together or consulting that august body.

Yet another set of sentimentalists echo the disingenuous German cry that England has succeeded in isolating Germany! King Edward, to whom many well-meaning persons look to achieve the impossible—in other words, to save the nation from the consequences of the people's and the Government's folly and ineptitude—has, nevertheless, done great things for us in Europe, since his diplomacy has practically assured us from the risk of a coalition against us. But because His Majesty has endeavoured, and with much success, to attach to England powers by no means friendly towards us, Germany is

entitled to sympathy on account of her supposed isolation. The enemy being England, Germany finds many English sympathisers, because nations who might have become her allies in her schemes of aggression against us, are converted into friends of England, or in other words, detached from Germany.

The foregoing are a few examples—they might be extended indefinitely—of the kind of futile talk and writing on the part of the apologists of Germany and the detractors of England to which, unhappily, we are become accustomed. Even Prince von Bülow, whose attempt to destroy the positions taken up by an informed and unimpassioned review writer, whose facts and arguments were, with a few minor exceptions, unassailable, was singularly ineffective, as of course it was bound to be and meant to be, would scarcely advance such miserable pleas were he speaking on behalf of his own country.

I have essayed on many occasions during the past years to show that these extraordinary evidences of impaired moral development, this remarkable disease which destroys the natural instinct of patriotism in vast sections of our people, must be attributed to the decay of stamina consequent upon the selfish materialism of the age, with its frank disavowal of revealed religion. For, from the national and patriotic point of view, from the point of view of sound citizenship, there is not a pin to choose between the noisy crew of pleasure-seekers whose creed is "let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die," and the intellectual fops to whom strange doctrines and un-English sentiments are as dear as fine clothes and sweet-smelling dishes to those others. The terrible part of it is that the very men and women who refuse to listen to the voices of persons of wide experience and knowledge, persons who have a grip of the politics of the world, whose sole object is to save their country and countrymen from terrible disasters, are the very persons least able to bear the miseries, privations, and humiliations which the actual occurrence of these calamities would entail on the whole nation.

It would seem that Englishmen who, as a nation, rarely read history, and who, even among the well-educated classes, know little even of the history of their own country, have forgotten all about the "Great Terror" of upwards of a century ago, and how patrioti-

cally the menace of Bonaparte was met. Then practically every man, able to bear arms, rallied to the standard; in any case there were upwards of a million men under training. The fact of the matter is, we have been so long dominant, that the very idea of being conquered seems to the uninformed and baffle-headed Briton, an inconceivable proposition. He received a severe shock at Colenso; but he expected our rulers and soldiers to muddle through somehow, and muddle through they did. He still holds to the absurd fiction that "as a fighter, one Englishman is worth three foreigners any day." He refuses to read the signs of the times, continues to believe what he wants to believe, what it is convenient to him to believe, while he is pleased to regard anyone who suggests the mere possibility of his country being defeated as little better than a mischievous traitor.

As to the Germans, the man-in-the-street does not like them. He takes his idea of the whole Teutonic race from the German bands, German waiters, German clerks and German Jews, whether traders in old clothes or ornaments of high finance, who infest London. To his mind Germans are mostly a poor sort of a folk, ill-fed, ill-mannered, dirty and contemptible. He cannot understand why we should fear such people.

But "what does he know of England, who only England knows?" The comparisons the stay-at-home Briton draws to the detriment of the German are mostly absolutely erroneous. That, thanks to their enlightened system of education, military training and their wise fiscal relations with the outside world, Germany grows richer and richer daily; that, despite the deliberate falsifications commonly put forward, there is less poverty and unemployment in Germany than in any State of the world; that its population, already one-third larger than that of the United Kingdom, is growing at rather more than double the rate of our population, he may have read in his journals; but for all the impression anything he reads on this or any other serious topic, makes, he might as well have never heard of any of these things. So that when our hour comes, I am convinced, despite all that has been written and said, the man-in-the-street will be as much taken by surprise as, if we are to believe their words, the men in the Cabinet will be. But it will assuredly come one day, and that day is not far removed from us,

unless a complete change comes, and comes quickly, over our people and their rulers.

I make no secret of my conviction that, should it come, the result will be a foregone conclusion. Germany will not be betrayed into attacking us a moment before she is ready at all points, and everything has been prepared with the certainty of clock-work. We shall have no sort of chance, except the chance of accidents amounting to the miraculous, or some such merciful intervention of Providence as saved us from the Spanish Armada. One is tempted to ask oneself, having regard to the marked deterioration of our people, its wilful blindness and indifferentism, why Providence should intervene on our behalf.

This, of course, will be called the language of the enemy of his people. Everyone who attempts to bring the nation to its senses must expect to be so stigmatised. We are alarmists, traitors even, jaundiced pessimists, disappointed varlets and so forth. We are pursuing some ignoble personal aim and what not. If a man who has devoted himself from his boyhood to the study of world politics, if a writer whose business it is to write and proclaim the truth, if one who may, at least, appeal to his record to maintain his claim to be an ardent lover of his country, yielding to none in his pride in its past history and achievements,—if such a one may not open his lips to utter words of solemn warning without having his good faith impugned, who then may speak? For myself, I say openly that my belief in Germany's designs against my beloved country amounts to absolute conviction; while the apathy of my countrymen in the face of this almost open menace is a real, poignant grief and anxiety never absent from me.

I have lived for five years in various parts of the Continent of Europe and everywhere I find among all classes that it is assumed as a foregone conclusion that England and Germany will presently be at war. What we cannot see in our island home, our foreign critics, friends and foes, see clearly enough.

There was a leader, a few years ago, who had grasped the necessity of so consolidating the Empire that all its parts should be interdependent, its disjointed strength co-ordinated and subordinated to the one end of common advantages and defence. Had his strength been conserved to him, I am persuaded he would have

forced upon his countrymen the acceptance of his far-seeing scheme. But even the first link in the chain of his policy he was never so much as fated to forge, for he was stricken down, while the metal was yet hot beneath his hand. In the hour of our greatest need, the necessary man, the indispensable man was removed, and no one has taken his place. The fact suggests pregnant reflections ; but I refrain from pursuing the matter further.

There are some among us who believe that Germany's designs even go the length of aspiring to incorporate the British Isles in the German system ; some who see in the Kaiser a second conqueror of his name. The ambition of Germany is boundless, and Prussia has never allowed any nice scruples to stand between her and the prosecution of any aggressive design, however lacking in moral sanction, she may have conceived herself able to put into execution. It may be that even this last and final humiliation is in store for us ; but of one thing I am certain, one sees the process in operation all the world over, that whatever Germany's success in conquering these islands, or in annexing the colonies that have sprung from them, she is sadly misjudging, if she imagines that the process of absorption will be in a direction which will give predominance to the German language and German institutions. Sooner or later, the Germans sent to supplant and obliterate the English will be themselves absorbed and obliterated.

The language will alone insure that result ; for no one supposes, at this epoch of the world's history, that the archaic and cumbersome dialect of the Fatherland could possibly hold its own in active competition with the nimble and elastic tongue which is rapidly becoming the vehicle of communication, linguistic and literary, for the whole world. *Aliquis malo sit usus ab illo.*

Therein would German wickedness in planning the destruction of an over-confident and unsuspecting people, who had done Germany no injury and wished her no ill, whose only sin lay in the possession of widespread dominions, meet its reward. Therein the English race would be avenged.

JAMES STANLEY LITTLE.

Switzerland,
October, 1908.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY

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Note.—The morning following the posting of the above article will be memorable in history as the day that gave to the world the extraordinary manifesto of the Emperor William II., wherein his Majesty avowed his warm friendship for England. This document has been fully discussed by the press and people of the civilised world. It would be discussed here were it desirable to add to the length of this article. Suffice it to say that it supplies convincing evidence of the ruth, justness and soundness of the conclusions arrived at in the said article. The Kaiser asserts that the majority of his people, and he especially singles out the middle and lower classes, are strongly inimical to Great Britain. We knew already that the military class and the upper classes were deeply imbued with a feeling of hostility to England. Now we are assured that practically all Germany is, in its heart, our enemy. It is significant that, in large measure, the universal condemnation of this latest Imperial indiscretion is based not on any repudiation of its assertion that Germany hates us, but on the grounds that the Emperor has declared himself at variance with that animus and on the annoyance that his Majesty should have prematurely let the cat out of the bag. It may be added that the authoritative statements emanating from France prove that the Emperor's assertions lack accuracy. It is clearly shewn that the general desire in Europe to humiliate and ruin England during the Boer war, had its head and front in Germany rather than in France. Our fleet alone saved us, when this coalition was threatening. Every day gives additional proof of the fact—that our fleet is being weakened, while the German fleet grows apace. There is no excuse for any among us being blind to the situation longer. We know now where we stand.

J. S. L.

LOVE'S SUPREME SACRIFICE.

(Concluded from our last number.)

A WILD pang shot through her heart. Was it joy, or pain, or both? Never had she felt like this before. She pressed her hand to her heart, she closed her eyes and stood tremblingly, breathing heavily. Something new and unspeakable seemed to come to life in her, under great and horrible emotion; maddening and irresistibly it came upon her. She felt as if she ought to rush after him and kneel before him, and say: "Here I am! Take me! There is nothing in heaven or earth for me but thy love; I pant for it, I thirst for it; give it then, and take in return the offering of my life." This was love, then, she thought; she wondered dimly, if every woman at some time or other had to go through such tumultuous change. Never yet had she experienced any strong impulse of affection, that she had not been able to obey freely and instantly. At the time the very force and harmoniousness of her nature taught her self-restraint and composure. Since yesterday she seemed to have learnt so many new and wonderful things. With quick intuition she understood, that with a woman's highest privilege—Love, the dark and silent twin-sister of that radiant Love—Suffering, had come to her. She sought her refuge in prayer; long she knelt, gazing on that little ivory crucifix, that had had its place over her bed, as long as she could think; but now for the first time its full meaning seemed to dawn upon her. She could not pray collectedly; all her prayers were breathings for blessings upon him, a fervent desire to sacrifice herself for him.

Their intercourse henceforth was deprived of the old charm of mere camaraderie; but instead of this there was the mysterious, fervent, and scarcely restrained breath of a strong passionate love; what the lips dared not confess, the eyes avowed eloquently. Instead of her ever-flowing merry talk, there was lack of conversation, sometimes abrupt silence. How long these two beings, so different from each other, and yet alike in the intensity and depth of feeling, could have endured a strain like this, it is difficult to say. But Providence intervened. Arabella's father

(Continued from last month.)

THE FOUNDATIONS OF A BUSINESS EMPIRE.

I would digress here for a moment to recall an incident which I have heard put forward as one of the causes which contributed to Sir Thomas Lipton's success when he first started that little shop—it was one of those forming the ground-floor of a great block of dwellings, if I am not mistaken, in that poor district of Glasgow. He decided that he would sell everything needed to make a breakfast of. Not only tea and coffee, but eggs and bacon as well as jam and potted meat into the bargain. So that when the hurried housewife came to buy her tea she would not have to journey to another shop to buy the rest of what she wanted, but could buy her whole breakfast at once. This is, of course, common enough nowadays, when the example of Lipton's has reformed the whole trade and brought a hundred imitators into existence; but in those early days and in that working-class district of Glasgow it was regarded by the dwellers in the dwellings as a god-send indeed, and the little shop flourished accordingly. I cannot say if the story is word for word as I have written it, for it has not come to me first-hand, but I believe it to be correct in essentials, and, however it may be, it typifies the aspect which has ever since characterised the firm's attitude towards its customers. Provide for them not only the best of everything, and, by eliminating the middlemen, at the lowest possible prices, but give them what they want, as they want, where they want it, and how. Make them comfortable let them feel "at home," treat them as friends, and they will treat you as a friend. There's an idea in that, as the advertisement has it.

FROM THE COTTAGE TO THE CASTLE

As if to typify the contrast presented to us in "Home, Sweet Home," within a

couple of paces of the show-case containing specimens of these appropriate ornaments for the cottage or the villa. were, on the occasion of my visit, half a dozen large perfectly plain wooden cases, destined to transport to Windsor or Buckingham Palace as the case may be, the latest order received from the King. For Liptons serve alike the King and his subjects; and, without trespassing upon holy ground, I may be permitted to point out as an evidence of the lengths to which common sense has carried us in these democratic days, that his Majesty King Edward pays exactly the same price for his tea as does the least exalted among his subjects. I wonder what Louis XIV. and his courtiers would have said to such an idea!

I may point out a rather reassuring point about the whole output of jam in this country—mentioned to me in the first place by the courteous gentlemen who accompanied me over the works and warehouses at the time of my visit, and over whose knowledge of the smallest details of all that was taking place, generally and particularly, I have not yet ceased to marvel. It is that jam, as sold over the British counter, is nowadays nearly always above suspicion, as far, at least, as that it bears the label of any reputable maker. The dismal suggestions of the use of rotten fruit, turnip pulp, and wooden raspberry or strawberry seeds added to give verisimilitude, are either fictions altogether, or, if they ever were true, could only have applied to the smallest, and least worthy "cellar" manufacturers. No firm with any reputation worth losing—and be it remembered a business firm's reputation is as precious as a woman's—would dare to take the risk of such an *exposé* as must sooner or later result, for the mere sake of a little extra profit. In business—and especially in a business that comes at every point into direct contact with the public—honesty is not only the best policy, it is also the only one possible.

(To be continued in next issue.)

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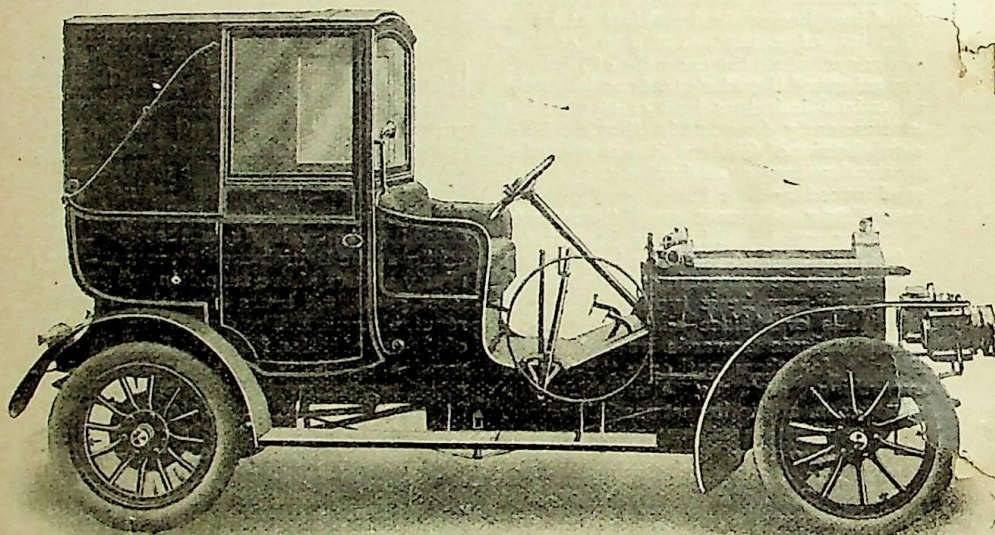
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died suddenly one night of heart-failure ; just as the trio had risen from the dinner-table in the stifling hot room, to enjoy the soft sea-breeze in the front-veranda, the blow came. A heavy fall, a short struggle, a groan, and all was over. Without a warning, without a farewell he had gone and the mysteries of his checkered life were shrouded for ever by the veil of death. Arabella was dazed ; she sat by the bed whereon they had laid him, holding the dear, dead hand, yet warm, while L., with calm and collected mind, sent the servants hurriedly to the doctor, the magistrate and other places, to make preparations for the funeral, which had to take place the next morning. The house of death was calm during this short interval ; but one mad thought was surging through his brain and heart : " Now is your hour ! Take her ! She has nobody else ! She can be happy only with you, and you with her ! " He went into the chamber, and loosening her hand, gently pulling her by both hands in a standing position, folded her arms round himself and held her close and strong, but without betraying the storm within. " Mine, child, you are mine, " he whispered. " Don't fear, you have me now and always. " She did not answer, but with closed eyes rested in his embrace, her head leaning on his shoulder.

Soon it was whispered, then talked about, that Arabella had refused all female assistance, beyond that of her old faithful ayah—refused even to see any one, except a few of the men who had so often visited her father's house, but who felt that a word of sincere sympathy was all they could offer. By noon the next day the old Italian rested in the Roman Catholic part of the cemetery, and on his way back the old priest, who had been called hurriedly from the near mission-station, wished an interview with Arabella. She knew the gentle old man well, having often visited his little church.

He said words of sympathy and comfort. Arabella's expression saw stony, her eyes shone with unshed tears, but did not tell of the misery within.

" And what are you going to do now, my dear ? " he asked gently.

" Do ? Nothing ! This is my father's house ; I shall stay in it. "

" Will you not agree to accept the hospitality of one of the ladies here, to whom I have spoken about you, till a convenient steamer calls to take you back to your own country ? "

" Never ! "

The priest was amazed, but wisely did not show this.

" Yes, I can understand you, poor girl. But let me come for you to-morrow or the day after, and I will in the meantime make arrangements

for you in my own station. I have heard that Colonel L. is your father's executor ; you can stay with me, till all is finally settled, and when your presence here is required, I shall accompany you.

"You are very good, Father ; but I shall neither leave this place nor this country," replied Arabella coldly and almost repellent.

Was this the [girl the priest had known before—childlike, bright, confiding?

"My child," he said, still persuasively, "you are now without friend or adviser. Look to me, then, as the one who will try to do for you all your earthly father would have done."

Arabella seemed moved at last. Her eyes filled with tears, and with a mute appeal in them she fixed them on the priest.

"In this time of affliction it is the Church only that can offer you consolation," continued the latter. "As the world has no longer a home to offer you, in the bosom of that Mother you will find rest. A time of quiet retreat in our convent at M. will restore your peace and give you spiritual comfort."

"Father, O Father, I beg of you to leave me," she cried piteously. "I cannot think, I cannot talk, not now ; all seems a stony desert within and without ; but in a few days, yes, in a few days, I shall be able to speak to you, to answer your question ; and O Father, do not think harshly of me ; I am stunned, bewildered ; I will seek peace in prayer, as you say ; but now, good Father, leave me ; pray for me, and for him, who has been so suddenly taken." The priest sadly took his leave ; he also had heard rumours of the danger in which Arabella was ; but he did not know that practically the crisis was already over, the die cast, at least within the girl's mind.

Arabella knelt before her crucifix ; she prayed to the suffering Virgin Mother, to the Divine Martyr, Who gave his life for his friends. But her spiritual vision was blurred, her judgment, usually so direct and clear, perverted. "Yes, holy Mother, thou sufferedst for Him, Who was dearest to Thy heart, and Thou, O Blessed Jesus, didst bear the crown of thorns, didst tread the blood-sprinkled path to Calvary, didst bear the mocking and scorn of the whole world, yes, didst bear to be forsaken by God even, in order to prove Thy Love for Thy friends. And I, I shall do the same ; for me also is the path of death, the crown of thorns in order that he, whom God has given me, may be made happy, may be redeemed from the dreadful burden of the past." Was this indeed reason—common sense ? Alas ! It was the supreme moment in a woman's life, at a time when her love and her sorrow for the beloved one blinded

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her, and made her regardless of everything else within, around and above

L., to make an atonement for his previous conduct, tried to appear as brother and friend and attempted to efface the lover. But Arabella's nature, once the great passion had taken hold of her, had no thought to turning back. As a last effort, L. told her that he would have to retire, and that his service would be at an end, his career spoiled, if they joined their lives. Of a truth, he dreamt of nothing, desired nothing else, but to make her his own, and lose all else. Perhaps he tried to satisfy his conscience, by appealing to her unselfishness, to make her give him up. And he was not mistaken. As soon as Arabella understood that it would be to his material disadvantage if they followed their hearts' dictates, she drew back and bade him go. Hastily she collected her belongings, adding such things as would be a life-long remembrance of her short dream, and remembering the priest's kind offer, meant to flee to him for refuge and rest. Her heart was dead within her. Had she but been suffered to carry out her plan, she might have died soon of a broken heart, and would have escaped a life-long martyrdom. But her poor little drama came soon to an end.

L. approached her after sunset, just as she was seated on her favourite pony Rajah's back, about to start. But seeing him, she almost unconsciously glided down from the saddle, and, with outstretched hands and a world of love and misery in her eyes, went towards him. He led her into the house and told the ayah and the other servants that their mistress would not start that night.

"Darling," he said, holding her in his strong arms, "do you really think we can part thus? No, for better or for worse, you are mine; neither for you nor for me is there any more escape, and what God has joined together, let no man put asunder. Henceforth we must be all in all to each other; for the world will have nothing more to say to us. That is love's sacrifice; if you find it too great, dear heart, that is another matter." But she interrupted him, pressing his hand to her heart: "Then I swear to you, here in God's presence, that I am yours in life and death, happen what may."

Then he lifted her in his arms, and carried her into the room where her father had breathed his last, and from that day they began their life of love and suffering.

L. retired with the rank of a Major-General. He soon found that they could not remain in the little house on the sea-shore, and removed to the native town a few miles distant, where they bought the residence of a bankrupt nawab, a rambling, mysterious old bungalow, with

a garden, that resembled a wilderness, and a deep water-reservoir surrounded by dense trees in the middle, where the harem ladies used to take their bath. To have to part from the dear house, so full of memories, was Arabella's first pain in her new life; it had been the only real home she had ever known, and full of tender reminiscences of her dear father. But her lover never realised what it cost her. With brave resolution she set to, and created for herself and her friend a new home, full of poesy and beauty, and for a short time they buried all pangs and memories and fears, and with eyes shut to all the world, lived their own life, finding, as they had confidently hoped, all sufficiency and satisfaction in each other. L. kept well-filled stables. Selling, buying and training horses was his delight, and he soon took,—among the natives at any rate,—the place of Arabella's father. But as time went on, he began to fret and to long for the purposeful life of discipline he had left behind. Still Arabella remained to him, to the end, the one thing worth living for, and her dear love, her ever-ready sympathy and sweet, brave patience never wavered.

But she, poor loving woman, trod a path, the darkness and bitterness of which none knew but her own soul. Had she not failed in her endeavour? Had she not spoiled, instead of redeemed, the life of him she loved?

Years went by, years after years, of loneliness and silence for her; and while her lips smiled, her beautiful eyes shone with the lovely soft radiance of an ardent devotion, her heart broke slowly. While her friend found to some extent compensation in friendly intercourse with the officers of the new regiment, Arabella remained alone with her remorse and sorrow. Her old friend, the priest, she had not seen again. His saintly soul could not understand such conduct as hers, and only as a penitent would he have received her. Though she was constantly remembered, in his prayers, he would only meet her as Father Confessor, but she was too proud to confess to him, that she had made an irremediable mistake. And before Arabella's life sank into deeper darkness, he had gone to his rest.

So she went on her path of suffering in deep loneliness to her dark Gethsemane, where she struggled and wept, and received Divine comfort and Divine strength, to wear that crown of thorns that she had prepared for herself. Her weary feet were enabled to climb the hill to her death-shadowed Calvary. Outwardly she always remained the same, bright and sweet and strong, her friend's good angel, at times when evil spirits assailed him and tried to get the better of him.

Now, she knew, the end would soon come; for her strength decreased

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rapidly, and she found courage to leave her beloved one entirely in God's hands. She did not find it necessary to warn him beforehand, that the parting was near: she did not cling to him for strength, because she felt that she had sinned and suffered, but also had atoned and conquered.

So death came, her redeeming angel. How she comforted her dear one, when the dread hour came, we do not know; but she did it, and he was brave, because he did not want her to suffer more on his account. A doctor she would not see.

"Dear heart," she said to him, letting her glorious eyes rest on him for the last time, before death dimmed their lustre, "two petitions I have to make on my own account, though you may think me very childish," and she smiled faintly.

"Whatever it is, dearest love, I swear to you, it shall be done, should it cost me all."

"Listen then: To wear a bridal dress in honour, as other women do, was not my lot; let me rest then in my grave in bridal dress, ready to greet you on the resurrection morn; and, dearest",—her voice grew faint—"let me be buried in God's acre, in holy ground."

Foolish requests, perhaps! But she, who had never wished anything for herself, wished now, and her friend vowed to her, it should be done, that to fulfil her wishes should be his only aim and duty. Only at this time his eyes were opened, and he began to realise what she must have suffered, and it was he, who wanted to make her life a rose-garden, that had caused this cruel, silent suffering, this premature death. He ground his teeth in anguish and vain remorse.

So she slipped from him, and with the help of clever Indian hakeems he embalmed the dead body of his beautiful love—ah! more than ever beautiful to him now—till he knew the ravages of death would not touch her for many years to come. In due time the bridal dress arrived, and the veil, with the wreath of artificial orange-blossoms, and he arrayed his dead bride, and had her laid in a lead-coffin with glass lid, and there he sat, a distracted, despairing lover, in his weird old house, and gazed on her, and his strong soul gasped and writhed under the consciousness that he had spoiled this beautiful young life and condemned her to a perpetual isolation in this world. Roman priest and Anglican chaplain were equally persistent in their denial of burial in consecrated ground, and even the Bishop, when applied to, replied in the negative. Then he sat and brooded, how to carry out the last behest of Arabella. One night, with the help of some faithful servants, whom money kept quiet, he hid Ara-

bella's body in some secret grave, the spot being shown to nobody else, and then vanished.

Many rumours were afloat concerning L. Some said that he lived as a native among natives, some conjectured that he had committed suicide. But how could he die, without having fulfilled his love's last request ?

As the years went by, people stopped talking, forgetting all about him.

Nearly ten years after Arabella had died, when the troops had been removed, and a new station had sprung up round the very house in which her sad life had been lived, an old weather-beaten Sahib appeared. Worn he looked and tired ; but rich he was, rich as Croesus. A swarm of workmen was soon employed, and within a year a beautiful compact little Church raised its slender spire between the palmtrees, just opposite the bungalow which was by this time little better than a heap of ruins.

The time of the Bishop's annual visitation drew near, and he was informed by the chaplain that he would have to conduct a service of consecration, as by the kindness of a generous donor a new church had been given to the station, instead of the old half-tumbled-down military church three miles away.

The Bishop happened to be the very chaplain who had refused Arabella burial in consecrated ground ten years ago.

The service of consecration was performed, and after the ceremony was concluded, the Bishop and several other gentlemen followed the generous stranger all over the church, to inspect and admire it.

"Gentlemen," he said suddenly, standing still between the pulpit and the chancel, "I beg that you will wait here for a few minutes," and beckoning to some workmen, he ordered them to remove a thin coating of plaster on the wall and the ground ; underneath a large marble slab became visible, and let into the wall, a tablet with an inscription, above which hovered a white marble pigeon with out-spread wings, flying heavenwards. The mysterious stranger pressed a button between the wings of the dove and slowly the marble slab rose, and revealed to the amazed spectators, lying in a coffin with glass lid, the figure of a still beautiful woman in full bridal dress.

"My Lord," said L. fixing the uncomfortable-looking Bishop with his sharp eyes, "you see here the body of her, to whom you, a minister of the gospel of love, in spite of many entreaties, peremptorily refused burial in consecrated ground. But I hope," he continued, raising his voice, till it rang passionately through the church, "that she herself is present, at this present moment, to witness that I, through the grace and provid-

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ence of God, have been enabled to carry out her last behest—to me more than a command—to be buried in consecrated ground. And though you, my Lord, wished to treat one of God's angels on earth like a publican and sinner, you will perceive that a Mightier One than you has been on my side. And you yourself have been compelled, though unconsciously, to speak the words of consecration and blessing over her grave."

The Bishop and his followers stood dumb, scarcely daring to look at each other, and the Bishop, in particular, left the church with a little less self-confidence than he had entered.

After Arabella had been dead for ten years, people began to call her a heroine and weave a halo of romance around her.

Her faithful lover, who, after her death, had no other task left than to fulfil her dying wish, disappeared for ever, and his unknown grave may be hundreds of miles separated from hers; but let us hope, that beyond the grave they were re-united, purified from all imperfection that marred their union on earth.

H. E. MEYHR.

LA BATAILLE DES FLEURS À CANNES.

Lilac and violets were her flowers.

As she drove by

Bouquets assailed her in sweet showers :

I caught her eye !

My flower, alone true to its aim,

Fell to her hand ;

And she that message of my flame

Did understand !

A smile : in swift return to me

Her violets flew !

Madonna ! Ah ! How graciously

You turned and threw !

HENRY CAMPBELL.

SOME ASPECTS OF INDIAN COLLEGIATE EDUCATION.

“**E** DUCATION in India, in the modern sense of the word, may be said to date from the year 1854, when the Court of Directors, in a memorable despatch, definitely accepted the systematic promotion of general education, as one of the duties of the State, and emphatically declared that the type of education which they desired to see extended in India was that which had for its object the diffusion of the arts, science, philosophy and literature of Europe ; in short, of European knowledge.” (Government of India’s Resolution on Educational Policy, 11th March, 1904.)

The beginnings of Collegiate Education in India may be said to date from the foundation of the three Universities of Madras, Bombay and Calcutta, in 1857, the two other Universities being incorporated in 1882 and 1887 respectively. It is thus fifty years since University education on Western lines was introduced into this country, and it is worth while reviewing the condition of Collegiate Education in India at the present stage of its progress.

The humble beginnings made in the year 1857 in the direction of imparting collegiate education to Indian youths have grown to a gigantic system of collegiate education which can boast of five Universities and two hundred Colleges, engaged in the work of educating 25,000 young men all over the country. The nature and results of such a vast educational system are well worth close study and critical examination.

In spite of all the efforts made by the Government and people in the direction of the improvement of collegiate education for the last half century, it will be found that the progress achieved is not as great as one would reasonably expect it to be. The most superficial observer of the facilities that exist for collegiate education in this

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country must be struck with their extreme poverty. The educational institutions all over the country, intended to discharge the exalted mission of bringing Western culture and science to the Indian, are disappointing. The best Colleges are but inadequately equipped for the purposes of imparting higher education.

The absence of endowments to colleges in India on as large a scale as in England and other Western countries seriously hampers their usefulness, and it is impossible to expect a better state of things with the scanty pecuniary resources at the command of our colleges. It is too much to expect of colleges, poorly equipped and poorly manned, to exercise any considerable influence in imparting higher education. The number of youths sent out from their portals year after year may increase, but their education must be of a low order indeed. A college not furnished with an extensive library, for instance, can be of little use to its students, though it may have very good professors on its staff. The absence of public libraries on any appreciable scale in India makes it all the more necessary that good libraries must be attached to colleges. Post-graduate study and original research are rendered nearly impossible if this condition is not fulfilled.

An idea of the poverty of Indian colleges in the matter of endowments and equipment can be gathered from a comparison with the colleges at Oxford or Cambridge. It is computed that the various colleges at Cambridge give annually about £25,000, or a sum equal to nearly four lakhs of rupees in scholarships alone, excluding the large sums spent by the University in that direction. The number of books and manuscripts in the Cambridge University Library amounts to nearly half a million, while those in the Bodleian Library of Oxford amount to twice that number. Mere numbers cannot give an adequate idea of the worth of these libraries, as they are full of very rare and valuable books and manuscripts which aid original research, and are of quite a different nature from the libraries attached to collegiate institutions in this country, which usually contain nothing but the ordinary books issued year after year from the press. There are no opportunities here for consulting rare and original documents in the libraries attached to Universities which can aid original research work. The inability of Indian colleges to supply the needs of higher education is felt most keenly in the department of science. This

absence of any provision for original scientific research—it is hoped the Tata Institute of Science will remedy the defect to some extent—is striking. This drawback in colleges professing to teach science to post-graduate students is severely commented upon in a report of "Furlough Studies in Germany," by Dr. Kuchler, of the Bengal Educational Service, published by the Government of Bengal, a year or two ago.

Athletics is another department which comes in for inadequate treatment at the hands of Indian colleges. The provision that is usually made for this branch of collegiate education is too small to meet the requirements of the large numbers of young men receiving their education in various collegiate institutions. The extensive meadows like those attached to colleges at Oxford and Cambridge are not met with in Indian institutions. Manly exercises like boating and fencing are unknown. The sound of "the measured pulse of racing oars," alluded to by Tennyson when speaking of the revered walls of Cambridge in his "In Memoriam," is not heard amidst the surroundings of Indian Colleges.

The next serious question that has to be considered with reference to the equipment of Indian colleges is the staff. It is a matter for considerable regret that Indian colleges are seriously handicapped in this direction, because of the inevitable difficulties that have to be met with in an attempt to impart Western culture and science in a land far removed from its home. The best men in literature and science are absorbed in Britain and do not come to India. A brilliant galaxy of scholars have been professors in British Universities. They have been men of remarkable genius, and it is no exaggeration to say of some of them at least, that they have been able to influence their special branches of knowledge to an appreciable extent. It can be said of most of them that they have been authorities in their several branches of learning. To mention but a few of the most remarkable instances of professors, past and present, in British Universities: there are Palgrave, Matthew Arnold, Saintsbury and Courthope in Literature, Skeat, Earle, Sayce and Max Müller in Philology; Oman, Stubbs, Freeman, and Gardiner in History; Marshall, Nicholson and Bastable in Economics; Bain, Sidgwick and Stout in Philosophy.

Can the average professor in India ever hope to inspire such an

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enthusiasm for his subject in his students as any of these master minds? Certainly, there are professors of remarkable capacity in India who are actuated by a strong sense of duty and who infuse in their students a taste for the subjects they have to lecture upon. All honour to them. But the student of an Indian college most envies his brother at Oxford or Cambridge for the glorious privilege he enjoys of sitting at the feet of some of the ablest men of the day in each branch of knowledge. It is true that Professor Raleigh, of the University of Glasgow, whose recent biography of Shakespeare in the "English Men of Letters Series"—not to speak of the brilliant monographs on Milton, Wordsworth and the English Novel—has firmly established his claim to literary fame, was once a professor in an Indian college, the M. A. O. College of Aligarh, but such instances are rare. Dr. J. C. Bose, of Calcutta, and Dr. Bhandarkar, of Bombay, are two illustrious professors, distinguished in Science and Oriental research respectively, of whom Indian colleges are justly proud. But the number of such professors, as has already been remarked, is very small indeed in India. It is true that collegiate education in India is sure to improve in quality with a better class of professors, whose inspiring example may serve to kindle the enthusiasm of their students to a greater degree than at present. It is a pity that the Indian educational service does not offer sufficient attractions to really brilliant men. The case of private colleges is worse, and it is impossible to expect abler professors there. Persons of established literary or scientific repute are not likely to sever themselves from their associations in Britain, whatever attractions might be held out to them in this tropical climate. Every effort must, however, be made to capture as many of that class as possible for service in Indian colleges.

The success or failure of any system of education depends, it will be readily granted, on the persons educated. The Indian student naturally comes next for our consideration. It is unfortunate that persons professing an intimate acquaintance with collegiate education in India should have often thought fit to indulge in severe attacks on the Indian student, forgetting that students are students all the world over.

It has been said that there is a peculiar tendency in the Indian student to cram. It must be admitted that there is some truth in

the remark that the Indian mind has developed the faculty of memory to the detriment of the other faculties of the brain. It is, however, a fact that professors and examiners in the Indian Universities are as much responsible as the students for encouraging this pernicious tendency which threatens to undermine the cause of sound education in this country. Many an intelligent student has to submit to cram, much against his will, to suit the requirements of his professor, who has perhaps to suit himself, in his turn, to the perversity of University examiners. A professor with high ideals of education who wants to discourage this evil tendency, is disappointed by the results of his students in University examinations. It is inevitable, because the nature of the present system of University examinations in this country is highly conducive to cram, and without it the student cannot secure brilliant success in them. In spite of all his scholarship and learning, such a professor is set down for one of the "incapables." One who takes the trouble of going through the question papers set annually in the various Indian Universities can easily judge for himself the extent to which examiners are responsible for the growth of this intellectual vice in the Indian educational world. The evil, however, does not seem to be peculiar to Indian education, as is sometimes supposed. Lord Rosebery, in one of his recent addresses as Chancellor of the University of London, complains in bitter terms of the growth of cram among students in the Universities of the United Kingdom. The evil appears to be prevalent in India to a greater extent than in the British Universities. The reason is not far to seek. The fact that Western literature and science are alien to India, and have to be assimilated in a foreign language, seems to be largely responsible for this growing evil. Though the college student in India is one who is bred up for years in the atmosphere of English education, and very often even thinks in English, time alone can make him feel thoroughly at home amidst the surroundings of an alien civilisation. It is hoped that every effort will be made by the newly regulated Universities to prevent colleges from degenerating into mere "Cramming Institutes."

The educational ideals dominating the present system of collegiate education in this country seem to be very narrow in their scope and based on a misconception of the principles that ought to characterise true University education. An examination of the conditions

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of collegiate life and training in this country will lead one to believe that the colleges are so many centres for imparting knowledge, rather than for "educating the mind." Intellectual education seems to be understood to mean little more than the mere acquisition of knowledge, and its far wider scope is not recognised. It does not consist in the mere training of the memory; in the retention of facts and figures in the mind; in the ability to trace the relation of cause and effect in the various natural sciences; in writing learned treatises giving evidences of scholarship and wide information; in the consciousness and enjoyment of the glory and usefulness of large intellectual possessions. It is something wider than all these, it is, as Cardinal Newman says, "an acquired *illumination*, it is a habit, a personal possession and an endowment." A college is not a place of instruction only. It is more accurate to speak of it as a place of education—a conception which is emphasised in that qualifying word "liberal," which is often prefixed to it. A widening of the intellectual horizon is not brought about by the imparting of a great deal of knowledge; an enlarged mind is not that which holds much information, but one which has that "intellectual illumination" and "culture," without which there can be no true education.

"A University," says Ruskin, "is a place where only certain persons come to learn everything, that is to say, where those who wish to be able to think, come to learn to think—not to think of mathematics only, nor of morals, nor of surgery, nor of chemistry, but of everything rightly."

A constant attention to the ideals of true education is necessary to the success of any educational system. The essential and fundamental distinction between "learning" or "knowledge" and "education" or "culture" is too important to be lost sight of. In drawing up the courses of instruction, in defining the nature of question papers and examinations, and in the fixing of standards of instruction, this ideal has to be kept in view, for it is only then that there can be true intellectual culture.

The scope of the examinations and the course of studies in our colleges do not seem to be conducive to true intellectual culture. University examinations in our country seem to be tests of mere *memory* rather than of *general ability*. This evil is not peculiar to any particular subject, but it is prevalent in almost all subjects

prescribed for our University examinations, even in language subjects, in English literature, for instance. The following remarks of the late Professor Churton Collins, in connection with the teaching of the subject in the British Universities, apply with greater force to the system of instruction in our colleges. "Literature has been regarded," he says, "not as the expression of art and genius, but as mere material for the study of words, as mere pabulum for philology. All that constitutes its value as a liberal study has been ignored. Its masterpieces have been resolved into mere exercises in grammar, syntax and etymology. Its history has been resolved into a barren catalogue of names, works and dates—(this is eminently true of the question papers of our Universities). No faculty, but the faculty of memory has been called into play in studying it."

It is annoying to observe this narrowing influence even when the subject of examination is a literary classic, or a work in literary criticism. There is absolutely no scope for the exhibition of a person's critical faculties and no encouragement is given to the exercise of originality of judgment. He is asked to give the substance of the authors' remarks on a particular characteristic of the poet or novelist who is the subject of the literary sketch, to narrate the chief incidents in his early life, or what is worse, to "write short notes" on some of the writers whose names are mentioned in the text-book in connection with the personal or literary history of that man of letters.

The evil is clearly perceptible in the teaching of History. Even the degree examinations have been narrowed in their scope and reduced to mere tests of memory. It is not unusual to see the students for the B. A. degree examination in History, being asked to summarise the details of a campaign, narrate the circumstances of a war, or enumerate the reforms of a ruler. An estimate of historical events, a critical examination of constitutional changes, a discussion of the political policy of sovereigns—questions like those which alone can test the historical grasp of examinees, are of very rare occurrence, and it is only recently that a tendency to remedy this defect has begun to influence our examiners. Let us hope that with the advent of the new regulations in our Universities, the study of those subjects will rest on a wider basis than at present.

There is another defect in the course of studies prescribed for

our University examinations which must be noticed in this connection. It is desirable that in subjects like philosophy, history and economics, special stress be laid on their application to India, Indian thought and Indian conditions. The subjects studied must have a direct bearing on Indian environment and Indian life. A knowledge of at least the outlines of Indian philosophy must be insisted upon in the case of a student taking up philosophy for his B.A. degree, while more attention must be paid in the history branch to Indian history, political, constitutional and economic. It is true that there is no *national* political economy, but there is an imperative necessity as well as a very wide scope for the study of economics, in special relation to the peculiar social, political, and material circumstances of this country. The oriental languages must be shown greater consideration than is being shown to them at present.

The University of Calcutta has taken the lead in remedying these and similar defects, as may be seen from the fact that in the new regulations drawn up recently, provision has been made for the compulsory study of Indian philosophy and Indian economics, in connection with the philosophy and history branches, respectively, of the B.A. degree examination. The recent resolution of the Madras University to institute the degrees for Oriental learning is a step in the right direction. It is hoped that the example of the University of Calcutta will be followed by her sister Universities all over India. It is only then that the instruction imparted in our colleges can have that degree of relation to Indian thought and environment which is necessary for the success of our educational system in making the Indians assimilate Western culture.

It will be recognised on all hands that sympathy between professor and student is one of the essential requisites for any sound system of collegiate education. It is a regrettable fact that the sympathy felt by the average English professor in India for his students is not adequate to ensure a living interest on his part for his work, and in the drawing out of the best efforts of his pupils.

A professor can exercise a personal influence on his students and inspire them with a love for his subject only if he has some intimacy with them. It is not rare to find students in Indian colleges who have never exchanged a single word with their English pro-

fessor throughout their collegiate course, except when they have had to answer a question put to them in the class-room. Overcrowded classes—it is not unusual to see a college class with two hundred and fifty students—and over-worked professors are no doubt responsible to a large extent for this condition of affairs. But there is still the fact that the English Professor in India very often moves in a groove of his own and does not feel himself drawn in sympathy towards his Indian students. An English professor in India, writing in a recent number of the *Modern Review*, of Allahabad, on the subject of Indian students, says :—

“The first thing that a European professor or school-master comes to learn in India is that mere official and rough-and-ready methods will not do. Personal interest and intimacy is everything. It is surprising how a student seems to change when the barriers of shyness and reserve are broken down. . . . A student who, when treated with indifference or harshness, may appear at first sight sulky and dull, becomes a changed being when a man comes to know him better. It is not that his nature has changed, but the only atmosphere in which he can be himself—the atmosphere of affection and sympathy which was then denied to him—has now been given him. I have never known in my personal experience any Hindu student to take advantage of an intimacy with his teacher. Indeed, it is from the student one knows best that one may confidently expect the greatest politeness, good faith, and respect. I assert this most strongly as against the almost universal conviction of my fellow-countrymen that to unbend to a native of India is to expose oneself to contempt and the possibility of deception.”

The collegiate life of a student in India differs from that of the young men in British Universities in many other respects. Residential Colleges on any grand scale were till recently unknown in this country. The success that has till now been achieved in ensuring the valuable provision of a residential system as an essential feature of collegiate life in this country is not at all commensurate with the magnitude of the educational interests involved. Collegiate life without the residential system cannot be far-reaching in its wholesome influence on students, and every effort must be made to establish the residential system on an adequate scale in connection with every collegiate institution in this country.

The absence of religious instruction and religious discipline in our college and hostel life, except in the case of a few denominational institutions, like the Central Hindu College, Benares, or the M. A. O. College, Aligarh, is a circumstance that must be regretted by those who want to see a wholesome influence exercised on the students that are being educated in them. Without entering into the question of the interdependence or otherwise of religion and morality, it can be safely asserted that this religious life and discipline, which occupy a prominent place in British University life, are too valuable a feature to be ignored in a healthy system of collegiate life and education. The student must, as Tennyson says, hear

In college fanes,
The storm their high-buil
And thunder-music, rolling shake
The prophet blazon'd on the panes.

The traditions that have gathered round British Universities contribute in no small measure to the sterling excellence of collegiate life in that country. Indian Universities being only of recent origin, this valuable feature is necessarily absent from Indian collegiate life. It is a drawback which seriously affects the value of collegiate training as part of a man's education and refinement. The youth who enters the portals of an Indian University is not privileged to feel the ennobling influence of hoary associations; no glowing inspiration infects his mind; no thrilling impulse moves his aspirations; his soul is not kindled with enthusiasm for the memory of any great men whose names are associated with the best traditions of the University. He does not burst out in sentiments similar to those of Matthew Arnold in that famous eulogy on Oxford:—

“Beautiful city, so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our country, so serene! There are our young barbarians all at play! And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Ages, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side.”

When will there be an Indian Oxford?

P. SESHADRI.

Madras

THE ENGLISH SOCIALIST PSYCHOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED.

A WEEK or so ago, a young member of Parliament walked out of the House, dismissed for the session because he insisted on discussing the unemployment question out of order. Another M. P. has narrowly escaped jail for inciting the hunger marchers, while by the latest accounts Stewart Gray, solicitor and agitator, is already doomed to a term of imprisonment for the same offence. The unemployed themselves are getting more glib with the shibboleth that has been put into their mouths, while throughout England, in all the large cities at least, there are signs of disturbances which the winter will augment. What is the reason of this? With that common sense which even he himself must feel tired of hearing called "sturdy," Mr. John Burns has proved that distress is no greater this year than last. Yet protest has taken a more violent form. "We may soon," as the veteran Sir Theodore Martin prophesies, "see bayonets drawn in Trafalgar Square."

The truth is that the socialist spirit of England is entering on a new and more practical phase. It is narrowing itself to one ideal, and is beginning to concentrate itself solely, and, therefore, effectively on that ideal. Formerly, till this very date in fact, the socialist stultified himself by tacking on to his creed ideas and ideals with which it had nothing to do, such as free love, State-aided motherhood, the dethronement of the king etc., giving the average mind a strong impression that when socialism arrived, all the pageantry and religion of life would be put on one side. More than all, however, has the State Socialist injured his cause by putting forward some impossible plank and then appealing on its behalf to instincts in human nature which do not exist. Thus he invented the stupid phrase "land hunger," a hunger which nine-tenths of modern English

people never feel. Last year, as an object lesson, he sent some hundreds of unemployed city folk to squat on waste ground and pretend that some instinct was thwarted because they might not till it. Fortunately, these and similar stupidities seem at an end. Very different from the "land grabbers" of last year are the hunger marchers of this. They confess only to one instinct, the desire for food, affirm their willingness to work, but leave to the Government the business of settling what that work shall be.

State recognition of the right to work is, indeed, the only reform with which practical reformers should employ their energies. The land problem of which so much is made, is simply beside the question. In the colonies, Australia and New Zealand, land was to be had cheaply or for nothing, yet the evils of larger countries were not nipped in the bud till State Labour Bureaux were instituted. Sometimes, indeed, these Bureaux exist only to bring employer and employed together, sometimes, as in Germany, they send the unemployed on the State-owned railways to the parts where labour is desired. Whenever necessary, however, they do more, despatching men out in gangs or groups to the relief works, to the goldfields, paid sometimes at piece work, more generally at day wages. These Bureaux do not do all that is possible, partly because the State does not assume enough control over the wastrel or loafer; partly because the right to work even in the colonies has not been recognised as a constitutional principle, so that a State worker's year is patched with months of unemployment. In Australasia, however, unemployment can never be the intense evil either to the State or the individual that it is in crowded England. Therefore Britain, suffering more, will probably in the end effect a completer cure. Is not the State workshop better than the State workhouse, and assistance given in wages preferable to that proffered in often ill-directed charity? Not at once, perhaps, but assuredly some day this new half-formed Right to Work party will demand a recognition of this principle.

Before this can be done, however, the Socialist will need to get on his side the masses of those tradition-ruled, non-thinking middle-class voters who are at present alarmed not by the above-mentioned creed itself, but by various moral changes which are presumed to result from it. Unfortunately, following H. G. Wells,

Bernard Shaw and other recognised leaders of the cause, it is customary for the average socialist teacher to alienate those very masses by running counter to the ideals which are bound up with their ideas. We notice this, for instance, with regard to patriotism. It is the socialist's habit to assume that this jealous exclusive love of the country is a relic of barbarism, and that, therefore, it is time that mankind should throw it aside and trust to the ideal created by the larger Brotherhood. To live and die for England is an anathema to him, because in his mind patriotism is something that has had its day, a sentiment old, effete, to be cast aside. So far from this being the case, however, patriotism is still a new young virtue, its work on the human mind yet to be done. We realise this fact when we comprehend that in the ages which are ly styled patriotic, the prevailing sentiment was really clannishness or cityism. Thus the mediæval Englishman would think of himself as a man of Winchester rather than as a son of England, and when in straits on the Continent, would appeal to his town, not his country, for financial or martial aid. To pass from the familiar instance that a Roman boasted his native city not his native land, we note that in certain periods of Greek history a merchant moving from one town to another was liable to be put to death as a foreigner. One has only to glance through mediæval history to realise how completely the claims of tribe or city overrode those of country, and how little patriotism as a dominant force entered the spirit of our nation till within comparatively recent times.

Unfortunately, the English socialist's contempt for patriotism as something old and barbaric is not merely a reflection on his political psychology. It has grave practical disadvantages. Because of this idea, he upholds or at least fails to discourage, legislation which permits the inroads of emigrants, forgetting that the State will less readily pass industrial improvement measures if this means a larger inrush of aliens and outsiders. If instead of that vague universal Brotherhood ideal, the English reformer would consider only his own nation or the dependencies of that nation, his Utopia would arrive sooner. In this he would be advised to take counsel by Australia, where the legislation he dreams of is actually in operation. With a socialistic ideal which is almost brutally national, the Australian keeps rigorously out of his country those aliens whose

presence, he considers, would jeopardise his schemes for the ultimate solving of the industrial problem. No sentiment that extends beyond his own nation ever influences him; the cause of the working man is the cause of the Australian working man and him alone. Personal prejudice against eastern nations is slight, less than in England. In excluding them he does not assert any belief in their inferiority; on the contrary, he has the greatest tolerance for their faiths and interest in their ideals. His stand merely is this—that he has a difficult problem to solve, and that their presence in his country for the present, at least, makes that problem harder than it need be.

There is, however, another and more important matter of ethics in which the English socialist prejudices his own cause—that is in respect to religion. Fortunately, the time has gone past when British socialism and atheism were almost synonymous; nevertheless, a certain irreverence or at least non-reverence towards the prevailing religion still prevails. In rightly rebuking the churches for their supineness, the demagogue would do well if at the same time he claimed simple Christianity as one of his own weapons. From a sociological standpoint this is the only thing to do, for this reason, that the British people are essentially a spiritual race, and apart from their agnostic leaders cannot be led save by spiritual force. To the Hindu mind, accustomed to much greater spirituality, this statement must seem surprising. We must compare the British temperament, however, not with the very different eastern races but with those more allied to his own, and here this fact is made manifest. A French writer, for instance, has pointed out that the British differ from his own race inasmuch as the latter is more idealistic, the former more spiritual. That is to say, while the Latin mind can be influenced by aspirations from which religion is absolutely separated, the more Germanic mind of the British has beneath all its sturdiness a childlike and wistful desire for the intermingling of such aspirations and ideals with religious faith.

The fact that this religiousness is not dependent on churchism, that, unlike France, it could exist without churches, is a potent truth which the true socialist should use for good. In the most unruly open meetings I have never noted any reference to Christ and His mission received in anything but respectful silence. A Methodist Suffragette,

jeered at by the throng, found a respectful way made for her when she based the right of suffrage for woman on this theme. The same holds good of unemployed meetings. Unfortunately, the average somewhat bigoted agitator will not make use of this vast reservoir of enthusiasm. He still persistently preaches or hints at agnosticism to a people which, more than in more church-ruled nations, is repelled by pure ethics as apart from some definite faith.

In their rebellion against existing conditions the social reformers must, therefore, be at the same time more practical and more religious. They must narrow their creed down to one ideal—the Right to Work. And then, in order to make it suitable to the minds of the middle-classes, they must aid it by every patriotic and every religious sentiment possible. They must let alone for awhile Universal Brotherhood, because, beautiful as it is, it is an ideal quite beyond practical politics just now, even as wider patriotism was impossible in the days of the city and the clan. They must keep as close as possible to the simple faith of the people, for by that lever only will lasting success arrive.

“If you are hungry, take from those that have, excluding women and poor people. Steal rather than starve, deprive the rich of their surplus—” so said Mr. Grayson and his followers. Is it possible to reconcile such counsel with that Christianity which ignorance has emasculated, giving a milk-and-water impression to the world? We know that there is another beside the popular Good Shepherd aspect of the Man of Galilee, he who scourged the moneylenders from the Temple, and took as a simple matter of course that wherever it might be, the multitude must be fed. It is possible of belief that a high ideal might logically inspire the “raiders” so long as their words and actions of protest do not include actual violence, for, it must be remembered that such protest is aimed to benefit the rich morally as well as the poor materially. To claim a right is merely to exact from ourselves and others new duties. This the marching unemployed must understand, entering Trafalgar Square not as a battlefield but as a church.

Unfortunately, the method of this new Right to Work party has one weakness. It is frankly modelled on suffragette lines. “The suffragists are getting the vote because they riot,” said Victor Grayson encouraging the men by the women’s actions, jus

as the latter in their earlier days of warfare exhorted their sisters by reminding them how the unenfranchised men tore down the railings of Hyde Park. This reiteration, however, gradually leads to ultimate weakness. Again, it cannot be denied that those who come forward as hunger marchers are by no means the true unemployed, but the wastrels who want the pickings of the scattered coins and the possible loot. More self-conscious than women are, the respectable artisan and workman does not easily bring himself to parade the streets, banner in hand. When finally he does come forward, he will rebel with difficulty, missing redress, maybe, strangely not because he has lost control but because he has not lost it sufficiently. For English reverence for order is so strong that paradoxically Britons feel the more respect for those who are daring enough to resist it. That is the true psychological explanation for the fact that in orderly England, some disorder is needed to gain a right.

CONSTANCE CLYDE.

London.

A THOUGHT.

The soul and the heart fare otherwise
 Through this Life-Forest of adverse ways—
 One soars where pinewoods heavenward rise—
 While one at the busy clearing stays !
 How often we promise—again and again,
 To lift our thoughts toward things of worth—
 How seldom they rise to a higher plane,
 Drawn down by the heart's strong ties to earth !

M. EAGLES SWAYNE.

BLACK-ART IN INDIA.

THERE is much that is mysterious and seemingly ridiculous in Indian life which the Western man of science can hardly understand or appreciate. To him the folklore of the Hindus is but a huge tissue of absurd rites and superstitions. It is almost incredible what a powerful sway witchcraft still holds over the imagination of people here. It is not only the illiterate and ignorant masses who place implicit belief in it, but even the so-called educated and refined classes are not entirely free from it. To the evil magic of the witch is still ascribed many a death otherwise unaccountable, and to the influence of her "evil eye" many an untoward event or illness. The purpose of the present article is to give the reader an idea of what "black-art" in India is, with perhaps one or two instances of "death by magic" which have come within my experience.

"Black-Art," or *chillangi*, *soonyam*, or *todubothu* as it is known here, seems to have been very common in India for a long time. It is commonly believed that Malabar is the home of witchcraft in India, though perhaps it is there the art first began to be practised extensively. The land of Malayalam is still talked of as a land of mysteries.

"It's a land of beauties and riches,

It's a land of spells and witches."

But the art is not now confined to Malabar only and may be seen practised in the several provinces of India. It is extensively practised in our Presidency. The Savaras and Khonds of Jeypore hills, the Oriyas of Ganjam, some Brahmans of Godavari and Krishna, the Yenadis of Nellore and some Tamils of Madras all practise it more or less. The art consists in killing men or animals by means of spells and incantations. It is the same kind of magic as prevailed in Rome in the days of Horace, and in Europe in the Middle Ages and later. It is very strange that the magic always works, and stranger still is the fact that the victim often dies in the same way in which his death has been foretold. I am generally very sceptical about these matters, but one or two things happened in my life which, unable as they were by themselves to "flash

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conviction on my soul," have succeeded in making me somewhat wavering, and perhaps, superstitious. I was spending my summer holidays in 1906 in my own native village when the following instance came to my notice:—One of the female inhabitants of the village became suddenly ill one morning. Her body was terribly swollen, the woman appearing nearly four times as big as her normal self. The whole village was soon on the spot, and many were the whispers among the women present who concluded their half-audible deliberations saying that the woman was the victim of some evil magic. A "devil-driver" was at once procured, and he gave out that the woman was subjected to the influence of *chillangi* and mentioned a certain house in the village where the operation of evil magic was being carried on by a Brahman youth. A couple of men ran to the house and to their surprise found there a young magician busily engaged in washing a clay representation of the sick woman. They forcibly took it away from him and gave him in return a sound thrashing. Counter-spells and incantations were afterwards used and eventually the woman recovered. I can give another instance of "black-art" which came within my experience. Two Brahman youths of a certain village in the Ganjam district had once a quarrel. One of them who knew "black-art" cursed the other. He said he would die in a month a miserable death, his body full of foul ulcers. They then separated, the other Brahman youth little heeding the words of his enemy. A couple of weeks after the young man who had been cursed became ill, and as was prophesied, his body became full of foul ulcers and he died. His friends and relatives came to know that he had been subjected to *soonyam*, but it was too late to save him.

There are many ways in which "black-art" is practised in different countries, but the goal has always been the same—the sickness or death of somebody. An earthen or pith representation of the person whose death is aimed at is made, and after some preliminary worship of the Evil Deity, it is destroyed by means of fire or water, and the life of the intended victim is shortened in proportion to the reduction caused in the figure, and no sooner does the figure vanish completely than the person aimed at dies. Sometimes the dust of the feet of the person to be killed is gathered and washed in a running stream. One is often struck by the similarity that exists between the ways in which this evil magic is worked out in widely separated countries. The following is quoted from an interesting article on the subject by Mr. Elkington. "I was once present," says Mr. Elkington writing about the South Sea Magicians, "at the death-bed of an old Chief who had offended another Chief, and that man

had been cursed by a Tohunga or a priest. I was unable to ascertain exactly what he had done, but the result of it was that an image made of clay, which was supposed to represent him, was made in a creek, and, as the water washed away the figure, so the Chief gradually sank, and when the last particle softened by the slowly trickling water and vanished down the stream, so that moment the soul of the old Chief passed over the border." Here is another paragraph bearing on European magic: "This recalls the wax figures melted over slow fires by which the Roman Canidia consumed her victims, and again the similar figures through which the magicians of Elizabeth's day and that of Charles IX. of France attempted the lives of these sovereigns. One morning the occult philosopher Dr. Dee was hastily summoned to save the life of Elizabeth from such magic machinations. A great wax doll, representing the queen, was discovered lying in Lincoln's Inn Fields, with a huge pin transfixing its breast. Dee undertook to disenchant the image, but only on condition that Mr. Secretary Wilson stood by him to testify that nothing but godly enchantments were used. About the same time, in 1574, the Florentine Ruggieri was condemned to the galleys for having conspired against Charles IX. in favour of his brother, the Duke of Alençon, by transfixing with pins the heart of a wax image representing the French monarch."

It is a curious fact that in India everybody believes in the efficacy of "black-art," though perhaps its practice is more common in villages than in towns, more among the illiterate and semi-civilised races than among the educated and refined. The magic is said to be so easy that anybody can learn it in a couple of hours. Not many months ago I had a talk on the subject with an inhabitant of my village who seemed to have known and practised the nefarious art, and I may be permitted to tell the reader something of the way in which the power of causing death by magic is acquired. My informant said that he heard one day there was such a thing as *chillangi* and was fired with a desire to know the art himself. There was a man in the village who was notorious for his proficiency in it, and he went to him with a request to teach him the magic, which the man consented to do. He and his *guru* (teacher) went one night, fixed previously as auspicious, to a tank outside the village. The *guru* undressed himself, bathed in the waters of the tank and smeared his body with ashes and saffron. He then made a clay figure of a woman, and having placed it on the bank of the tank began to worship it with flowers and fruits as any Hindu would worship his idol. My informant was in the meanwhile sitting mutely, observing what his teacher was doing. He was then asked to undress himself and take a plunge in the water of the tank, which he at

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once did. The *guru* then uttered some spells and incantations and calle his deity. There then appeared on the scene a female form. It was shadowy, but my informant assured me it was by no means good-looking. The *guru* and his pupil stood still for some time, at the end of which the former requested his goddess to enlist the young man by his side as a member of the fraternity presided over by her. The female form then stretched its hand and blessed (?) my informant with the power of causing death to mortals by magic. The *guru* and his pupil prostrated themselves at its feet, and the shadowy form vanished into the air. The young man was then taught some *mantrams* by the *guru* which he said were extremely easy, and made to do certain things. Next day he wanted to test his newly acquired powers, and so worked the magic, aiming at a cocoanut tree in his neighbour's back-yard. He found to his great satisfaction that the green tree with its beautiful foliage and bunches of fruit was completely consumed within twenty-four hours. He then directed his magic against a child, then against its mother, and then against anybody whom he had a fancy to send to the grave. My informant told me that he had to kill at least two persons every month, or else his goddess would not be satisfied and might turn round and eat him up.

Persons who have been known to be in communication with the devil cannot hope to live peacefully among their neighbours. The town or village in which they live will be rendered too hot for them. Every untoward event and sudden illness is ascribed to them and they are often rather roughly handled by the villagers. There is a belief among our people that if a person be deprived of his front teeth, he cannot work any more his evil magic, and many a supposed witch has been robbed of her teeth and rendered powerless. Instances of the people harassing witches are common in this country, and the following one, reported in the papers some time ago, may be read with interest: A labourer in a certain village had his son ill for some time. It appeared that the illness was at first not of a serious nature, but the fever grew worse and the young man was ultimately bed-ridden. The parents promptly came to the conclusion that a neighbouring middle-aged woman who had the notoriety of dealing with the devil, had cast "evil eye" on the lad. From that time began the persecution of the poor woman. She was cut off by the caste *Punchayat* as a witch, and was excommunicated socially and religiously. In her despair she appealed to the Zamindari Tahsildar to save her from further persecution. He convened a meeting of her caste people, and tried to make matters smooth by offering a rational explanation of the lad's illness. But the people would not hear him, and the poor woman was still harassed in every conceivable

manner. She was asked to leave the village for good, and when she did not comply with the request, she was thrashed. A devil-driver was one day procured, who disenchanted the lad by means of counter magic. The devil that the lad was supposed to have been possessed with was locked up in a pot and cast into a well. Strange to say, the boy then recovered. This confirmed all the more the suspicions of the villagers, who lost no time in making the place too hot for the woman. Fain would they have killed her, but they lived under the British Government.

It is generally supposed that the black magic does not work in the case of enemies. But there are instances that go to prove the contrary. It is also believed that the corpses of persons killed by magic do not decompose for a considerable time even after burial. We are told that the magician goes to the burial ground and takes out the corpse of his victim, and enlivens it by some *mantrams*. He then talks to it for some time, and again depriving it of life, once more sends it to the grave never more to rise.

Another superstition supposed to have some connection with witchcraft is that of the "evil-eye," which is very common among our women. The superstition is not confined to India alone, but is prevalent in China and Japan also, as well as some parts of Great Britain. But it is in India more than in any other country that it thrives vigorously. It is a duty with many a Hindu mother to disenchant her child every night lest it should be under the influence of some "evil-eye." And to do this she takes some salt and chillies, and waving them round the child's face three times, throws them into fire. Sometimes a lamp is lighted, waved round the child's face and cast on the road. The origin of this superstition is traced to the feeling of envy inherent in human nature. It is the idea that the face is an index of the heart, and that an envious look works mischief to the person looked at, that has given rise to the superstition of the "evil-eye." It is the unconscious look of envy that wears the cloak of admiration or appreciation that is to be most dreaded. Nothing is more displeasing to the Hindu mother than a complimentary remark on the beauty of her child. It is said that "untold miseries lurk in an admiring look, and that a hearty compliment forebodes something evil to its happy recipient."

There are some women who are supposed to have been gifted with the power of disenchanting persons suffering from the effects of the "evil-eye," just as there are persons who are able to "drive away devils." I have seen many cases of disenchanting persons subjected to the "evil-eye." The magician holds some ashes in the hand and recites some *mantrams* over

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them. The ashes are then rubbed to the forehead of the suffering person and he gets better. The *mantrams* are sometimes uttered over some water held in a vessel, and the suffering person is made to drink it afterwards. "Devil-driving" is not so tame an affair, and the process of disenchanting a person possessed by a devil is a tedious and long one. We are told that it is easier to drive the devil when it possesses a man, than when it possesses a woman. There are many kinds of devils, some of which can be easily driven, whereas some are very obstinate and do not easily yield to the spells of the disenchanter.

T. S. RAMA SASTRI.

Maaras.

RENEWAL.

How glad the young leaf'd wood in May,
When all the dewy paths smell sweet,
And morning gilds the onward way
Where Youth and Love and Pleasure meet!

How sweet the wood in early June
When nightly there her full-souled bird
Trills forth his passion to the moon,
By Youth and Love and Pleasure heard

How still the autumn woods must seem,
When all around, below, above—
Their silence is a golden dream,
Where Youth and Pleasure talk of Love !

Even when the songless woods are sere,
And Youth's bright pleasures all have flown,
How dear their pain who linger here,
Remembering these sweet things alone !

For Nature's Pledge—a still green leaf
In every wood recalls a truth—
How life's reposeful hour is brief,
And Winter's sleep Renewal of Youth !

M. EAGLES SWAYNE.

SOME RANDOM STUDIES.

I

THE EXPANSION OF THE METAPHOR.

WILLIAM BLAKE speaks of seeing a world in a grain of sand : we in like fashion may see all religion, all philosophy, and all history, in that figure of speech which is known as the metaphor.

Consider religion : the metaphor is the root-principle of all its teachings ; its symbolism is the metaphor made concrete, its parable is the metaphor extended, its allegory is the metaphor diluted. The Great Unknown assumes visible shape in the divine shorthand of its lightning, and the supreme revelation of love and of sacrifice stands under the metaphor of the Lamb of God.

Consider philosophy : this is an inert mass until the metaphor flashes a vital spark through its densities, and wisdom leaps full-armed upon the world. "Hitch your waggon to a star," says Emerson. "Imagination is a pilgrim on the earth, and her home is in heaven," says Ruskin. "Unity itself divided by Zero will give Infinity," says Carlyle. Language itself is built on crumbling metaphor, and in the inspired creation of new metaphor lies perhaps the final test of poetry. Then, as far as history is concerned, an examination of the metaphors of various nations gives sure key to the dominant characteristics of each : an examination of the metaphors of a single nation at different periods yields a more certain index of progress and decay than the record of Parliamentary Bluebook or parish archive.

For if our thoughts are high, we magnify them in lofty images ; if low, we degrade them still further by base comparisons. The metaphor is sensitive to every spiritual and intellectual influence, and registers like a barometer the rise and fall in aspirations and ideals. The connection between the metaphor and scientific discovery of peculiar interest, since the most vital literary problem of the present day is to determine the exact relationship between Science and Poetry. We propose, there-

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fore, to glance briefly at the metaphor in England, with a special view to its expansion under scientific stimulus.

The metaphor is of little account in the Middle Ages. Chaucer seldom reaches the climax of identification; he usually employs the weaker device of simile. His comparisons are wholly drawn from familiar everyday objects—household utensils, and the flowers of the field. Of the Squire we are told—

“ Embrowded was he, as it were a mede
Al ful of fresshe floures, white and reede.”

The Monk's eyes “stemed as a forneys of a leede.” And Emilie
“ fairir was to seene

Than is the lilie on hire stalke grene.”

Thus it will be seen that Chaucer's images, circumscribed within a very narrow compass, have all the detail and fulness of colour that belongs so peculiarly to mediæval times: now the metaphors of the Elizabethan Poets lose in definition what they gain in size. After the Renaissance, the world was no longer a homestead with its contingent fields, or the tiny plot occupied by a walled city; adventurers had sailed to its uttermost edges, astronomers had skimmed the deeps of sky, and poetry reflects these vast extensions in the conquest of space, and opens out so as to include unknown oceans and remote lands, and all the paraphernalia of sun and moon and stars. The æsthetic manifestations of the Renaissance entirely overbore its lesser achievements in science, which perhaps accounts for the fact that these expansions of metaphor are chiefly used by the Elizabethans to glorify physical beauty and romantic love. “It is the East, and Juliet is the sun,” exclaims Romeo, and again:—

“The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars”
As daylight doth a lamp”

Una's face, “as the great eye of heaven shined bright.” Britomart's golden hair—

“Like as the shining sky in summer night . . .
Is crested all with lines of fiery light.”

Sir William Davenant writes,

“Awake, awake, back through your veils of lawn,
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.”

The stimulus of the Renaissance prompts the gorgeous imagery of Milton. “Paradise Lost” is a piled magnificence of metaphor. For the present purpose, it is enough to point out that two of his most striking comparisons are adaptations of scientific truths, that wherein he describes Satan's shield,

EAST & WEST

"The broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views,"

—and this comparison of the sun to the moon in "Samson Agonistes"—

"The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.

William Blake's greatest claim to the title of prophet lies perhaps in his extraordinary anticipation of the limitless realms that science would give poetry. The Prophetic Books hold, through metaphor, dominion over regions even yet unexplored; and the Auguries of Innocence afford perhaps the most striking series of metaphors in literature. We have already quoted from the preliminary quatrain:—

"To see the world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour."

In this reaching out to include the Cosmos we have the most amazing prescience of modern aspiration.

Many of the finest thinkers of the last century held the opinion that science was destined to kill poetry, since science made of man an insignificant pigmy, whose thoughts and emotions counted for nothing in the great sum-total. Using the touchstone of the metaphor, we arrive at a directly opposite conclusion.

The Elizabethan poets drew images from the sun and the moon and the stars to glorify their lady-loves; the modern poet ransacks the universe to magnify man. To-day, the metaphor contains, not only the earth, but cycles of solar systems; aeons of time are brought to a point within its bounds. Indeed, Hamlet's speech, beginning, "What a piece of work is man," is the only passage in the literature of the past wherein man attains that large stature which is given to him by science working through poetry. Thus Carlyle says of Teufelsdröckh, "He could clasp the whole universe into his bosom, and keep it warm." Tennyson makes man a planet equal to the sun, -

"A planet equal to the sun
Which cast it, that large infidel
Your Omar . . ."

Francis Thompson, that most reckless and daring rider of metaphors, calls man master of the stars:—

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"they

Who clomb the cars
And learned to rein the chariots of the stars;
Or who in night's dark waters dipt their hands
To sift the hid gold from its sands."

Here is the account that William Watson gives of man's high destinies:—

"Man with the cosmic fortunes and starry vicissitudes tangled,
Chained to the wheel of the world, blind with the dust of its
speed"

Or consider the magnificent egoism of Walt Whitman in his "Song to Myself,"

"Long was I hugged close—long and long,
Immense have been the preparations for me

Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen,
For room for me, stars kept aside in their own rings"

"One thought fills immensity," to quote William Blake once more and so, by means of the expansion of the metaphor, man fills time and space. Since Chaucer's age, the boundaries of knowledge have shifted further and ever further into the infinite; and the stature of man has increased in direct ratio. Now, as giants, we strive in art and literature after that which is beyond our reach, we try to utter the inexpressible, to paint the impossible, and our despair is largely the result of noble and inevitable failure. Yet even so, if the test of the metaphor count for anything, it would appear, in spite of our commercialism and mammon-worship, and all the evils peculiar to this epoch, that we do veritably tower over the peoples of past ages. This granted, it is impossible to avoid the further conclusion, that our sublime conception of man, so full of inspiration to the highest poetry, is directly due to the great currents of fresh air, let in on every side by the opening of the doors of science.

II.

THE WAYS THAT LEAD TO FAIRYLAND.

What are the ways that lead to Fairyland? Here stand we on this material plane; and there it lies, shimmering in the clouds of the sunset, pale and radiant in the zone of the moon, or wonderful, beyond the farthest stars. Not only space divides us from it, but time: we look back, and see Fairyland down vistas of interminable years; forward, and its light shines along the distances of centuries yet to be. What manner of bridge have the poets built for us across the vasts of time? What devious paths

have they traced leading from this earth to the unplumbed depths of space?

It is this debatable borderland that we propose to examine, the land within whose magic limits the material and the faery dovetail into one another. Many there are, it is true, who do not concern themselves with the ways that lead to Fairyland; in one bound these overleap time and space and immediately meet the gentle knight pricking over the plain, and Una, and Britomart, and all the faeries of Romance. It is not with these wild and violent vaultings that we concern ourselves here, but with slow and difficult exploration and methods of attainment; the following of voices, or of birds, through densest thickets; adventurous wanderings in strange lands, or over lonely seas; and the construction of mechanical contrivances to penetrate distances or years.

It is worthy of notice that in the old days, people were occupied with faeries rather than with Fairyland. If Fairyland were anywhere, it was here upon Earth. Mediæval faeries may in some sense be regarded as the lineal descendants of classic and Norse mythologies: the name Titania is a corruption of Diana, Oberon of Alberich, the dwarf-guardian of the Niebelungen hoard, while Pluto and Proserpine figure as faeries in Chaucer's Merchant's Tale. The nymphs and dryads of classic lore may be supposed to have partaken rather of the faery than of the divine nature; and their Fairyland is the green world they live in, with no magic but the moon in the columned glade, or the sunshine through leaves painting the soft contours of the lakes.

In mediæval times, when nature was despised, and the world mistrusted as a snare to lure from the contemplation of higher things, Fairyland was removed to a place a little apart. Still it was not very far off. The ways that led to it bear, in the folklore of many nations, a striking similarity: it is always reached by following a faery through a green mound, or the side of a mountain, and there are an infinity of tales about those who have thus ventured. The Pied Piper of Hamelin, it will be remembered, led the children right into a mountain, and the little boy who was left outside tells of the faery delights promised in the magic piping. In all such legends there is that extraordinary resemblance which makes comparative folklore so fascinating. But where we have to deal with fairylands other than those of folklore, we find the most ingenious invention expended in the tracing of new tracks.

We shall try to confine ourselves to fairylands proper, but it is impossible wholly to exclude those other realms of the imagination, those dreams of the future, that are approached by such varying and such devious paths.

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The simplest, and most general mode of reaching Fairyland, is across the misty regions we traverse nightly, into the mysterious places we call Dreamland. From this mainly undiscovered country, travellers do return, but their reports remain ever fragmentary and unsatisfactory. Science itself may not pronounce on the uncapturable glamour of dream, to state if it be indeed illusion or actuality. This fairyland may as possibly have its foundations in real experience as in imaginary experience; hence the innumerable feet that have crossed into it over the bridge of sleep.

The two great visions of our literature, the one recorded in poetry, the other in prose, were reached by merely traversing the threshold of sleep. Piers Plowman in a summer season, when soft was the sun, fell into a slumber beside a stream, lulled by the pleasant sound of the water; and in his sleep he visioned that field full of folk. John Bunyan, as he walked through the wilderness of this world, lighted on a certain place where was a den, and laid him down in that place to sleep; and as he slept he dreamed a dream. William Morris, in his *Dream of John Ball*, goes back, back through corridors of marvellous dream-architecture into the glorified land of the past; and one of Mr. Wells's heroes arrives at the ugly land of the future through artificially prolonged sleep. The Prince, in "*The Prince's Quest*," imaging sleep as a hollow sea, a soundless sea, surrenders himself to it with the prayer that it may bring him to that golden fairyland where his fairy bride awaits him; "Golden her palace, Golden all her hair, Golden her city, 'neath a heaven of gold."

But if Fairyland is so often attained through the gates of sleep, it can also be found in remote wanderings over the face of the earth; and the strong hold that folklore still has over the imagination is witnessed by the fact that fairylands are still constantly situated underground. Before his descent into the underworld, Dante traverses a dark, trackless wood, and its grave mystery prepares his mind for the wonders and terrors that are to come. The Oriental fairyland discovered by Prince Ahmed in the *Arabian Nights*, is underground; the Prince, searching for an arrow he has let fly, finds it near some high, steep rocks, in a barren wilderness. He enters a hollow in the rocks and comes upon an iron door which opens inward, showing a gentle declivity without steps. Like other adventurers into fairy regions, he finds himself surrounded by a light totally different from the sunshine he has left, and almost immediately he meets the fairy Pari-Banu.

Both the philosophic speculator, and the writer of children's stories, have indulged us with the shock of an even more sudden descent into

earth. Alice gets into Wonderland by a fall down a rabbit-hole, while Bulwer-Lytton's hero discovers the land of the Coming Race at the bottom of the shaft of a mine.

Sometimes, when we neither make search for fairyland, nor reach it unexpectedly, it is apt to break in the quietude of our chambers. Genii appear through sudden doors in the walls in oriental lore, and similar doors open to the Princesses of German legend, leading to long flights of steps by which they shall descend to join the fairy dances, and none may know of these fairy adventures except by finding the dancing shoes repeatedly worn out.

We are for ever haunted by the strangeness of one fairyland, seen out of a window of literature—a fairyland poignant with unattainability and the sorrow of loneliness. The notes of the thrush's song in Keats's poem build for us

“Faery casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.”

And here we may fitly recall some of the many fairylands that are approached by sea, and the method of their discovery. Nearly always these are visioned as islands. The best known is undoubtedly the lovely island of the “Tempest,” with its blue-eyed witches, its monsters, its delicate spirits with all their exquisite craftsmanship of sights and sounds. Prospero and Miranda come ashore upon the island, “by Providence divine,” and the ship containing Alonso and Antonio is driven thitherward “by accident most strange,” but they make the island in ordinary ships independent of enchantment. William Watson's fairy island is situated in the midst of a great mist on the sea wherein it blooms “like a rosebud ring'd with snows.” A magic gem set in the prow guides the boat in which the Prince is floated to this island. The boat

“Swift as any captive bird set free
Shot o'er the shimmering surface of the sea
The spirit of the emerald guiding her.”

Wrought with still finer imagination is the method whereby Oisín reaches Fairyland. For on the dove-grey edge of the sea, he meets “a pearl-pale, high-born lady, who rode on a horse with bridle of findrinny,” Niam, daughter of Adene and Aengus; he mounts beside her, and they gallop over the glossy sea to Fairyland. Then, after a hundred years of happiness, a staff of wood, from some dead warrior's lance, drawn out of the white flowers of the foam, reminds Oisín of the world of men and battles; they ride forth again over the purple, glimmering sea to another region; and after another hundred years, they ride forth again.

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Now fairylands reached by ways that lead through the terror of deep woods, or over the perils of mountain barriers, as in *Erewhon*, are conceivable; fairylands set in the mystery of far-off seas are credible,—for fairyland is very close to Nature, and we may cross the threshold almost at our will. The Celtic peoples, indeed, hear the talk of fairyland in all the little, common objects of earth. Mr. W. B. Yeats makes the fish and the knot-grass, even the worms in the graves, whisper it, disturbing man's ease with the dream of a perfect peace, his content with the dream of a perfect happiness. Fairyland calls and shines in *Fiona Macleod* with the voice and the gleam of birds, and you shall arrive there if you but follow the white merle between the quicken boughs.

But ours is an age of experiment, an age of frenzied exploration, an age of machinery. It is not enough for us to listen to the simple tales of bird, and fish and worm; we must ransack the confines of space and time, to startle with the recognition of our ingenuity. The chariot of *Queen Mab*, with its waggon-spokes of spinners' legs, its cover of the wings of grass-hoppers, is no longer to our purpose; we fashion instead our own machines to penetrate into the realms of the imagination, and endow them with the minimum of faery power, so as to preserve, as far as possible, an illusion of reality. It must be confessed that the experiment rarely succeeds. The contrivances have in most cases proved too heavy and too clumsy to do more than lift a very little way off the earth.

By far the most delicate and original of these inventions is Mr. Wells' *Time Machine*. It is based on the supposition of a fourth dimension—Duration—in addition to the three existing dimensions of length, breadth, and height. Parts of the machine are of ivory, parts of nickel, parts of rock-crystal. We watch without any serious violation of the sense of possibility, this vague and shining invention, passing through the centuries, the ages, and the aeons.

Jules Verne, however, in his *Clipper of the Clouds* and his gun projectiles for reaching the moon, is so hampered by a multiplicity of material detail and scientific exactitudes, that his machines can only go just beyond the possible, and never reach that realm of splendid impossibility where the real dreamlands and real fairylands abide. By his ingenious and constant appeal to reason, he has bound himself irretrievably to earth. His most successful venture is made with the delightful *Nautilus*, in a voyage that scarcely more than describes what we are on the verge of achieving.

There is one more way of entering fairyland, "and therein we enter not by ships, or chariots, or feet." It happens when the glamour of fairyland takes so passionate a hold on the imagination that life becomes,

in comparison, too sordid and too ugly to be lived. For here on earth there is a round of petty tasks, and the clamour all day of bitter tongues : there, in fairyland, you shall "pierce the deep woods' woven shade, and dance upon the level shore." Here we must grow old, and "wrangle over butter, fowl, and eggs," there, you shall "ride upon the winds, and run on the top of the dishevelled tide." And the fairies are just outside the door, awaiting your call. The story of one so stricken with the incurable longing for fairyland, is told in Mr. W. B. Yeats's exquisite play "The Land of Heart's Desire," and

"The wind blows over the lonely of heart
And the lonely of heart is withered away."

For the last pathway to Fairyland is the path of Death.

III.

DEATH AND EVERYMAN.

The age of faith was possessed of so concrete an imagination that death, the infallible herald of immortality, is yet always represented under the guise of a skeleton. Many there are in these modern days who hold that man's skeleton in very truth stands symbol for his end; but with a few rare exceptions, death is regarded now as a Benefactor, a Friend, a God. Professor A. E. Housman's strange and terrible address to the bones as the immortal part of man, therefore, seems to be directly inspired by mediæval times, when Death walked the narrow cobbled streets, and tapped familiarly this and that one on the shoulder to follow his summons.

So the mediæval Death appears to us in Holbein's marvellous series of the Dance of Death; and a recent revival of the fifteenth century morality play, "Everyman," has emphasised to us by actual representation this ancient conception. Death is figured in the play under the form of a skeleton, clad in the traditional red velvet cap and blue velvet tunic edged with fur. His step is a dance, and he carries pipes and a dull drum. The love of glaring contrast, peculiar to the age, is seen in the fleshless bones emerging horribly from the gay attire; its intensity of imagination gives the personification a concentrated vitality. Thus Death the Skeleton is the extreme example of the grotesque, that inspires, not to laughter, but to terror: it stands to us of another age symbolic of all the multi-coloured beauty of the past, which covered so often frames wasted by the ravages of starvation and plague.

But apart from its historical interest, Death the Skeleton makes vital appeal to all times as a forcible expression of a universal truth. To

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this we must all come: and walk the way of Everyman, deserted at the first summons by kindred and friends, abandoned at the mouth of the grave by Beauty, Strength, Discretion and Five Wits. This is the allegory of death in its most poignant, because in its simplest, form.

A few great men of various ages have approached the grave according to the old traditions, and their works possess a directness and intensity only to be achieved by the statement of naked fact. In music, for instance, the grave dominates the Dead March in "Saul," which seems to reproduce the mediæval convention of Death's drum. The march has the monotony, the hollow echo of a sepulchre—its dull anguish overbears the sense of final triumph. In literature we might perhaps mention Blair's "Grave," which, however, in its apostrophe to Death as "the great man-eater," and "unheard-of Epicure" has an unbalanced gruesomeness. In engraving, William Blake's "Grave" and in sculpture Bartholomey's "Aux Morts," both represent, in their several mediums, man at the entrance to the tomb. These two works are great and beautiful, because they show in its root-simplicity the pathos of the supreme tragedy that is for all time.

But the great body of literature has not followed along these lines; the thought of the tomb no longer dominates our lives; Death the Skeleton has ceased to haunt the imagination of Everyman. The coming of death to-day is more mysterious, his warnings more subtle. He is a wind in "Paolo and Francesca," a footstep in "Les Aveugles." The kindlier relationship of death to man is first indicated in such poems as Longfellow's "Reaper," a metaphor used with remoter symbolism in La Thangue's well-known picture, "The Man with the Scythe." An excellent example of the difference in the modern and the mediæval attitude towards death may be found in a contrast between Holbein's "Dance of Death" and G. F. Watts's "Love and Death." In both, there is the same tragic inevitability, the same inexorable fate; but in Watts's picture, the figure of Death is shrouded and the face hidden; we are in the presence of a mystery, almost of an abstraction, and we would more willingly resign ourselves to the decree of this that seems sublimer than we, than to the summons of the thing of fleshless bones made in our own image.

Watts's picture typifies the mystery which the modern painter has set as a halo round death; modern literature endows death with a more astonishing attribute—the attribute of beneficence. It is to be noted that this attitude is entirely modern; there is no trace of it whatsoever to be found in Elizabethan poetry. One is tempted to ask, "When life is fair,

can death be fair?"—for in that age of new birth and new hope and new light, the poets viewed death with a feeling akin to profound despair. Again and again we are struck in Elizabethan literature by the persistent allusion to the transitoriness of human things. Shakespeare, while following the conventional tradition in "Richard the Second," and making the shadow of Death the Skeleton sit in the King's crown, and grin at his pomp, has given in one of his sublimest passages expression to the baseless fabric of human life. "The great globe, yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve, and like this insubstantial pageant faded, leave not a rack behind." Even the heart-rending poems of Phillip Bourke Marston have nothing sadder in them than Beaumont and Fletcher's definition of death—"It is but giving over of a game that must be lost."

The men of mediæval times were able to bear with sufficient equanimity the conception of Death as a Skeleton, because of their unquestioning faith in another life; but to those of us who have lost belief in the certainty of the future, Death the Skeleton emphasises past bearing the materialism from which we aim ever at escape. The Elizabethans found compensation for their philosophy of dissolution in their own glorious times of intellectual expansion; but the note of weariness, of sick hurry, of divided aims, disturbs whatever joy we might find in the contemplation of the present. And yet though faith, and the *joie de vivre*, are rare possessions of this age, there has never been a time when the attitude towards Death was so healthy and so courageous. It is seldom that our poets approach death as a mere relief from pain, "the peace of the great release"; and "The City of Dreadful Night" stands alone in embodying the last pessimism, which permits suicide, because there is no longer any fear of waking after death. The majority of our poets do not say life is bad, therefore, death is good: but rather, life is good but death is better. "I was ever a fighter,—so one fight more, the best and the last!"—this of Browning's is a familiar cry to us: though, indeed, modern death is less a terror to be fought than a god to be worshipped—a god in whose honour hymns are written, and whose ritual is building slowly in perfect language. "Dances for thee I propose, saluting thee—adornments and feastings for thee."

Let us give a few examples at random. "The ways of death are soothing and serene, and all the words of death are grave and sweet," says W. E. Henley. "Sole comforter and sweet," Swinburne calls death in his beautiful sonnet "Deliverance":—

"Sleep hardly shows us round thy shadowy shrine
What roses hang, what music floats, what feet

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Pass, and what wings of angels"

And what are we to say of Walt Whitman's song to death in President Lincoln's Funeral Hymn?

"Come, lovely and soothing Death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving,
arriving"

Never has life been so exquisitely praised, nor have any of its triumphs or its joys been more perfectly hymned than this its ending.

It is a little difficult to account for the modern attitude towards death, and our suggestions in the matter must only be regarded as tentative. There seems a general tendency in this age to express abstractions, not under the symbols of persons, but under the symbols of natural objects. Love, which used to be represented as a Cupid or a Venus, has now become a sun, the dearest light of souls, an ocean, a cloud. Instead of seeing Death as a Skeleton, we of to-day vision it as a tide "too full for sound or foam." In a word, the personal element has lost something of its overwhelming importance in religion, in literature, and in life; and nature has to a large extent been substituted as the supreme bearer of all our ills. Death, therefore, is no longer regarded as a capricious decree, but as a destiny which, like birth, has been preparing for us through countless aeons. Recognised at last as one of the great and mysterious forces of the universe, Death rises to a dignity and a beauty that it never attained before.

This is no more than an attempt to suggest one reason for our changed attitude towards death; and whether it have truth in it or no, the fact remains that *we* shall never be called to follow the summons of a grisly Skeleton, nor to shiver in fear and mortal trembling on the dreadful verge of the tomb; for when the last moment comes, delicious death folds us in its sure-enwinding arms and we are

"Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death."

ETHEL WHEELER.

London.

VEDANTA AND SUFIISM IN THE LIGHT OF KANTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

IN this Review for November, 1907. Prof. Dhruva drew our attention to the remarkable influence of the works of the Königs-berg philosopher upon the Victorian poet-laureate. Art and science have alike been affected, and it may be truly said that no philosophical writings have had such an effect upon modern thought as those of Immanuel Kant. To-day "Zurück auf Kant" is the call of the best thinkers in the Fatherland itself.

What we now seek to show is that the far-reaching results of Kant's philosophy, which were arrived at by an elaborate examination of the conditions of experience, have been the unconscious hypothesis of the leaders of thought both in India and Persia.

The outcome of Kant's formal and transcendental idealism has by none been so ably and tersely stated as by our friend Prof. Deussen; we therefore, propose to preface our study with a summary of the "Critique of Pure Reason" very much in the words of the latter's "Elemente der Metaphysik."

In Europe the philosophy of the Middle Age had moved round two great and dark problems, the question of the Immortality of the Soul, and that as regards the existence of a Deity outside the world. The contributions of Cartesius, for instance, consist for the most part of a clear and logical analysis of these mediæval views, which, after the searching examination of the French metaphysician, were shown to be scientifically untenable. The systems of such venerable theologians as are described by Dante in the 10th Canto of the *Paradiso* might well fill one with wonder and admiration, but could not fail to appear threadbare and antiquated as soon as Descartes subjected them to a scientific investigation. And the philosophic

atmosphere having once been cleared, the following century was occupied with such problems as : how is the immaterial substance of the soul related to the body enclosing it, and how the extra-mundane Deity to the world created by Him ? After much conflict of opinion these questions led to the pantheism of Spinoza, the idealism of Leibnitz and Berkeley, the scepticism of Hume and to the materialism of the French revolution.

Into the midst of this distracted state of speculation came Kant, and at once began to ask the relevant question, whether the human mind possesses the organs and faculties to produce conviction founded on a scientific basis about that kind of problems transcending all experience. In order to find this out, he subjected the whole human intellect to a critical examination, which he called transcendental, because it would test the legitimacy of all transcendent philosophising up to this point. The result of this test was to be anticipated. With marvellous prudence he took to pieces the whole machinery of the intellectual apparatus and showed how all its organs and functions are unmistakably only destined and fitted to receive and deal with empirical matter, and how they wander aimlessly and lose all meaning directly we undertake to go beyond the world of experience. So far the result of the Critique of Pure Reason, with all its penetrating researches, would be a purely negative one. But whilst Kant took the human intellect to pieces like a clock, noting and describing in detail all its minute powers, sensibility, understanding and reason, he made, to his own and to the world's astonishment, the greater discovery which the whole history of philosophy has to record, as during his investigations it became manifest that certain essential elements of the reality by which we are surrounded prove themselves to be innate perceptual forms of our intellect. These fundamental elements of the entire empirical reality, which were shown by Kant to be original functions attaching to consciousness, are, first of all, infinite and all-embracing Space, secondly, endless Time, in the course of which all events happen, thirdly and lastly, the one category out of the 12 setup by Kant which can be maintained, namely, Causality, *i.e.*, the causal nexus connecting all events as causes and effects. These three penetrating and regulating world-bases, Space, Time and Causality, are not, as we are wont to believe, objective entities exist-

ing independently of us, but are, as Kant has conclusively proved, subjective forms of perception inherent in the general world-consciousness, realised in every individual consciousness as functions of the brain. This is and remains the fundamental truth of all philosophy, and our present purpose is to enquire how it affects the great problems of life and mind with which both East and West will never fail to deal.

The highest blessings of religion, the most precious consolations which it can offer, can be comprised in the three words : God, Immortality and Freedom. These three supreme comforts can only be maintained if Kant is right, if Space, Time and Causality are only subjective forms of perception, if, in fact, the whole world, spread out in space and time and governed by the law of causality, is only Appearance, not Thing-in-Itself or Noumenon. For, granted that the world-order surrounding us were an eternal order of things-in-themselves, independent of consciousness, these three could not be, and religion would cease to exist.

Human ingenuity had long been engaged in this attempt to prove the existence of the Deity. Then, when the hopelessness of these attempts was recognised, one found comfort in the thought that at all events the contrary could not be proved. But the truth is that from the Anti-Kantian standpoint, which assumes the reality of the world independently of consciousness, the non-existence of the Deity is inevitable. Round us, stretching on all sides into infinity, is space. Outside of it there can be no Being, for such could be in no place, therefore nowhere. Hence everything which exists must exist inside space, but therein exists only that which fills a space, and this we call matter, whereof the most exact definition is, that which fills a space.

Therefore, in all boundless space, in all nearnesses and distances, there can be nothing but matter. From an empirical standpoint materialism is the only possible, true and consistent view of the world. Philosophically speaking, we are raised above this comfortless view only by the Kantian doctrine that the whole infinite space with all that it contains is but Appearance, but a picture in our consciousness, comparable to a dream, behind which there is another, supernatural, living Reality, however little we can grasp it with our intellect bound to spatial perception.

As space shuts out the existence of the Deity, so again Time makes it impossible to maintain the immortality of the soul. Like everything else our life has its course in time. It has a beginning in time by begetting and birth, and finds its end in time by death. Empirically considered, we are at the end of a hundred years exactly what we were one hundred years before, namely, nothing. It is otherwise only if with Kant we regard Time as merely a subjective perceptual form inherent in our intellect. For this alone our being is spread out in time, our essence being really timeless, sublime above beginning and end, rise and fall, and therefore immortal.

And the third saving truth of Religion, which underlies all morality, namely, Freedom of the Will, is shut out by the unlimited reign of the law of Causality, and only made possible by Kant's great doctrine that all our actions are subject to the series of causes and effects only from intellectual considerations and that with this physical necessity there exists in one and the same action metaphysical freedom, however little we may understand this.

Thus the fundamental doctrines of Kant serve as the indispensable data of all religion. Not that religion first became possible through Kant, but rather that Kant's ground-thought was there long before, and that all religious minds had always quietly taken for granted the great truth which was first raised to scientific evidence by Kant's proofs.

Philosophy, too, like Religion, is rooted in what has been by Kant's doctrine raised to a fundamental dogma, and the philosophy of all lands and times is at bottom nothing but the search after a principle of interpretation of the universe, after that secret which is within, but is before our eyes as this spatial and temporal terrestrial globe, or, put shortly, all philosophy is a search after the Thing-in-Itself.

Nay more ; that most beautiful bloom, the fair flower known as Art in all its forms, has had the Kantian thought as an unconscious hypothesis. The artist is an unconscious metaphysician ; he does not copy empirical reality, but goes beyond it ; he seeks to seize the eternal, which appears in all forms and events of this world, and as he represents this in forms, colours, words and tones, he offers a revelation concerning the inner essence of things which takes its

place by religion and philosophy as a potent supplement. Thus, the Critique of Pure Reason gives us that central truth which comes through whenever the human mind probes the depths, as has happened in Persia in the exalted mysticism of the Sûfis, and in the ancient Indian idealism known as Vêdânta.

For our knowledge of Sufism we are indebted to the researches of M. de Gobineau, Mr. E. H. Whinfield and Prof. Browne. It is not of ancient date, and, though we cannot fix the exact year of its first appearance, we may safely say that it is not found before the 8th century of our era. One of the first countries to fall a victim to the zeal of Muhammad's followers was Persia, and within fifty years of the Prophet's death, that once flourishing and mighty Aryan Empire had sunk into the state of a mere Semitic dependency. Zoroastrianism, the ancient Iranian religion, fell with Jasdigird, the last Sassanian king, and whilst the greater number of the conquered people, from various motives, embraced the religion of their conquerors, most of those who still held fast to the faith of their fathers and forefathers had to leave the country and find a home in India, where, under the name of Pârsis, their descendants exist to this day in Bombay.

So, from the zenith of its power and prosperity the land of the lion and the sun, in less than a century, fell into utter ruin, involving a change of views and a spiritual upheaval vaster and more far-reaching than any merely material misfortune. At the end of about two hundred years the Persians regained to a great extent their independence, but by this time Islâm had taken such firm root that the faith of the Magi was everywhere supplanted.

But, as Prof. Browne so ably points out, "it was not to be expected that an Aryan race would receive without alteration a Semitic system of religion, and accordingly the Shia schism, which has ever since divided the Muhammadan world, took its origin amongst the Persians. A mere modification of external forms and subsidiary details sufficed for the generality of the people, whose chief desire was to have a national religion peculiar to themselves, and differing sufficiently from that of their former conquerors and teachers to allow a fair field for religious bigotry and hatred. But there remained a small number of thoughtful and earnest men, inheriting the intellectual power and philosophic instincts of their ancestors, who felt

that the religion of Islâm offered too crude a solution of the problems of existence and strove to find for themselves a wider, truer and more satisfying faith." Whether the system thus elaborated owes anything to the Brâhmans or to the Neo-Platonists, it is very difficult to determine. One thing, however, is certain, namely, that "when the country began to free itself from Arab rule, and to struggle back to some degree of independence, Sûfi ideas were afloat in the minds of many of the wisest of its children and began to manifest themselves in the productions of the literary revival which accompanied the return to freedom."

Essentially Sufiism is a form of Pantheism, not in the sense of looking upon the Supreme as merely that sum of the constituent parts of the phenomenal world, but in that which regards God as the cause, essence and goal of phenomenal being and treats phenomena as illusions. As waves to the sea or sunlight to the sun, so are these evanescent manifestations of the divine Ideas to the one true Being.

Now, much as this idealism resembles the "One only without second" of Sankara and "die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung" of Schopenhauer, it differs from them in one most essential point. When the Sufi says:—

"God was, and there is nothing but He," he does not mean a mere abstraction of which one can say nothing except that it exists. Allah is rather the perfection of Beauty, Goodness and Truth, the Friend of Man, the Beloved. So far from believing that the universe is a mere chance coming together of atoms governed by controlling forces which can only be described as fortuitous, the Sufi holds that, in all its depths of beauty and harmony, the world is an embodiment or reflection of a pre-existing idea in a Mind endowed with supreme wisdom.

The Arab and the Persian are alike convinced that order is not without thought, effect without cause, form without idea. As an Arabian poet puts it:—

When the heavenly host I name
And the stars begin to shine,
"He is One, the Lord divine!"
This the truth they all proclaim.

Thus, whilst Sûfism is pantheistic in its belief that the Great Spirit is not only the highest but the sole real Being, it is *theistic*

in its affirmation of the existence of an over-soul beyond all that can be perceived by the senses. If, then, we have the unity and eternity of the divine Being and admit that all else is but a shadow of Him—nature being mere Mâyâ or illusion—the question thus arises: how are we to account for the world of phenomena? If in perfection and self-sufficiency the Deity existed before and above His Space, Time and Causality, the conditions of our earthly life, why has a state of imperfection and evil been brought about? This is perhaps the most stupendous problem with which philosophy has to deal, and the Sûfis do not shirk it. The thought which they conceive to have been present in the Mind divine in giving rise to contingent being is this :—

“ I was a hidden treasure and I longed to be comprehended, so I decreed Creation that I might be understood.”

Now, whether this be considered a satisfactory solution of the mystery of Being or not, it is undoubtedly a very poetical and beautiful idea of the cause of creation. And if progress toward perfection be the actual order of things, the Oriental philosopher takes for granted that the beginning was not chaotic. Be he Vêdântin, Rabbalist or Sûfi, the mystic wholly and heartily accepts the theory of evolution and applies it not only to the world of matter, but to that of souls, asserting, moreover, that only what has gone into a thing can come out of it. That is to say, if there really be a capacity in men and things, to rise, it is because of the perfection from which they came and to which they must return. And this is the interpretation of the aphorism :—

“ Everything returns to its origin.”

To sum up the Sûfi position so far. Beholding the exquisite beauty and harmony of the Kosmos, nature in her many-coloured and varied aspects, the Persian sage became convinced that such a well-ordered and noble structure could not fail to be the outcome of Meditation; that behind all, though hidden from the heedless and heartless, is a Supreme Artist, a divine Will to conceive and to create. Moreover, inasmuch as out of nothing, nothing comes, the Sûfi holds, in the words of Prof. Browne, “that since in the beginning of Time the Supreme Intelligence alone existed, while the Universe *was not*, and since it is impossible to conceive of the former as in any way diminished by the process of creation, and

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since it is illogical to establish a relation between two entirely incongruous things having 'nothing in common, namely, Being and Not-Being, therefore, as in the beginning God *was* and the Phenomenal World *was not*, so now also God *is* and the Phenomenal World *is not*, but only *appears to be*.

Hence, from the Monotheism revealed in Nature the Sûfi passes to the Pantheism which regards the Deity as the only true and absolute Being, and to the Idealism "which regards the so solid-seeming world as a vision or illusion, able, indeed, to blind and ensnare the thoughtless, who take its shows and appearances for realities, but incapable of instilling fear or desire into the soul of him who, being awakened and enlightened, knows it for the dream it is."

Students of Plato will here recall the Timaeus, in which the great Greek philosopher distinguishes two great kingdoms: the metaphysical realm of Eternal Being, neither rising nor falling; and the physical realm of that which arises and decays, but never really *Is*. The former contains the Ideas as the eternal types of things, the latter, on the other hand, consists of their phenomena, their imitations, copies, shadows. And when Plato calls his Ideas "that which is in itself", the expression unites the Indian term अमात्र and the Kantian *Ding an sich* or Thing-in-Itself. Empirical reality, however, which to the Hindûs is माया, mere Illusion, and to Kant mere *Erscheinung* or Phenomenon, is to Plato a world of shadows. In the "Republic" we find the phenomenal world described as Not-Being.

By Sûfis the the realisation of this thought, namely, that God alone is Being, whilst all else is Not-Being, is termed توحيد or assertion of the divine Oneness, and the great object of their theosophy is the realisation of the identity of the soul with the essence divine or everlasting Yea. When only a passing ecstasy, during which the soul beholds its own apotheosis or absorption, this state is called حال but when lasting it is known as فنا في الله "annihilation in God." To the Neo-Platonists the former was *ekstasis* or *haplosis*, the latter *henosis* or *deosis*.

Now, though at first sight the Sûfi ideal seems to be that of the Baudda and of the Vêdântin, *fânâ fillâh* being equivalent to *nirvânam* and *mukti* or *môksa*, there is really as much difference

in thought as there is in character between the calm intellectual Indian and the highly emotional Persian. For Sûfism is not merely a philosophy, it is a religion; and though as an Ontologist or Metaphysician he regards Allâh as Absolute Being, to the Sûfi as a Mystic the divine Being is the Friend, the Beloved, the essence of Beauty, Harmony and Truth. Hence alike the enthusiasm and the optimism of the Persian devotee, to whom Allâh is not the All-good and the All-wise only, but also the Altogether Lovely. Thus true or absolute Being is one with Beauty and Perfection, apparent evil being illusory, absolute evil being non-existent.

To cite again Prof. Browne: "Those who regard the Supreme Being only as All-Powerful, dread Him; those who further know Him to be All-Good, love Him; but the Sufi, seeing in Beauty a kind of Goodness, and in Goodness a kind of Beauty, or rather regarding Beauty and Goodness in their widest sense as identical, adores and loves Him with that fervour which is the special characteristic of almost all forms of mysticism."

In Hinduism it is the difference between the Vêdântin and the Bhakta; in Judaism between the strict orthodox Jew and the follower of Kabbalah.

A few lines from Jâmi's very remarkable poem *Yûsuf and Zuleikâ* will give the reader an idea not only of the secret of creation as conceived by the Sûfi, but also of the imagery in which he is wont to clothe his thought of Allâh:—

In solitude, where Being signless dwelt, and all the Universe still
dormant lay
Concealed in selflessness, One Being was Unstained by thought of
"I" or "Thou," and free
From all duality: Beauty supreme, Unmanifest, except unto itself,
By its own light, with latent power to charm the souls of all;
concealed in the Unseen
An essence pure, unstained by aught of Ill. No mirror to reflect its
loveliness,
Nor comb to touch its locks: the morning breeze ne'er stirred its
tresses, nor collyrium
Lent lustre to its eyes: no rosy cheeks o'ershadowed by dark curls
like hyacinth
Nor peach-like down was there: nor dusky mole adorned its face,
nor any eye beheld
Its Beauty: to itself It sang of Love in endless measures: by Itself
it cast

The die of Love. But Beauty cannot brook concealment and the veil, nor patient rest
 Unseen and unadmired, but bursts all bonds. And from its prison casement to the world
 Reveals itself.

The couplets of another Sufi poem known as the "Rose-Garden of Mystery" are to much the same effect.

Not-Being is the mirror of Absolute Being
 From which is shewn the reflection of Truth's brightness.
 When Not-Being was opposed to Being
 A reflexion was instantly produced on it.
 That Unity was displayed from this Plurality,
 For when thou repeatest One it becomes Many.

* * *

And when thou lookest well into the heart of things,
 He is both the Seer, and the Eye, and the Vision.

Hence the relation which Allâh the *Mustagni* or Self-Existent bears to *Imkân*, the world of phenomena, may be likened to the reflection of the sun in water, the former representing Being, the latter Not-Being or mere Appearance. Whilst it is distinct from either, the reflected Image has something of the characters of both, and the soul of man may be compared to a cloud floating between the two : above it the light of the Eternal, below it the darkness of its own shadow.

And here we have the last word, the final outcome of Kant's philosophy, namely, the distinction of the transcendental, spaceless, timeless, causalityless consciousness from the empirical individual consciousness, which, as a manifestation of the former, arises anew in every brain and again disappears.

In passing on to the Indian system we may take leave of Sûfism with the following sonnet :—

From out the vast and vauntless void a voice
 Came falling, falling through the deep abyss :
 " I am a hidden treasure, and I miss
 The joy of self-expression and the choice
 'Twixt that which is and that which seems—Rejoice
 I cannot; there is none to share—so this
 Shall be my high resolve : with one glad kiss

Upon the brow of space, withouten noise
 I will create, and underneath the veil
 Mankind shall see the sparkling of my cheek."
 Thus love sprang into being, and its trail
 Of glory, ever growing, made man seek
 The union of the human and divine,
 And grasp the secret, Allâh, his and Thine !

The evolution of Indian culture and with it that of religion and philosophy extends over three periods, the old Vêdic and the young Vêdic, representing Sruti, and the post-Vêdic or Smriti period. Although it is impossible to assign definite dates, we shall probably be right in saying that from about 3000 to 900 B. C. is the time of the Mantras of the Rigvêda, from 900 to 400 that of the Brâhmanas, Aranjakas and Upanisads, and from 400 B. C. to our own era is the Sanskrit period *par excellence*, that of the Vêdângas, including the Nirukta, the Sûtras, Darmasâstras, Itihâsas and Purânas.

In the earliest hymns of the Rigvêda we find a richly-developed polytheism, whereof the gods are but thinly veiled forces and phases of Nature. Thus Sûrya, Savitar, Mitra, Vishnu and Pûshan are the sun, Varuna is the starry sky, Ushas the dawn, Indra the storm, Vâyû or Vâta the wind, Rudra falling lightning, Agni the fire, and Parganya the rain.

In the latest hymns philosophical reflection begins to come into play ; many Rishis feel after that eternal Oneness upon which all gods, all worlds, all things depend. And nowhere is this groping more finely expressed than in the song of Creation (x. 129) and the Hymn of Dîrgatamas (i. 164). The former is a mystic, unfathomable song ascribed to Prajâpati Paramêstin, and will long remain a noble monument of Indian genius. From verse to verse the poet plunges ever more deeply into the secret of life, and in each verse the first and second half stand to each other in grand antiphonal harmony, the chorus to say what *was not*, the anti-chorus, on the other hand, to proclaim what nevertheless *was*, until in the fourth verse the last veil falls at the word Kâma, Love, which casts its flames over all nature and expresses the Rishi's highest thought. The opening is as follows :—

The birth of time it was, when yet was naught nor aught
 Yon sky was not, nor heaven's all-covering woof ;

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No life, no death, no amplitude of breath was sought
 In those primeval days. What clouded all? What roof
 Of many-twinkling eyes, if need of such could be?
 Unknown alike were sun and moon; no light or sound
 E'er broke the awful sameness of that vast wan sea;
 The One alone breathed breathless, waiting, self-profound.

अनीत् । अवानं । स्वयया । तत् । एकं ॥

The latter Sûkta is a compilation of curious cosmic conundrums, but it contains a thought expressed in one line in which, germ-like, lies the whole of philosophy. It is this:—

एकं । सत् । विप्राः । बहुधा । वदन्ति ॥

In many a way, the sages say,
 The true One doth himself display.

This is the summing up of the Hymn, the solution of all the problems so carefully propounded. When the early Aryan became convinced that what the poets described as Many was in reality One, he unconsciously denied to the true Reality alike Space, Time and Causality; for every spatial co-existence, each temporal sequence, every conditioning by cause and effect, is a manifold, a plurality.

The unity of Being having once been grasped, an attempt was made to define it more nearly. In the young Vêdic period that one Eternal and Unchangeable is conceived as Prajâpati, as Purusha, as Brahman and as Atman. The resting pole in the flight and flow of phenomena was at last found in that which is within us, and was called Brahman, Prayer, *i. e.*, as the exaltation of the spirit above individual existence, such as takes place in prayer and in religious meditation, and Atman, Self, as that which, unlike all that comes and goes, rises and falls, constitutes our truest, deepest, imperishable essence.

Besides those gigantic ritual texts of Indian antiquity belonging to this period known as Brâhmanas, we have a series of religious and philosophical documents which, as they form the concluding chapters of the Vêdas, are called Vêdânta, Vêda-end, or Upanishad, secret lore. And if by Vêdânta we understand not only the Sûtras and the Upanishads, but also the Bhâgavad Gîtâ, then we have Idealism, or Monism, Cosmogonism and Theism. The primitive Monism we find most clearly stated in the Brahmadâranyaka-Upanishad, and the other phases in the later Upanishads. Amongst the concepts by which

Indian thought leading up to the Upanishads seeks to get a more exact expression of the everlasting Unity, dimly discerned in the Rîgvêda, the most important are those which have found the key to Nature as a whole in the contemplation of one's own self, that is to say, the conception of the Supreme as Purusha (man, mind), Prâna (life) and, above all, as Atman (self). As regards the last word, whereof the root means "to breathe," we must note how from the simple act of breathing, so distinctive of life in its beginning, and coinciding with its departure at death, the intension of the concept was gradually raised until it came to express what Anaximander meant by *arche*, Parmenides by *on*, Plato by *ontos*, Spinoza by *substantia*, and Kant by *Ding an sich*. The process of conceptual refinement is well shown in the Taîttritja Upanishad. Concerning the *jîvâtman* or conscious soul, for instance, we have first of all the *Annarasamaya Purusha* or man in his bodily state nourished by food, also called *Mâtrîsvâ*. But this body is only a sheath (*Kôsa*) which hides the essence; if we remove it, we arrive at the *Prânamaya Atman*, the self with the breath of life; this, however, is also a husk which, when taken away, reveals the *Manômayâ Atman*, the intellectual self; and so from this, pressing on in the same way to the *Vignanamaya Atman* or cognising self, we reach at last the *Anandamaya Atman*, the blissful Self.

This is the kernel of Indian philosophy, whereof the Vêdas and Brâhmanas are but the *Kôsas* and the *Upakôsas* !

Of this supreme Self it is said : *kâla-dêsa-anavakkina*, "unsplit by time and space," and *sarva-vikriya-rahita* "free from all change." Now, this is precisely what Kant says of the Ding an Sich, which is manifest to us only in phenomena, by reason of the innate forms of our intellect, which oblige us to behold the Spaceless as spatial, the Timeless as temporal, the Causeless as subject to the law of causality. This timeless, spaceless, causeless Atman is wholly inaccessible to human thought and speech. In the words of the *Kâtaka* Upanishad (ii. vi, 12, 13);—

Since by neither speech nor mind nor yet by sight can he be gained,
How can He be realised except by whispering "He is !"
Not only as "He is !" Both "Is" and "Is-not" must of Him be said,
But truth's first smile must rest upon "He is !"

You ask the Advaitavâdin to define the Atman and he keeps silence, for *Sântô'yam Atmà !* Is it Purusha, Prâna, Prâgña ? *Nêti ! nêti !* "Not so, not so !" Or rather it is this and much more : it is the metaphysical entity of every Purusha who, not by *Gñâna* but by *Anubhava*, comes to the supreme conclusion: *Aham Brahmâsmi*, "I am Brahma." This is what Shankara calls *Samrâdanam* "fulness of joy," whereby man's innate Avidyâ vanishes, the veil of Mâyâ is removed, individuality is lost, and the Jîvâtman becomes the Paramâtman. Then it is, according to the *Mundaka*, that a man sees both the highest and the lowest, the knot of his heart breaks, all his doubts are solved, and his works vanish. He exclaims :—

Satyam gñanam anantam Brahma,
Anandarûpam amrtam yad vibâti.
Sântam, sivam, advaitam.
Om!. Sânti, Santi, Sânti !

which we may perhaps venture to interpret in the following sonnet :—

O seeker after God, eternal rest
Alone in Self is found ! All else is part
Of this great whole. See here, in this my heart
I feel its streams of light and life. No quest
Of first and last can now the soul molest ;
For, shines not 'neath the veil of soul, athwart
The vast dim sea of space, whose atoms dart
Refulgent through the worlds, supremely blest,
The grandeur of the Self ? No longer now
The shadows of duality appear.
The sword of being rises ; sweet and low
Come murmurs of glad music ; crystal clear
The streams of peace upon the spirit fall :
Existence, thought, love, bliss—the all in all !

Thus the best thought alike of East and West is wholly idealistic. Materialism is philosophically untenable and impossible, a truth which cannot be too strongly impressed upon this sordid age. In all lands and in every age pious souls and men of faith have never doubted it, but to those who are led solely by the lamp of Reason, Kant's masterly proofs cannot fail to be of the greatest service. To us in the West has come from the East a reflection, a revelation of

the Divine in One from whom we receive the child-like spirit,
whereby we cry : Abba ! Father ! And in this pure and perfect light
both East and West can exclaim together :—

सामीप्य । सायुज्य । सान्निध्य

HERBERT BAYNES.

England.

I KNEW NOT.

(*Translated from Hayat's Hinausiani Gazal .*)

On all the worlds that face resplendent shone ;

But then I knew it not.

Behind the veil He sat all visible ;

But then I knew it not.

Within the rose and nightingale He dwelt,

In every leaf and branch,

In every place His sign and seal He set,

But then I knew it not.

For long in temples and in holy shrines

I sought in vain,

Yet all the while He was in my embrace,

But then I knew it not.

This hovel of existence fanciful

I took for home ;

While from my eyes my native land was hid ;

But then I knew it not.

Forsooth whatever else beside my Love

There was, O friend,

Was fancy, doubt, delusion, and a dream;

But then I knew it not.

U S

THE MENDICANTS OF LONDON.

LONDON with all its wealth, its riches, and its luxury, has also its army of beggars—professional mendicants who, in the garb of misery, plead not unsuccessfully for a living.

Prosperous London, centre of the British Empire, home of the Imperial Parliament, city of banks and money exchanges, depôt for the merchandise of all nations, is not ashamed of the miserable poverty that stalks its streets.

Philanthropic London, with its benevolent associations, its charitable Mansion House funds, and its thousand and one societies for spreading light and learning, religion and morality, throughout the world, passes with calm indifference the ragged mendicants at its gates.

Of all ages and of various characters are the London beggars. Their occupations, too, are various, for they are expected to have an occupation.

The passion for activity—physical activity—is part of the disease of the West. That a man or woman should sit and think seems deplorable to the average Englishman—hence the low estimate of wisdom, and the national suspicion that philosophy and intelligence are a token of weakness and incapacity. For a man to preserve his good name in England he must always “be up and doing”—even if the doing be no more than hunting a fox, making a bet, killing a fellow creature, or writing out a fraudulent company prospectus. So the London beggar, for whom no useful occupation is available, must at least make a pretence of being busy; and, thus, paying his reverence to the national fetish, he is accepted as, more or less, a man and a brother, mendicant though he be. For a beggar to invite alms on the ground that he was refraining from evil, and that

his thoughts were of the Most High, would be to court destruction. He would at once be handed over to the police as a dangerous person whom it were safer to lock up in prison.

At the same time, the requirements of industry can be easily satisfied, and the particular calling adopted by the mendicant is merely an affectation of enterprise, a polite concession to the conventional. Take, for instance, the mendicant crossing-sweepers of London. Theirs has long ceased to be a necessary labour, for Borough Councils now keep our roads tolerably clean, but at hundreds of street-corners in the suburbs, and the wealthier quarters of the Metropolis, a man or a woman—generally elderly—with a broom, is to be found getting a living, not by sweeping, but by begging pence of the passer-by. The broom of the crossing-sweeper is symbolical; its holder accepts the British cant that manual labour, no matter how disgusting or unnecessary, is in itself a blessed thing.

Cant we call this; for the comfortable people who of their abundance daily give pence to the sweeper, have grown rich not by any manual labour of their own, but by the manual labour of others, and they would be alarmed if they were called upon to do the work they insist is so beneficial for man. The very sweeper, too, knows that the road is not the cleaner for his presence, that the municipal authorities, and not his broom, accomplish all that is necessary, and he knows, too, that life is easier for him in consequence. But he dallies about with his broom, just as some of us do with our pipe of tobacco, because it keeps off thought: absolute idleness very often drives a man to think, and a professional beggar given to thinking would very soon drop out of the ranks—to become a criminal or a madman, an assassin or a suicide.

The crossing-sweeper is not a rich man. Occasionally he is allowed 6s. a week and his broom by a Borough Council anxious to keep men out of the workhouse, and on the average the receipts from the pence of the wayfarer will amount to 12s. But this 18s. will not exhaust his resources. Little presents of clothes and of food are often forthcoming from the large houses of the neighbourhood, and casual employment as a messenger or porter means an extra shilling from time to time.

One crossing-sweeper of my acquaintance, who only receive on the average 1s. a day, and has no endowment from the municipal

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authorities, adds to his scanty income by odd jobbing as a gardener. But as he lives alone, and has no one dependent upon him, the shilling a day finds him a lodging and food. No one need starve in London who can get 1s. a day.

It is not a well-paid branch of mendicancy, crossing-sweeping, and there is a great deal of discomfort attached to it—exposure to all weathers particularly, but it provides a living.

Another class of mendicants sit all day long on the street pavement with rows of chalk-drawings beside them. Sometimes they make these drawings themselves, at other times they hire them by the day. The pictures are always very bad, they do not add in any way to the beauty of London, and yet they are a source of profit to their owners. Not the pictures, chiefly, after all, but the face of the "pavement artist" wins the pence of the sympathetic wayfarer. For all these men of the chalk-drawings are able to wear the most pathetic countenances. There they sit, hollow in cheek and hungry in eye, saying never a word, but imploring silently for the pity of the beholder; and not vainly imploring, for that mournful glance draws money as surely as the comic actor draws laughter in the theatre, and the "pavement artist" flourishes as well as any professional mendicant in London. And who would grudge him his few shillings a day? It is very uncomfortable to sit all day on a scanty rag of carpet on cold stones.

The crossing-sweeper and the man with chalk-drawings mainly get their living from people with a comfortable supply of money; the street-singer and the organ-grinder, on the other hand, appeal to the poor for alms.

The street-singer wanders along in the middle of the road, in a neighbourhood of mean streets, drawling out the verse of some well-known Christian hymn. He need not know more than one or two verses—enough for the length of the street he is in—and he repeats them in every thoroughfare. The noise is horribly unmelodious and the singer is not performing a religious exercise. His clothes are tattered and patched, his boots are broken, and so forlorn a spectacle is he, that it goes hard if he cannot win a penny from at least one person in each street, and sixty streets can be traversed in the course of the day.

The street-singer is not tolerated where the rich live, but the

compassion of the poor is boundless, and in spite of the harsh offensive voice of the singer the words of the simple Christian hymn touch the chords of old religious beliefs in many a heart.

The organ-grinder also lives by the poor, not because he appeals to religious sentiments, but because he provides some entertainment to lives dull and dreary, and breaks the weary monotony of everyday existence. And in both cases it is those whose own lot is hard who of their scanty resources feel constrained to give to the support of the mendicant who beseeches them.

Of course, there are also thousands of street musicians in London who really give very clever performances, and who work hard for the money they get. These are not to be ranked as beggars, unlike the ordinary vagrant hymn-singer who lives by his misery, and whose hymns are the excuse for an appeal to the compassion of his fellows. So with the organ-grinder: though he provides entertainment, yet he asks for alms because he is out of work or disabled. Whereas the street musician takes the hat round for pence because he has sung a song or played a tune on the cornet: he is a poor relation to the performer on the stage, and only one degree removed from the strolling players who perform in portable booths in the country.

Beyond these is the mendicant who lives by the story he can tell—the story of his own misfortunes. Considerable skill is required in this branch of the profession of beggary, for the story must be varied to move the particular hearer; moreover, great caution is necessary lest the wrong person be approached.

Begging is a punishable offence in England, and should the mendicant begin his plaint to a hard man, it is likely he will be haled off to the police station instead of finding money in his hand.

Generally, the story is of utter destitution and the pressing need of food and lodging. Often it is only just enough money for immediate necessities that is asked for, and there is assurance that if the charitable listener will provide for the present emergency, the mendicant will speedily be in a good position again.

It is a dangerous calling this, as I have mentioned, because the police can always be summoned to arrest the mendicant with the pathetic tale; indeed, they can and do arrest him on their own

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initiative, and every day some one is sent to prison by London Magistrates for begging in the streets.

Still, the really skilful person who knows instinctively a sympathetic listener, and has ascertained where kind-hearted and credulous householders live, makes a very good living by his tales of woe and distress. Now it is the story of a sickness that threw him out of work and left him penniless and alone. Now it is an accident that has crippled him. In time the practised beggar in this line gets a story so circumstantial that to disprove it would be a long undertaking; and it is easier to give money, on the chance that it may be a deserving person dogged by ill-luck whose story is true, though in all probability it isn't.

After all, we pay to read the romances of the novelist, why should we begrudge the itinerant story-teller a trifle?

Positive physical deformity—especially loss of sight—is a never-failing source of revenue to the London mendicant. Blind beggars seem to be exempt from prosecution, at least one never hears of the police arresting them. To be deaf and dumb, on the other hand, is no inducement to mendicancy and the mute is as rare as the blind beggar is common in London streets.

One other class remains—those who ply their calling through children. Women adopt this practice more frequently than men, and may be often seen standing in the streets, or moving slowly along, with two or even three small children by their side. It is hard to resist the spectacle of children in want of food, but these children who cling to the woman with the pitiful face have probably been engaged for the day, and are not necessarily destitute. Indeed, this form of professional begging is commonly successful, though at the same time it is attended with considerable risks, for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is often on the lookout to prosecute those who employ children in the mendicant's trade.

There is money to be made in this mendicant's trade in London, and though one death from starvation occurs on the average every week in this rich and mighty city, it is not the professional beggar who dies; it is rather some self-respecting man or woman in whose breast pride remains when all earthly fortune has gone, and who cannot face the humiliation of begging for bread.

The professional beggars live on. They crowd into the cheap lodging houses, and hide themselves in cellars and allies in the dark corners of London. The churches and the social settlements with their charities do a good deal to keep the mendicant alive. The free public libraries in wet weather and the parks on fine days offer shelter and relaxation when he is not following his occupation.

Ugly as this blot of mendicancy is on the civilisation of the West, however, it is not so full of tragedy as the distress of the honest and industrious to whom work is forbidden. The beggar lives, while the unemployed workman falls under the stress of poverty and dies. After all, though the professional beggar is a social parasite, he demands but little from society compared with the vast amount of wealth absorbed by the social parasites in high places—the idle rich who infest London and all big cities. The beggar of the streets is easily satisfied. He does not require motor-cars, champagne suppers, long expensive dinners, diamonds, luxurious furniture, and steam yachts. He has no use for deer forests and the preserving of game for shooting. He is contented with the crumbs that fall from the tables of the over-fed.

One thing is certain, where the rich parasite abounds, his needy brother will be near at hand.

And is it less certain that in a healthy community, neither the rich mendicant living in idleness on the labour of others nor the miserable mendicant of the streets would be found?

In a society where none would be rich enough to live at ease without working and where none need fear poverty who were capable of work, parasites and mendicants would disappear. The luxury of the rich and the misery of the poor, as we find them in England to-day, curse the civilisation of the West, and unless got rid of, will bring the strongest Empire to ruin as surely as they hastened the downfall of Rome.

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

Lonaon.

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A Problem of
Problems.

"It is a difficult problem : His Majesty's Government does not consider it wise to make any statement at the present stage"—such was the reply given by Col. Seely to an interpellation concerning the position of Indians in the Transvaal. It is the great race problem, the hardest nut that every community, nation or Empire has to solve. Wonderful are the achievements of Science : it has harnessed the forces of Nature to do the will of man. It has failed to subdue the will and chasten the sentiment of man.

His daring foot is on land and sea everywhere, he colonises the Pacific, the archipelagoes,

With the steamship, the electric telegraph, the newspaper, the wholesale engines of war,

With these and the world-spreading factories he interlinks all geography, all lands ;

What whispers are these O lands, running ahead of you, passing under the seas?

Are all nations communing? Is there going to be but one heart to the globe?

So queried the enthusiastic poet, without rhyme, but not without reason. Yet the time when the globe is going to have a single heart is within the ken only of the poet, and not of the statesman, nor even of the man of science. Huxley preached that the equality of the races was a myth. Herbert Spencer advised the Japanese on scientific grounds not to intermarry with Europeans. Benjamin Kidd has spoken grandiloquently of the undesirability of the lower civilisation of the coloured races displacing the higher civilisation of the white man in South Africa. While Science has laboured to annihilate

space and to "interlink all geography" by railways, the telegraph, and steamships, it has lent no countenance to the interlinking of all mankind. Far from it: engrossed too deeply in the study of things as they are and have been, the high priests of Science have, as a rule, shown a disinclination to undertake the prophet's mission of leading men towards a different future. The epigraphist dislikes the attempts to introduce a common script; the comparative philologist is jealous of the movement towards establishing a common language; the ethnologist fears that the doom of his science will be sealed where the different races of the earth do not preserve their identity, but mingle freely and produce new shapes of skulls, new complexions, and new lengths and twists of hair.

The "higher civilisation" of the white colonist comprises four distinct standards—educational, political, sanitary, and economic. The educational standard of the Asiatic is capable of being raised: he is an apt learner. The King-Emperor's recent Message to the Princes and Peoples of India recognises the "apt intelligence" of the inhabitants of this country. Indeed, no one has yet propounded the theory that the coloured races are intellectually obtuse, though the power of initiative and direction has not been credited to them in an equal measure with the European. Asiatics do not claim the right of supplanting the white colonists in South Africa, and if they satisfy the educational tests to which the colonists themselves submit, there can be no danger of the educational standard of the "higher civilisation" being lowered by the liberal introduction of the Asiatic element in the colonies. In politics, again, the Asiatics do not claim the upper hand, or any privileges which are likely to give them a measure of influence calculated to menace the white man's supremacy. So far as the maintenance of a higher standard of civilisation is concerned, the example of Japan is a shining proof of the capacity of the Asiatic to approximate to the white man's standard, if he is put in the way of imitating it, and is not deterred from making an advance. The forms of government which have hitherto prevailed in the East do not disprove the innate capacity of the Asiatic to improve, any more than the political institutions of Europe in the Middle Ages were inconsistent with the progress which has since been made. Sanitary ideas may also be improved. The knowledge of sanitation in Europe was at one time very defective. The difference between the

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habits of the Asiatics and of the white colonists is due to the discoveries of science and the spread of education. It must be in the power of the Colonial Governments to enforce sanitary regulations and to diffuse sanitary knowledge, such as would insure the community against the dangers of insanitation ; and it is not likely that the Asiatics would perversely defy the law and the attempts to educate them, though they might resent restrictions unnecessarily humiliating and invidious. The real causes of the resistance to Asiatic immigration are now frankly admitted to be economic. The Asiatic is more frugal, more hardy, and quite as intelligent and enterprising in his own sphere as the white colonist. He can live on less and is content with smaller profits. He is, therefore, an undesirable, because successful, competitor. In this respect his civilisation is lower, in the same sense as that of an abstemious person, living on milk and bread, is inferior to that of the man who cannot do without beef and brandy. The claims put forward by the Indians in the Transvaal have now been reduced to the lowest possible limit : they seek no expansion, but only self-preservation. Their very moderation has evoked not a little sympathy in England, and it is only the colonist that has hardened his heart and made the situation "difficult."

A rather remarkable apology for the colonial attitude has been recently put forward by a well known Member of Parliament. It is asked whether Indians would not have acted towards Europeans in precisely the same manner in similar circumstances. We are reminded that Asiatics, whenever strong enough, have in the past resisted the settlement of Europeans among them, and that even now in some of the Native States of India Europeans cannot settle without individual permission, and in British India a section, though small, of the educated classes wish to free the country from European domination. This question is raised with more frankness than tact. Governments and nations ought to be progressive, and if any Government, European or Asiatic, in the past excluded foreigners from its territories, it does not follow that such exclusion is to be imitated or perpetuated. It is unnecessary to inquire whether Europeans effected an entrance into India by sheer strength. History tells us that if they were strong, the Native rulers also found them serviceable. If they had not been serviceable in commerce, in the army, and in the accomplishment of the designs of

ambitious rulers against one another, it would have taken a longer time for them to occupy the position which they now hold, if indeed they would have attained to anything like it at all. When Vasco da Gama arrived at Calicut, he was no doubt opposed by the Arab traders, who wished to enjoy a monopoly of the trade with the West by sea. But the Zamorin did not treat him with a spirit of hostility. Da Gama is said to have returned to Europe with a letter from the Zamorin to the King of Portugal, in which the Hindu ruler wrote: "Vasco da Gama, a nobleman of your household, has visited my kingdom and has given me great pleasure. In my kingdom there is abundance of cinnamon, cloves, ginger, pepper and precious stones. What I seek from thy country is gold, silver, coral and scarlet." When the English trader arrived in India, it was the Portuguese who wished to oust them: the Moghuls treated them hospitably and permitted them to settle in the country for trade. Jehangir gave Hawkins permission to erect a factory at Surat: Middleton's fleet was prevented from landing at the port by the Portuguese. No doubt when the traders were suspected of designs to overthrow Native rule, attempts were naturally made to suppress them. If Asiatics in the Transvaal betray any inclination to oust the white colonists, they may be summarily ejected. But such a mad project has never entered their heads. The peaceful settlement of Europeans for trade was not opposed by Native rulers: they seem rather to have welcomed it. But apart from this question of history, it is far from desirable to re-enact in the twentieth century the episodes of a period when nations were more jealous of one another and their outlook upon the world was very narrow. What will be the result of reviving the ancient spirit? It is a double-edged weapon. If South African exclusiveness is justified, because extremists in Bengal want to be independent of foreign control, the latter will reverse the argument, and justify their attitude because the white colonists would have nothing to do with Indians. Indeed, that is precisely why the colonial attitude gives so much anxiety to the mother-country.

This difficult problem is not new in India. It was confronted as soon as the Aryan set foot in the land of the Five Rivers. It is known as the caste question. With unerring insight and without affectation of delicacy, the writers of old said that the basis of caste is colour or *varna*. Other factors have since contributed to multiply

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castes in India, such as religion, diet, language and geographical isolation. But the primary conception of caste was colour. And though educational, political and economic considerations may be pleaded in justification of the colonial attitude before the civilised world, a deeper consideration is really colour. The educated man is taught to profess in words that colour is a superficial attribute, but in the consciousness of the average man in the most civilised countries, nothing is deeper than colour. As a matter of politeness, the expression "coloured races" is avoided in official and political literature, "native races" being substituted instead. But when this latter phrase had to be interpreted in South Africa, Asiatics were included among the native races of Africa. The Boer and the Briton alike knew that his sentiment was not against birth and habitat, but against colour. When Kipling wrote of the "White Man's Burden," and the late Lord Salisbury used the contrary adjective of chromatic import on a memorable occasion, they employed language which came directly from the heart, and which went directly to the heart. In India the problem is as old as the dawn of recorded history, and it is not yet solved. The literature that has been preserved being mainly of a religious nature, the political feuds that must have arisen out of considerations of colour have been largely forgotten. Yet the records that are extant are sufficient to indicate the nature of the struggles and conflicts that must have been frequent in ancient India. In Aryan society itself there were constant discussions as to the privileges of the Brahmans and the Kshatriyas, and their relative position in society. Ostensibly the difference between the two castes was one of function, and the distinction might have had its origin in occupational divergence. But *varna* did not always distinguish the Sudra from the twice-born only: it split up Aryan society also, and one legend at least attributes different colours to the three castes which constituted the twice-born community. The origin of these colours was probably ethnical, but scholars have not satisfactorily accounted for the notion that the Brahman was white and the Kshatriya red. Not only are there individual anecdotes preserving the memory of the ancient feuds: the whole history of India has been roughly divided by the student of traditional lore into four periods, in each of which a particular caste enjoyed predominance. Parashurama's victory over Kshatriyas marks the epoch

when the Brahman successfully asserted his supremacy in politics as well as religion. He could not maintain his dual reign very long. Rama of the solar race re-established Kshatriya supremacy. In the succeeding age Krishna, the shepherd, became the prominent figure. The Pandavas and the Kauravas were Kshatriyas, and there were renowned Brahman king-makers associated with them. Yet the student of tradition has represented the Shepherd, who under the ancient classification would have ranked as a Vaisya, as the leading figure of the period. Buddha elevated the Sudra in the last of the four epochs. Chandragupta was, indeed, ably supported by a Brahman. But Chanakya did not work for his own class. Since then there has been "mixture of castes." Yet the sentiment of caste and colour has lost its strength in actual secular life, though it has yielded somewhat to the constant assaults of religious teachers.

The idea of "locations" is not new. The tendency of birds of the same feather to flock together is a phenomenon not only of human, but even of animal, sociology. That which takes place even voluntarily was enforced by custom in Indian society. It was a rule as old as Manu, and no doubt much older, that outcasts should live beyond the precincts of a village inhabited by orthodox and respectable society. Curiously enough, there are said to be certain hill-tribes who desert their huts and shift their location to a new quarter if a Brahman knowingly or unwittingly approaches them. For centuries it has been the practice to divide a town or village into different "wards," each set apart for one of the principal castes. The Brahman, especially, has taken care to segregate himself. For a somewhat different reason dancing girls in every town lived in a separate quarter of their own. The modern practice of liquor shops being opened in parts of a town inhabited by respectable society is contrary to Indian custom, and though the segregation of castes will not be advocated by the educated Indians of the twentieth century, the segregation of open vice will enlist their hearty approval. The use of temples by different castes is one of the most fruitful sources of public disputes in India. Each caste is allowed the privilege of entering certain portions of a temple, and not others: the higher the caste of a worshipper, the nearer he may approach the sanctum sanctorum. From the outcasts no offerings at all would be accepted in most of the temples managed by high castes, but some may place their offerings at the

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outer door, to be washed and taken in by the priest ; others may peregrinate in the first or outermost circle, and yet others the second circle, only a privileged few being allowed to enter the third or innermost circle. In a few temples, however, the reformers who have preached against exclusive religious privileges, from at least the time of Buddha downwards, have succeeded in securing special privileges for the lower castes, so that on certain days even the Mahar may approach the idol nearer than he is allowed to do during the rest of the year. Nothing proves the inveteracy and depth of this caste sentiment more conclusively than the influence it has had on communities other than Hindus on the Indian soil. It has recently been judicially decided in the enlightened city of Bombay that the Parsi temples and Towers of Silence are not intended for the use of converts to Zoroastrianism. Among Hindus fierce riots sometimes take place when lower castes enter precincts where only the higher castes are privileged to tread. The liberty to worship is allowed, but with the qualification that those who may approach God as near as they can in spirit shall keep at a certain distance from man in body. Christians have not shown themselves to be caste-proof. In the days of the early missionaries, the caste sentiment was not only respected, but even utilised in making conversions, particularly by one missionary who is said to have worn the garb of a Brahman and preached the lost Veda of Jesus. In Southern India there are even now Christians who keep caste almost as rigidly as Hindus, though we believe they do not carry the prejudice to the length of considering the touch of a low caste man a source of pollution. Education has had its effect on Brahman as well as Christian. But there were days when in Malabar high caste Christians kept the low castes at almost the same distance as high caste Hindus. In this respect Islam has succeeded better than any other religion, though colour sentiment is too deep to be eradicated altogether.

To appeal to history with the object of repeating the errors of the past, or relying on their support for a justification of like errors in the present, is entirely an abuse of that branch of study. The attempts to suppress the caste sentiment in the past have largely failed. They may fail again. But what we want is not an explana-

tion of the attitude of a colony or a nation, nor historic parallels: we want that the future should be better than the past and the present. We want a continuity of progress, and not of error. Buddha might have failed, and he did fail, in attacking the race or caste problem. He succeeded in keeping out the prejudice from the walls of the monasteries: the lay sentiment was too strong to be eradicated. Indeed, in the very attempt to overthrow the supremacy of the Brahman, the early Buddhists elevated the Kshatriya above him; and they had to use rivalry as a means of establishing equality. Even within the walls of a monastery the caste spirit is said to have made its appearance not only in India, but even in Ceylon. But on the whole the monks remained faithful to the teachings of their Master. "The wise cast an equal eye," taught the Bhagavadgita centuries ago, "upon a Brahman, endued with learning, a cow, an elephant, a dog, and a man of the lowest caste." This charter of the low castes, and many other charters of the same kind, have been explained away by the "wise men" of later centuries, even as the Queen's Proclamation of 1858 is said to have been explained away by some of the subsequent Viceroy's. But the plant fixed in the soil has taken root: it has now and then been cut down stem and branch, and yet the root has remained, and drawing its sustenance from the eternal principles of justice and the equality of all children in the household of the Father of all nations and castes, it has again and again burst into sprouts and leaves. If history is studied to any good purpose, we may derive inspiration from this imperishable vitality of the love of justice and brotherliness, rather than seek to uphold wrong because it has on the whole prevailed. The higher civilisation of the white races is not content to maintain its existence within the limits recorded by history: it seeks expansion. And it deserves expansion only if it is morally higher, and not merely educationally or economically more efficient. The Anglo-Saxon's diffusion over the world will meet with the good-will of other races, and will be successful, only if, in the poet laureate's words, it "enfranchises mankind." There is a palpable inconsistency in appealing to Asiatic precedents by way of justifying wrong, and at the same time asserting a superiority over Oriental civilisations as a plea for supplanting them. Appeals to Oriental ideals in politics are getting a little too common. The fate of the Oriental kingdoms and empires in the

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past, and the vicissitudes to which they were subject, are forgotten. It is not by ignoring or trifling with the ideals of the past, and by imitating the example of unsuccessful and antiquated civilisations that difficult problems will be solved.

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The most sensational event of last month was the attempted assassination of Sir Andrew Fraser. Attempts to blow up his train had been made before, but they were not enterprises as daring as that of the young man, a student, who walked into a hall with a revolver concealed in his garments, and, observed of all observers, pulled out the weapon within a few feet of the Lieutenant-Governor, and fired at him. The powder refused to burn: in an instant the Maharajadhiraj of Burdwan interposed between the would-be assassin and his victim, and carried the latter safely pinioned in his arms into another room, while an American gentleman struggled with the young man, at considerable risk and with some injury to himself, and secured him. It is not yet known whether he had any associates in the criminal plot, but presumably he had. It is believed that there is a secret society pledged to encompass the destruction of high officials now and then, and to terrorise the Government. The particular young man is believed to have vowed vengeance against Sir Andrew Fraser, as the Lieutenant-Governor had rejected an appeal for mercy by a relative of his, who had been condemned by the courts to capital punishment for having murdered an accomplice in a plot while both were in the Alipur jail. The would-be assassin was tried, he pleaded guilty and was sentenced to ten years' rigorous imprisonment. It is easy to conjecture what would have been the fate under Native Governments of a person who had the audacity to attempt to take the life of a ruler in such circumstances. Sir Andrew Fraser, in one of his last speeches at Calcutta, hoped that the Government would do nothing in a spirit of vengeance in discharging its undoubted duty of suppressing anarchism by every means known to civilisation. It is generally said that the Sermon on the Mount is not meant for statesmen and administrators. But Sir Andrew's sentiments of forbearance and magnanimity made as near an approach to that exalted utterance as has ever been made by political personages in similar circumstances. As regards the Maharaja's act of courage and devotion, the Lieutenant-Governor acknowledged that he could find no language to express his gratitude. The incident would have been dramatic, if related in a novel it was bewildering and stupefying as an actual occurrence in broad

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daylight under a civilised Government and in a province the inhabitants of which it is even now the fashion to describe as timid.

Shortly after this attempted assassination a police officer was shot in a street under cover of darkness : the motive must have been revenge, for he had successfully tracked an anarchist, who to avoid arrest committed suicide. The murderers of this officer have not yet been detected. A plain unvarnished narration of these events is enough to curdle one's blood, and it requires no eloquence or exposition to make one realise the condition into which Bengal, or rather a small section of the younger generation in that unhappy province, has drifted. From a somewhat different point of view, even more remarkable than these crimes was the apotheosis, by a large crowd, of a young man who had been executed for the murder of an accomplice and approver in a trial for waging war against the King. If the demoralisation of individual young men by the teachings of secret societies be a dangerous and deplorable symptom, what should one think of open sympathy shown by crowds—including ladies of high families, it is said—with *himsa* of this nature ! The Government has amended the jail codes, so that the bodies of executed prisoners may not hereafter be handed over to relatives or friends, if demonstrations at the funeral are apprehended. Stringent measures will be passed to put down anarchist crimes, by adopting summary methods in trials, and by making the punishment of such crimes more swift and impressive *after* detection. But what about prevention and detection ? After detection and proof of guilt, short shrift is precisely what the anarchist desires. He sometimes blows out his own brains. Let him be detected first.



The time is past for the discussion of the underlying causes of the unrest in Bengal. In whatever way the unrest might have originated and developed, the disease now requires the application of direct remedies and cannot be left to the slow operation of the restorative forces which may exist in the community, and which may be aided by concessions of one kind or another. There was a time when the partition of the province was the main grievance, but the anarchists do not seem to come from the ranks of those who would be satisfied with a re-integration of their province, or of that part which is inhabited by the Bengali-speaking race. That they hope to set up Native rule in the place of the British Government is highly improbable, and they are not sentimental enough to make much of a grievance like that of dividing the Bengali race between two Lieutenant-Governors, instead of placing them under one. It is probable that they will lose much of the popular sympathy which they manage to enlist on their behalf, if the Government diverts that sympathy towards itself by some magnanimous concession to popular opinion; and this way of taking the wind out of their sails is not un-

worthy of consideration, nor need it necessarily involve a loss of prestige. But the specific grievances openly discussed afford only a convenient opportunity to those who have been secretly plotting the destruction of magistrates and other high officials, and who are acquainting themselves with up-to-date methods of destruction. So far as one can gather from their general conduct and from the writings attributed to their school, their object is neither to drive out the British immediately, nor to secure the reversal of any particular measure, but to create in the European community such a dread of Native displeasure that the subject races may be treated with much more consideration and respect than they imagine their countrymen generally are. A recent visitor to India has opined that the best and the most permanent cure for unrest in this country is a "change of heart" on the part of Englishmen. Making allowance for the upheaval of unreasoning passions in times of popular excitement, one may perhaps say that the young men who risk their own lives and destroy the lives of others in Bengal have set before themselves the mission of bringing about this "change of heart" by means which they consider most effectual. A change of heart, however, is a slow process, and it is not to be secured by methods which stir up bad blood. Stringent measures for the prevention, detection and punishment of crime seem to be inevitable in the circumstances. The Government here, as well as the authorities in England, are thoroughly aroused to the danger of the situation by the attempted assassination of Sir Andrew Fraser, who has now, fortunately for himself, left the country for good, leaving memories behind which would have been more grateful if he had not been handicapped by circumstances beyond his control.



The public attention in India is almost entirely absorbed by the sensational events in Bengal. The Presidential election in the United States, the collapse of the Persian constitution, and the deaths of the Emperor and the Dowager-Empress of China are events of no little importance to the student of contemporary history. Mr. Bryan was at one time applauded by a certain section of the Indian press for his strictures on the shortcomings of the British Government in India. As President of the United States it is doubtful if he would have withstood the current of prejudice against Asiatics in the white man's land: indeed, the restriction of Asiatic immigration is believed to have been one of the planks in his platform. It would have made no difference to the people of the East if he had won, instead of Mr. Taft. The change of Emperors in China does not seem to have been attended so far with any change of policy. There may be more intrigue in the palace than before, but the tide of reform seems to have fairly set in, and it may not be turned back. The break-down

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SOME NOTES ON THE PROPOSED REFORMS IN INDIA.

THE scheme adumbrated by the Government of India and placed before the public for an expression of opinion, aims mainly at "bringing all classes of the people into closer relation with the Government and its officers, and of increasing their opportunities of making known their feelings and wishes in respect of administrative and legislative questions." It does not claim to be, as indeed it does not seem to be, the grant of concessions to the legitimate aspirations of the people as expressed through the platform and the press. It can hardly supply the crying want of political education and administrative experience which alone are capable of toning down the violent and oft-times virulent criticism of Government measures. It will not lessen the ever-increasing work and worry of Government officers saddled with a variety of duties to be performed from year's end to year's end, without rest or respite, sufficient to enable them to freely mix with the people and see their inner life. These objects can only be served by a generous scheme of decentralisation which ungrudgingly gives autonomous powers to local bodies in purely local matters in a way that secures them against interference, direct or indirect, and yet which does not lead to the Sanctum Sanctorum of Imperial Policy. Every one is aware that two men cannot wield one sceptre, and nobody but a visionary or a lunatic wishes to impair the paramountcy of Government. But all expect, and rightly expect, the most powerful and the most resourceful and successful Government to delegate some of its powers to the subjects in proportion to their capacity, if only to invite their confidence by extending it. Unless some such scheme of devolution is prepared and initiated *pari passu* with the present scheme, the difficulty encountered by Governments in India, in making their "measures and motives generally understood" is not

likely to be minimised or obviated. The Punchayets, the Mahajans and the heads of castes are, after all, the real channel through which the true meaning of the measures and motives of Government can be made clear to the people. But they cannot be expected rightly to understand the measures and motives of Government, much less to explain them, when they are themselves, ordered to be "hands off," and deprived of the powers and duties which the unwritten law of the country had conferred on them. It thus appears that without the complement of local bodies, the Imperial and Provincial Councils are likely to share the fate of Government in being the butt of "uninformed and mischievous statements." This aspect of the question cannot have been lost sight of by Government and may have been reserved to be dealt with by the Decentralisation Commission later on. If this be the case, any further comment is unnecessary and uncalled for.

In the confident belief, therefore, that at a time like this when the whole nation cries out loudly and with one voice for increased share in the management of its own affairs, Government will, at no very distant date, give a generous and fearless response, the present proposals of Government may be examined in the spirit in which they are placed before the public.

The principal object of the creation of an Advisory Council is "a free and close consultation between Government and its subjects." The subjects of a State can be divided into five parts, *viz.*, land-owners, commercial classes, professional classes, those engaged in industry and the labouring classes, including tenants and operatives. These classes have conflicting interests and view a question from quite different standpoints. And after all it is the patient who knows where the pain lies. Therefore, any Advisory Council which is not sufficiently representative of various interests is not likely to inspire full confidence and may lead Government into the quagmire of blunder and controversy. This fact is recognised in the composition of Provincial Advisory Councils. There does not seem to be any reason why the Imperial Advisory Council should be deprived of its importance by the selection in it of only one class.

The ruling chiefs are neither the subjects of Government nor are they the leaders of the public; and their very position pre-

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cludes the possibility of their freely mixing with the people. And yet, if as successful administrators their advice is considered useful, let them by all means be retained in the Council, provided that their proper dignity is maintained and their aloofness from politics is secured. Their employment as agents "for the diffusion of correct information upon the acts, intentions and objects of Government" is calculated neither to inspire confidence in the masses nor to uphold their position as inheritors of past greatness.

In the scheme of Advisory Councils under review, no provision seems to have been made for increasing the people's opportunities of making known their "feelings and wishes in respect of administrative and legislative questions." The function of these Councils being purely advisory, they have to deal only with those questions which might be specifically referred to them. But there may be many questions which may not be referred to them and yet on which the Councils may have to express a decided opinion. Unless, therefore, some such opportunity is given to the Councils to express their feelings and wishes on administrative and legislative questions on their own initiative, the effect of the present scheme will simply be to contract the circle of those from whom Government wishes to draw information and advice. It is admitted that "all Indian Governments and all administrative officers in their respective positions have made it their business to elicit the opinions on administrative measures and proposals for action of those qualified to advise them in all ranks of society." This process is of course to continue: but after the composition of the Council as proposed, it will continue to live in a state of suspended animation; because, instead of taking any particular member of society into their confidence, both Government and its officers will elect to take the advice of those selected by the Government, Provincial or Imperial. Another prejudicial effect that is likely to be produced by the withholding of the right of giving advice or information to the Government on subjects not referred to them will be the absence of all incentive to carefully watch the pulse of the people, without a thorough knowledge of which the councillors, not being experts, are hardly likely to give well-informed and therefore safe advice on questions referred to them specifically by Government. The Councils are likely to do more useful work, give sounder advice and

inspire greater confidence between the rulers and the ruled if they are once or twice allowed to meet in a private conference in order to discuss some important administrative questions, say not more than three or four in a year, and to place their views thereon before Government for favourable consideration.

Under present circumstances, it is absolutely necessary that the proceedings of the Council should be private and confidential, if only to protect the individual members from the ill-informed criticism of prejudiced persons, and to give greater freedom to the full expression of their views. But there does not seem to be any reason why the final decisions on certain questions of the council, as a whole, should not see the light of day. The government of the country is not carried on *in camera*. Indeed, it is secrecy in administrative matters which the British people cannot tolerate. It is advisable and even necessary to withhold the publication of individual opinions, but the publication of the unanimous or almost unanimous opinion of the council is expedient both as a factor in adding a sense of responsibility and importance to its deliberations, and as a justification for its being called a representative assembly. It will add no difficulties to the smooth working of the machinery of Government which can be credited to be, and which indeed is, willing and able either to adopt the advice of the council if it is sound or to give very cogent reasons for its non-adoption. It will not, being the joint opinion of the many, place any individual member in any awkward position either with the Government or the people; and it will be a powerful and efficient check to the uninformed criticisms of irresponsible persons, as expressing the opinion of experienced men possessed of the knowledge of all the aspects of a question and able fearlessly to give publicity to their views. On the other hand, the publication of the opinions of individual members or of the whole Council at the discretion of Government is an expedient of doubtful utility. It creates an air of mysticism and distrust which is quite unnecessary and ought to be avoided; and it is likely to be used as a weapon for the spread of misrepresentation or misunderstanding of the work and worth of the Council or Councillors. There may arise a question on which the Council's opinion may have coincided with the views of the people, and may have been accepted by

Government. Such opinion is the least likely to be published if the discretion as to publication is vested in Government. On the other hand, there may be a question in which the Council's opinion may have been expressed against the views of the people, and which yet may have been accepted by Government. In this case the discretionary powers of Government are most likely to be exercised to silence or checkmate the speakers who profess to speak on behalf of the people. This sort of pitting one opinion against the other is dangerous in the extreme as likely to create factions which it may be very difficult for a stable Government to unite. Instead of neutralising the powers of both, and thus giving a free hand to Government to pursue its policy, it will add bitterness in either and add to the difficulties of Government. But the worst of it all is that by the adoption of such a course, the confidence of the people in the Council will be lost. If the people do not know the good that the Council has done or is doing for them, and are only to be made acquainted with the opinions which it may have expressed against them, the Council is bound *to fall into disrepute*. Surely, Government are not bringing into being these Councils only to bring their distinguished members into disrepute. By all means let the publication of individual opinions be withheld. Let important questions of Imperial policy be discussed and decided *in camera*. Let also all important administrative questions be discussed in private, but let the publication of the final opinion on these questions be published as the collective opinion of the Council.

As regards Legislative Councils, the desire of Government to enlarge them "to the fullest extent compatible with the necessary authority of Government," and to constitute these bodies so as to "give due and ample representation to the different classes and interests of the community," is laudable and deserving of the gratitude of the people. It is, however, difficult to see how by the addition of the representatives of the nobles and great land-owners of seven provinces and of the Chambers of Commerce of Madras and Bombay to the Imperial Legislative Council, "the different classes and interests of the community" can have any voice in its deliberations. The Chambers of Commerce, guided generally by, if not largely composed of, foreigners, at all events at present, cannot be said to be representative of the various local commercial interests. That their

representatives have hitherto done and will hereafter do valuable service in the Councils, must be readily admitted. But the same may be said of the lawyers and schoolmasters, who have, rarely if ever, exercised "the virtual monopoly of power" in any but the interests of the classes and the masses. Indeed, there was a time when they were twitted for pleading the cause of the Sowkar as if it were an offence to *plead their cause*. Similarly, landholders are not the representatives of the other classes. That they have a stake in the country, nobody will deny, but in India where people have no love for emigration, where even foreign travel is considered a sin by many, where every man has his house, and where are situated the sacred shrines and temples more precious to the Hindus than land or money, everybody has a stake in the country. It seems that unless the principle of a wider representation, accepted in the composition of Provincial Legislative Councils, is also given *full play* in the Imperial Legislative Council, the latter will hardly be considered representative of all interests, and will, in proportion, lose in the estimation of the people.

The limitation imposed upon the electors to select one of their own members is not likely to bring the best brains to the service of the country : and it does not give free scope to the full exercise of their judgment by the electors. Everybody has a right to choose his own counsel ; in our Courts, Indians are not compelled to employ only Indian barristers and pleaders, and they freely choose Europeans. There is no reason why the electors should be hampered in the selection of their spokesmen in the Councils of the State. It must be observed that the Government will always have a strong majority under the new scheme, and will be able to carry through its Bills in spite of the opposition of the elected members. Though the members have a right to vote and may exercise a moral influence by their united opposition, they are, after all, merely peoples' spokesmen, pleading their cause without the least power to shake the resolution of Government. From this point of view it seems that both Municipalities and District Boards have signally succeeded in choosing their representatives. They have, indeed, given priority to lawyers and schoolmasters. But the lawyers and schoolmasters are members of their own class. If by education they have become lawyers and schoolmasters, they yet belong to the class to which their kith and

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kin belong or in which they were born and bred. And if the chief object of the election of members be, as it should be, a full representation of the views and wishes of the people in the Councils of the State, this object could not have been better served than by the selection of the band of devoted men, even though schoolmasters and lawyers, who sacrifice their time and energy and fearlessly plead the people's cause despite misunderstanding and ridicule. Surely, the most enlightened and powerful Government does not wish to preside over a brilliant assembly of figure-heads. Nor does there appear to be any necessity of supplying the requisite counterpoise to the excessive influence of the professional classes. The counterpoise exists in the strong numerical majority of Government, and also in the vast learning, full information and ripe experience of the members of Government.

It is, perhaps, premature to discuss the question of electorate before the Provincial Governments have published their proposals. But the following observations may be made :—

1. A distinct and separate electorate composed of big land-owners and entitled to select a representative for the Viceroy's Council only from their own class, tends to crowd out other interests and to transform that Council into a sort of upper chamber, mainly predominated by Government officers (28), Government nominees (6) and landed aristocrats (8). But an upper chamber without a lower chamber is neither expedient nor beneficial.

2. Big land-owners are not necessarily, nor even generally, the natural leaders of the people. Natural leaders of the people are those who have been devoting their time and energy, silently perhaps but none the less earnestly, to the service of their fellow-creatures. These are the Shethias of Mahajans, Patels of castes, Panchayets of villages, and so on. It is these men, and not the owners of long purses or wide acreages who should have a potent voice in the selection of the seven members to the newly-added Viceroy's Council.

3. As "the Government of India does not propose to withdraw from Local Boards and Municipalities the privilege of election to the Provincial Councils," any scheme which, by limiting the sphere of their choice of a member, or by adding to their number voters who do not belong to these bodies, neutralises or minimises their voting

strength, must be abandoned. It is, however, necessary to bear in mind that seven members of the Viceroy's Council are to be elected by the non-official members of the Provincial Legislative Councils. These in their turn are elected by local boards and municipalities. And the members of the municipalities and district boards are elected by electorates formed from amongst the people. It is, therefore, this people's electorate which requires very careful consideration. The safety of a fabric depends upon the soundness of the base. Therefore it is advisable to let the system of election and the composition of electorates suit the requirements of every town and village without much regard for uniformity. A committee with the Collector as President and composed of four non-official members and one Mamlatdar for each Taluka may be trusted to evolve a scheme of election which is sufficiently representative of all classes and interests, and which will ensure personal observation and patient deliberation.

The discussion of the budget by separate heads or groups of heads is good ; but the recognition by Government of the possibility of altering the budget under review is better still. There does not, however, appear to be any very strong objection to allow the Council to divide on certain specified heads of the budget which do not fall within the province of Imperial Policy, especially as the numerical majority of Government in the composition of the Council will be strong enough to be independent of minor fluctuations.

Both Hindus and Mahomedans are Indians. Both have "many and important interests in common." Both will find the utmost satisfaction in seeing their common interests safe-guarded, irrespective of their nationality. Therefore to achieve a separation merely for the safe-guarding of additional interests which are not shared by other communities, does not appear to be a step in the right direction. On the other hand, the recognition of additional interests as a good and sufficient cause for special consideration may logically lead Government to adopt similar measures for other communities. The Legislative Councils of the State do not exist for the consideration of special or additional interests. If, however, the Mahomedans require a separate treatment and if the Government is disposed to meet their wishes, the other communities have only to congratulate them on the success of their attempts and reasonably

hope for the near approach of the day when the Mahomedan element in the Council will be a source of strength to the other representatives of the people.

To sum up then :—

1. All Advisory Councils should be representative of all classes and interests and free from class monopoly.

2. These Councils should be granted the privilege of giving advice and information on their own initiative.

3. The proceedings of these Councils should be private, but their final resolutions should be made public.

4. The discretionary powers of Government to publish individual opinions of councillors is calculated to do more harm than good and ought to be withheld.

5. Rajahs and chiefs are not the leaders of the people and their presence in the Advisory Councils can be justified only on the ground of their being successful administrators.

6. Chambers of Commerce are not the sole representatives of commerce.

7. Nor do the land-holders represent other classes. The natural leaders of the people are the Mahajans, the Patels and the Punchayets, who should have a potent voice in the election of a representative.

8. All Legislative Councils should be representative of a variety of interests and classes and should be protected from being transformed into an upper chamber composed of Government officer Government nominees and landed aristocrats.

9. No limitation should be imposed on the selection of a representative. It is not right to compel a body of electors to elect a member of a particular class.

10. No new counterpoise need be created against the excessive influence of the professional classes. The counterpoise does exist in the numerical majority and intellectual strength of Government.

11. The local board and municipal electorates require to be reformed. A committee of local gentlemen, with the Collector a President, may be trusted to do the needful.

12. The discussion of the budget by compartments is good.

But the Council may be allowed to divide on certain heads of the budget.

13. The separate treatment of Mahomedans which the Government propose to sanction, though not good in principle, is nevertheless a just cause for congratulations.

DOLATRAM KRIPARAM PANDIA.

Nadiad.

THE JOURNEY.

(TRANSLATED FROM *Le Voyage* OF FLORIAN.)

To start, groping blindly, ere dim dawn of day,
 Without even a thought so much as to ask the way,
 From one fall after another to drag one's self on and on,
 And to find close upon noon but a third of the journey done.
 Then to look up and see the storm-clouds massed o'erhead,
 And to plunge into trembling quicksands in the headlong flight of
 dread ;
 To pass through storm after storm and onward to run amain
 To a goal that is all unknown—a goal one can never attain,—
 This is the course we all of us—all of us—have to run,
 And we call it BIRTH, LIFE, DEATH: the WILL of GOD
 be done !

H. B

THE TOWER OF THE SEVEN STOREYS.

IN the midst of the plains of Sind are the ruins of a vast city named Brahmanabad. A destruction more complete, a scene more dreary, desolate and melancholy, it will be difficult to imagine. Not a building is intact. Shapeless mounds of brick-work cumber the ground. Palace and cottage have shared the same fate. The city itself is girt in by a once formidable rampart, four miles in circumference, whose turrets and bastions are still discernible. But fragments of buildings are scattered in profusion over the country side for several miles. So far as we can ascertain, Brahmanabad was overwhelmed by some terrible catastrophe about the time that William of Normandy was engaged in the conquest of England. How ancient was the city we cannot even conjecture. History and tradition are alike silent. The valleys of the Nile and of the Indus are in many ways singularly alike. But while Egypt is rich in inscription and sculptured records from which we can reconstruct its history, Sind is wholly devoid of historic monuments. Prior to its conquest by the Mahometans, the history of Sind is to all intents and purposes a blank. We can only say that the extent and the massive character of the remains of Brahmanabad are suggestive of a great antiquity.

Skirting the battlements, a deserted river-bed betokens the course where once glided the mighty Indus. The visitor can picture to himself how in the palmy days of Brahmanabad the noble stream, bearing on its bosom many a richly-laden bark with quaint cut sails, swept past the river-gate, washing the tiers of steps where crowds of bathers performed their ablutions. Within the walls he can imagine the spacious houses of the nobles, the squares and market places, the public pleasure gardens, temples and theatres.

and the hum of life of a great city. No Pliny has recorded the destruction of this Indian compeer ; but legend ascribes its sudden end to an appalling earthquake ; and the result of explorations confirms the popular account. For from time to time the Europeans have excavated the ruins ; and many human skeletons have been found. Of these some were upright, some recumbent with their faces down, others despairingly huddled up in corners, where the falling material buried the terror-stricken wretches, others again crushed beneath a mass of brick-work, while vainly striving to rush out of their houses in search of safety before the tottering masonry should block them in. No other cause but some terrible convulsion of nature could have rendered the destruction so complete. The devastating hordes of a Nadir Shah could not have thus utterly wrecked a place so substantially built. For the walls of the houses were from a foot and a half to three feet thick. They were symmetrical as well as solid, being all true and at right angles to each other. Had time with its natural decay alone been the destroying agency, some buildings would assuredly have survived in greater or less degree of preservation. A general conflagration would have consumed the many delicate articles found in the universal debris. If the city had been deserted, as others in India have been, by reason of the river changing its course, or a visitation of plague, the people would have had time to remove all their valuables and ornaments and money. Thus everything tends to substantiate the current tradition.

Many interesting discoveries have been made in the chaos of ruins. Vessels of pottery, gracefully shaped and delicately glazed, fragments of cups, bottles, and plates, and glass of all kinds of colours have rewarded the searchers. Strange to say, the iridescent colours of the glass faded away shortly after being exposed to the air. Other articles found were stones for grinding grain and jars for storing it, many cornelians and agates cut or uncut, balls of agate, ivory, and marble, beads and ornaments of cornelian and glass in great variety, silver and copper coins which, however, bore no superscription. On many of the agates and cornelians there were excellently worked engravings. Some had the device of a bull and some of a lion ; others were figured with various patterns in white lines upon a smooth surface. There was a variety of women's

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bangles of glass, copper and ivory of many patterns. In one house was found an hexagonal cylinder of ivory, a few inches in height, with a barely legible inscription in characters of ancient Arabic which has been interpreted to mean that God is merciful. It was probably a charm. In the same house there were some exquisitely carved ivory figures, one of a girl with a lotus in the hand, several of warriors, and one of a fully caparisoned elephant. The people who lived here long ago evidently appreciated games of skill, for under the ruins of one of the houses there was found a complete set of ivory chessmen. The kings and queens were about three inches high, and the other pieces somewhat less. Not far from the chessmen were some dice of the same material. A collection of the various articles that were discovered was sent to the India Office Museum in Whitehall.

After a fall of rain the people who live in the neighbourhood of Brahmanabad search for beads or other articles that may have been washed out of the crevices of the ruins. In the history of the ruined city they manifest little interest. All that they can tell the curious inquirer is that the last king of Brahmanabad was a very bad man, named Dalora, who with his courtiers indulged in every kind of wickedness. At length a priest of great sanctity rose up, and proclaimed to the monarch that unless he turned away from his evil courses, the whole city would be destroyed on the fifteenth day. The king laughed him to scorn. Fourteen days passed by, and on the fifteenth the heavens were black with clouds, a furious tempest hurled itself upon the city, and violent shocks of earthquake levelled the rich and thriving Brahmanabad to the ground.

Shapeless as are the ruins, there is nevertheless one prominent object which presents itself to the visitor. It is the portion of a high tower citadel of brick-work standing isolated upon an immense heap of fragments of the same material. Within the memory of man a considerably greater portion of the tower remained ; and it is said that not long before the British occupation of Sind, the Governor of the province ordered the destruction of the steps by which the tower was ascended, because robbers used the building as a place from which to watch the approach of travellers whom they had designed to plunder. The immense strength and solidity of the foundation seem to have singled out for partial

preservation this architectural relic, which is known by tradition as the Tower of the Seven Storeys. There was something fascinating in the name; and it occurred to me that to thoroughly explore the recesses of the tower might lead to interesting results. Strange to say, none of my predecessors had selected this particular spot for their excavations. Possibly the task of clearing away the immense mass of *débris* which encompassed the ruin appeared too formidable; certainly it would take up a good deal of time and money; but I became more and more attracted by the idea, and I determined to see it through. Here, I thought, if anywhere, is there a chance of getting at something that may throw some light upon the history of Brahmanabad. Some foundation-stone there may be with the name and date of the founder, some statue of a king or carved representation of warriors or priests. Be there anything or be there nothing, I made up my mind to gratify my curiosity.

My scheme could not be carried out in a day, nor yet in several days, and I had made no preparations for a stay of more than a few hours. Nor could I take any action without arranging for more labour than was available locally. But within a week I was comfortably settled down on the scene of my labours in a roomy tent with servants and provisions, and a gang of coolies with the necessary tools, ropes and pulleys, was at my disposal. I explained to them what I wanted done, and we soon got to work. Of course they thought that the *sahib* was mad; but that was no concern of theirs so long as they were well and punctually remunerated for their exertions. My first task was to clear away the *débris* round about the tower, and create a clear space on the ground level extending twenty feet from the building in each direction. This operation took much longer than I expected, and nearly ten days elapsed before its completion. The *débris* was in some places as much as ten feet in depth. No objects of interest were discovered in its removal. But the labour was well expended, for the clear space enabled me to see the exact dimensions of the tower at its base; and this pleased me, as I always had a liking for neatness, and could never work when things were in a state of confusion. I could now dispose of the rubble inside the building without piling it up on the exterior *débris*, and so adding to my difficulties. The tower, as it could now be seen, was a round

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one, though not mathematically circular, and it was about a hundred and fifty feet in circumference ; the wall stood about twelve feet in height, though it had been broken away more or less irregularly. On the side facing the river there was an aperture that had been a door or a window, but was entirely blocked up with rubbish. There had been a winding staircase outside the walls for the ascent of the tower, but only fragments of this remained. I scaled the wall with the aid of a rough bamboo ladder, and perceived that the interior was full up to the top with masses of broken brick, the *débris* of the upper storeys that had fallen in. I now set to work to have all this systematically removed ; and dividing my coolies into four parties I placed each batch at opposite points of the wall, and had the rubbish carried out in baskets, and deposited beyond the space which had been cleared around the building. I frankly admit that if I had known how long my researches would have taken, I doubt if I should have ever commenced them ; but the job once begun, I felt impelled to go on with it, regardless of the time that it might occupy. In course of what seemed an interminable interval (I shall refrain from recording the number of days occupied in the business) we had worked down to the ground level, and cleared the interior of all its litter, without finding so much as a glass bead to encourage me. For a space of about six feet in breadth all round the tower, there was a solid platform of brick-work ; and from a number of holes in its circumference it would appear that there had once been transverse beams to sustain a floor across the central portion. This must of course have been supported by lateral walls running across the circular space ; but floor and walls had alike disappeared, and the whole space was full of the endless *débris* of broken brick. There was nothing to do but persevere. As the depth that was excavated gradually increased, it became necessary to use pulleys to get rid of the rubbish ; and so the work progressed somewhat less rapidly. However, my men seemed to become more and more interested, and worked with a will ; and on a Sunday morning we struck a solid stone floor, some fifteen feet below the level of the ground. And at last some reward there was for my labour. One of the coolies suddenly picked up a small object which, on being cleaned, turned out to be a brazen image of a horse with a rider thereon. And beneath the mass of broken bricks we came upon some curiously carved stone

slabs of red sandstone, raised a few inches from the ground on four feet. Some of these were broken, but there was one without flaw. The corners were ornamented with peacocks and snakes, and there was a circular depression in the centre for the retention of water, with an escape on one side in the shape of a bull's head. The feet that supported this slab were chiselled into emblems of a lion, a warrior, and two female figures, one playing a kind of guitar, and the other apparently admiring herself in a mirror which she held in her hand. But better than these was a really perfect statuette of Buddha in the attitude of contemplation. Still, interesting as were these discoveries, there was nothing to throw any light upon the past. I should mention that on one side of this wall there were traces of a staircase which had long since perished.

I now proceeded to examine the floor. Had we reached the actual basement or foundation of the building? The floor on first inspection looked sufficiently solid for this to be the case. But if so, and if the tower were really in accordance with its name, one of seven storeys, there must have been six above the ground; and from what I had seen of most Eastern towers, it was highly improbable that there had been more than four. If this hypothesis, or it was no more, were correct, there must be yet two storeys below me. Would these, too, if indeed there were any, be choked up with the brick-bats at which my soul revolted? Or was I on the threshold of some discovery that would recompense my lavish expenditure of time and money. The question was not to be decided in a moment. It took some hours to get the floor really clean and free of rubbish and dirt. At last, however, it was in a state to permit of careful inspection. The floor, like the slabs that we had found, was of red sandstone, the various pieces being more carefully welded together. I could find no sign of there having been any opening by which to descend to a lower storey. In vain it was that I examined and prodded stone after stone. It was too desperately disappointing that the result of my work should be so insignificant! However, I would at any rate tear up some of the stones and see if aught were interred beneath them. I was about to give orders for this to be done when one of my men called my attention to a portion of the wall where the surface seemed different from that of the generality of the fabric.

HISTORY OF TEA DRINKING.

A TRAVELLER'S TRIP—WHY HE PREFERS LIPTON'S TEA.

Whatever country one may associate with one's many daily cups of tea, it is to China that we owe the origin of tea-drinking. Tea is said to have been first introduced into China from India some 1,500 years ago, and into Japan from China some 600 years later. Tea-drinking is, of course, in both these countries quite a ceremonious affair, constituting a curious feature of political history and social life. In both countries tea is almost wholly used in the green state, largely because a good deal of it is not adapted for the manufacture of black tea.

Tea-drinking, like every other cult of national life, has its history and literature. All of us know what an effect tea has had not only on the history of our own Empire, but on that of America. But for the tea episode in Boston Harbour the United States, to-day a separate race might almost still be a British Colony.

Was it not Samuel Jones who eulogized the cup that cheered him by day and solaced him by night?

Did not Pepys write in his diary on that famous occasion when he first tasted tea on Sept. 26th, 1660? He says: "I did send for a cup of tea—a Chinese drink—of which I had never drunk before." Two years later, in the same classic, we find: "Home, and there find my wife making tea, a drink which Mr. Pelling, the 'pothecary, tells her is good for a cold." With what rapture would Johnson have written and to what length would Pepys have filled his diary could they but have indulged in the golden leaf which comes from Ceylon to-day, and is the foundation of our great national habit of tea-drinking, and of that greatest of social functions, "Five o'clock tea," which extends from the stately halls of Parliament, where tea on the terrace is sometimes said to be the business of the day, to the most remote estate of the country gentleman and the humblest cottage in the countryside.

Closely is the early History of Tea Drinking associated with China and Japan—the best Tea to-day admittedly comes from sunny Ceylon; where certain growers have brought the Tea Plant to a stage of perfection previously undreamt of by old-time growers.

A much-travelled Western Merchant of wide observation lately returned from a visitation to the Orient, and en route spent a week on the Isle of Ceylon. The taste for Ceylon Tea that he acquired during his visit was the subject of much conversation from his friends on his return to the States, and is responsible for the following anecdote: While at one of the New York Hotels he strongly objected to being served with China or Japan Tea, insisting upon the India or Ceylon produce. On being asked by his friend, the manager, his reasons—whether it was purely a matter of taste to him—he said: "I have just returned from my trip abroad, which included ten days spent in Kandy, the greatest Tea producing district in Ceylon. Being a Tea-drinker, as well as a dealer in food products as a business, I was naturally interested in the source of my tea supplies, which of late have been almost wholly of the India and Ceylon brands. While on one of their big plantations," he continued, "I observed that everything was done to avoid handling the Tea. Indeed, from the bush to the Tea-table such methods of pure cleanliness are observed as scarcely any other manufacturer can claim, and especially do their methods of Tea manufacture stand in contrast to those of China, which I also visited, and where the primitive operations employed are such that the stomach would rebel against a detailed description. I am convinced that if the public only realized the necessity for choosing a reliable brand of tea, the demand for a good quality tea would greatly increase."

As the best tea now is sold under the grower's name, it is easy for the public to identify it, and make sure of getting at a moderate price the finest tea the world produces. Ask for Lipton Teas and see the name Lipton on the packet. It is your guarantee of quality and purity, and shows that the tea in the packet has been carefully grown, properly manufactured, and will produce that delightful beverage—the perfect cup of Tea. For the most perfect cup of Tea in India Lipton's Yellow Label at Rs. 1-2 combines luxury with economy Lipton's teas are also packed at Re. 1 and As. 12 per pound tin.

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"Look, Sahib," he exclaimed, "here has been a door, or a passage of some kind. Shall we open it out?"

"Shabash," I replied, "get pickaxes as quick as you can. I shall not forget backshish if this leads to anything." The coolies fell to with a will, and the floor was soon covered with the usual fragments of brick-work. In the course of an hour or so they had cleared out a small cell in which there was just standing room for three or four men. The floor was of stone, and in the centre an iron ring which had almost rusted away. My excitement was intense. After all there was hope of some discovery. What could be hidden away beneath the slab?

"Get a lever," I cried, "and run to my camp for a couple of lanterns. We shall want a light if there is a room below this."

But the lever was useless, for the iron ring had wellnigh perished, and gave way at once. There was nothing for it but to apply pickaxes, and force an opening. This did not take long. The pickaxes pierced the floor, portions of which we could hear falling into the space below; and when the lanterns arrived and were held over the aperture, we could see a flight of stone steps in excellent preservation leading to the unknown beneath us. Taking one of the lanterns in my hand, I proceeded cautiously down the staircase, followed by a few of the men, one of them carrying the other lantern. The steps followed the curve of the wall, and were twenty-four in number. At last we completed the descent, and endeavoured to form an idea of where we were. The air of the chamber was damp and chilly, and had an earthy smell, and the lanterns were scarcely able to dispel the heavy darkness. In time our eyes became accustomed to the surroundings; and I found that in the centre of the space was a solid stone pillar from which sprang rounded arches in four directions for the support of the stone roof, which had so nearly baffled us in the storey above. The crypt in which we now were was free of rubbish; but neither did it contain anything else, being entirely bare and void. Was this the end of all things, or could we penetrate further? There was not the slightest sign of any opening; and yet I felt there must be one more storey. The surface of the wall that corresponded with the opening into the cell on the floor above, appeared exactly similar to that of the remainder. Yet this portion I determined to attack.

The pickaxes soon loosened the brick-work ; but lo ! and behold, when we had penetrated a foot or so, the brick-work ceased. We were confronted with a slab of the hardest cement, which hermetically sealed the passage that I was now convinced lay behind it. What secret could be so cunningly and carefully concealed ? What buried treasure was to reward me ? The men shared my excitement ; and at length after immense difficulty we forced our way through. We found ourselves in a small cell similar to that by which we had descended ; and in the centre of the floor was another stone slab with a rusted iron ring. This time the ring, though worn and eaten, served its purpose ; for the slab was neither heavy nor firmly set, and it was easily removed. A flight of steps led down to a chamber below, of the same design as that which we had just explored. This must be the last ; and if anything were to be found, it must be here. Very dark and drear was this vault or dungeon. Mingled with its earthy smell was a curious aromatic odour, the purpose of which I could not conjecture. The lanterns burnt dimly in the chilly atmosphere ; and it was almost impossible to make any investigation. I determined that the last chance should not be wasted for want of light ; so we ascended to the surface to procure more powerful lamps, and obtain a breath of fresh air.

(To be concluded.)

EDMUND C. COX.

Karachi.

AN ART MOVEMENT IN THE 19th CENTURY.

WHILE the present material struggle for commercial and economic advantages, for political and municipal privileges, looms large on the horizon of nationalist thought, there are some whose patriotism takes them into still deeper currents, to conceptions of a national art, a national literature, a national religion. Man does not live by bread alone, and the spheres of life which are non-material should, to Indians at least, be of first importance. For some of us, it is the awakening of the soul of the Indian people, which is looked forward to in the future as the brightest hope of the present national movement. We long that India shall again give her own special treasures to mankind, and her treasures are spiritual.

In every great era of Renaissance a revival of art has accompanied a revival in literature. New thoughts and ideas, as they flood in upon the old stagnant life, claim expression. Literature alone is not a sufficient channel for them among a cultured people. Art must go hand in hand with literature, and a varied utterance thus be given to the new life which is breaking forth. It is noticeable in India to-day that in Bengal, where the indigenous literary movement has been strongest, painting and music have also revived. There is at present one name in India which stands out strikingly in Indian art, Abanindranath Tagore. He is the interpreter of his own people, the lover of his own country, not the mere copyist of western models. With such an artist as the first fruits of the national spirit of the present generation, great things may be possible in the future. The glory and the beauty of Indian art-work may yet be recovered. The debasing effect of slavish foreign imitation may yet be checked. Japan has passed through a crisis similar to that which is taking place to-day in Indian art. She has come out almost unscathed, and now

is able, without danger, to take the best from Europe while still maintaining her own individuality. The near future bids fair, therefore, to be a brilliant period in Japanese artistic history. May India's be the same !

It is impossible for one who hails from the West, however deeply he may sympathise, either to criticise or to suggest improvements in the present indigenous art movement in India. He can but look on with intense interest and hope. But it may be of use at the present juncture to trace rapidly the story of a movement of the nineteenth century, which quickened English art life, and is bearing fruit to-day. The struggles of its early days and the ideas of its originators cannot but be of interest to Indian readers, who feel the pulse of spiritual life beating again in their nation.

The art revival in England was called, somewhat unhappily some have thought, the *Prae-Raphaelite* movement. Yet the name is suggestive and gives a key to the objects of its promoters. Raphael and the classical masters had dominated the art of Europe for centuries, until new creative genius had become almost extinct. Each art student in turn was set from the first to study Raphael and was trained to do this, not so much in order to drink in his spirit, as to copy his technique. Raphael's works were labelled, classified and reduced to rules. His pictures were actually measured up in detail and by making calculations as to his methods, men thought that they could reach what was highest in his art. Thus it was found that the high-light was generally one-sixth of the whole picture, the subdued light one-third, and so on ! Even his faces were measured to scale ! This was the form of teaching that pervaded the academies of Europe, and though every now and then some commanding genius broke through the trammels of tradition, yet the path of orthodoxy lay in the slavish imitation of the old masters. The result was fatal to indigenous art. Even the inaccuracies in drawing and in the portrayal of nature were followed in the schools. Trees, rivers, skies, even human forms and faces became conventional. Art became more and more the luxury of the few who knew, as it were, the shibboleths of the profession, and meaningless to the many, who had not been educated in the academies, and were, therefore, not "artistic." Any art exhibition in England in the early Victorian era would have shown clearly the disastrous results of this treatment. "Behold,"

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says Ruskin, "the cattle pieces, the sea pieces, the fruit pieces, the family groups, the eternal brown cows in ditches, white sails in squalls, sliced lemons in saucers and foolish faces in simpers, to try and feel what we are and what we might have been!"

But Art had only been following this steady downward course along with other spiritual sides of national life. The eighteenth century in England, though marked by great achievements, was a material age. Religion was at a low ebb, and political life was unutterably corrupt. The French Revolution broke the spell of conservatism and tradition, and the poetry of Byron and Shelley was the herald of a new revolutionary epoch. Religion felt later the stirrings of new life, and Oxford became the centre of a lofty spiritual movement. But Art still lingered behind, sinking lower and lower, and the debased tastes of the common people made a revival seem nearly impossible. There were, however, favouring circumstances. Both poetry and religion in their revival had appealed powerfully to the imagination and to the beauty of the past. Added to this, there was the wonderful earnestness of an enfranchised democracy, filled with high ideals. The Victorian period, as it advanced, became a great era producing great men. Liberty and truth were the watchwords of the day, and it could not be long before the flames of revolt broke out against the conventional, commonplace and insincere in Art. The actual event which ushered in the revolt is dramatic and worthy of narration. Three young art students met in the dusk of evening in the great city. Already they had made a reputation for mastery of technique, though the oldest was only twenty-one years old. "We met together," says Holman Hunt, "in the evening and talked long into the night about the art of the day. Before we ended, we had resolved to form a Brotherhood, to protest against the shallowness of academic art. We called ourselves *Prae-Raphaelites*, because we intended to go back at first hand to nature herself, and not to copy slavishly the old masters. There was more freedom and less conventionalism in Giotto and the *Prae-Raphaelite* painters than in those who followed Raphael. Raphael had set a type which had become orthodox. We were unorthodox and unconventional, and called ourselves therefore the *Prae-Raphaelite Brotherhood*." Rossetti and Millais, the other two members of the Brotherhood, wrote and spoke in a similar strain.

The first result, therefore, of the new movement was a protest

against convention. "Study nature herself," was their cry, "Set Raphael or any master, however great, on one side for a time. Study nature herself—she is full of beauty from the loveliest insect to the glorious canopy of sky, or the most heavenly human face. Nature alone is true. You have not Raphael's individuality, you have an individuality of your own. Employ it in revealing the Divine truth around you, even if you have only a tiny spark of the Divine light!"

Rossetti, the poet of the Brotherhood, expresses their thought as follows :—

When whoso merely has a little thought
Will plainly think the thought that is in him,
Not imaging another's bright or dim,
Not mangling with new words what others taught,
Be not too keen to cry, "So, this is all,
A thing I might myself have thought as well,
But would not say it; for it was not worth."
Ask "Is this truth?" for is it still to tell,
That, be the theme a point, or the whole earth,
Truth is a circle perfect, great or small?

This pathway led the Brotherhood at first to extreme naturalism, and in consequence there is, in their early work, a lack of that sense of proportion which is the secret of the highest art. An insect, a spray of flowers, a heap of dead leaves stand out so conspicuously in some of their first pictures, that they draw away the gaze from the greater and deeper truths of the soul, which speaks in a child's eyes or a woman's face. The butterfly in "The Blind Girl" is an example of this. And yet, even this exaggeration was of value as a protest against convention, and it was rectified in their later work. They made it impossible in the future that an artist should put on his canvas a dirty dab of green to represent a tree, or a blotch of yellow to represent a rock. Nature must be loved and studied as a lover knows each tress of hair or fold of dress of his beloved. As Ruskin has said, "Every great man paints what he sees, his greatness being little else than his intense sense of fact. Great men are the same in this that they become great by painting the truths around them as they appear, not as they have been merely taught to see them."

But the Brotherhood was founded on a deeper basis than a mere protest against convention. They believed intensely in the

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religious message of art. They looked upon art as the embodiment of the Divine, as the visualising of the soul, as the expression of the ideal. They regarded their work as sacred, consecrated to high and lofty purposes. Each picture was to be itself a message, which was to rouse the people, to awaken the nation, to help forward the higher order of mankind. Holman Hunt was a religious enthusiast, Rossetti was an ardent poet, Millais shared their enthusiasm though he was not wholly of their spirit. [It is noticeable that he alone in later days allowed his idealism to decline.] While, therefore, on the one side, this protest led them to a somewhat crude naturalism, on the other, their high purpose and religious fervour of spirit led them to idealism, and in the end the idealism triumphed, enriched with a marvellous fidelity to fact. It would seem that the truest art will always lie in the combination of these two,—idealism and fact. As long as we have the natural faculties of perception, we shall revolt against anything that is a distortion of nature. Yet as long as soul predominates over body, we shall never be content with technique, however accurate, which leaves the divine spirit in us unimpressed. The Prior in "Fra Lippo Lippi" says to the young art student :—

"How, what's here ?

Quite from the mark of painting, bless us all !
 Faces, arms, legs and bodies, like the true,
 As much as pea to pea ! It's devil's game !
 Your business is not to catch men with show,
 With homage to the perishable clay,
 But lift them over it, ignore it all,
 Make them forget there's such a thing as flesh ! . . .
 Paint the *soul*, never mind the legs and arms !"

To which the Fra replies :—

"Now is this sense I ask ?

A fine way to paint soul, by painting body
 So ill ! The mind can't stop there, must go further,
 And can't fare worse . . . why can't a painter
 Make his flesh liker and his soul more like
 Each in their order ?"

This is no doubt the correct, logical answer in a material world; yet though the answer is logically true, Browning himself and every true poet would forgive excess of "soul" in art, even at the expense of

"flesh"; and in Browning's series of painter portraits "Pictor Ignotus" comes first and is his tenderest and sweetest character, not the Fra or even Andrea Del Sarto, called "the faultless Painter"—"Pictor Ignotus" who can say :—

"At least no merchant traffics in my heart :

The sanctuary's gloom at least shall ward
Vain tongues from where my pictures stand apart ;
Only prayer breaks the silence of the shrine,
While, blackening in the daily candle smoke,
They moulder on the damp wall's travertine,
Mid echoes the light foot-step never woke."

Browning after all was an idealist of the first rank, in spite of his insistent desire to recognise at its full value the outward, the material, the "flesh".* If the Præ-Raphaelite Brotherhood had only aimed at being naturalists or realists in art, representing with photographic accuracy the minutest details, they would never have either in the first instance weathered the storm of criticism which greeted their movement, or afterwards have so won their way as to bring about a revolution.

In Holman Hunt and Rossetti the triumph of idealism became more and more complete. The "Light of the World" and "Beata Beatrix" have each the careful touch of detail : the wild thorn, and the poppy are painted with a lover's hand ; but the interest never for a moment wanders from the soul shining through the face. There is the central truth, there is the heart of the picture. In Burne-Jones and G. F. Watts, this inner spirit of the Præ-Raphaelites is caught, the outer wrappings are left behind. These two, more than any other English painters, have redeemed English Art, such as it is, from the bondage of materialism and vulgarity, and given it wings to soar.

The Brotherhood were not content with painting merely. They wrote and taught. A tiny magazine, which they published, called

* Compare the famous passage in Rabbi Ben Ezra :

"Let us not always say
'Spite of this flesh to-day.
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole !'
As the bird wings and sings
Let us cry, All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul !"

"The Germ," was not long-lived, but, while it lasted, it was perhaps the highest achievement in magazine literature of the day. It contained some of the best of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's and Christina Rossetti's sonnets, together with the former's "Blessed Damozel" and also some admirable prose. Reference has already been made to the storm of angry criticism which met their first productions. Financially they were all ruined men and no monetary prospects were before them. They gave all cheerfully for the cause; even their magazine was a serious financial failure. But they were young and ardent, and adverse criticism only gave them more heart and courage. At last a redoubtable champion arose. Ruskin took up their cause and not only praised them, but explained them. After that, though still criticised, their ideas steadily gained ground. The "Germ" had not been destroyed, but had taken root.

A further side of their movement must be mentioned, which in the opinion of some, was their chief service to the community. They preached the revival of the decorative in art. Art, they said, was not merely the making of beautiful pictures or statues, but the beautifying of the common life and environment of man. Pots and pans could be artistic, equally with sculpture and painting. The reign of Early Victorian ugliness—ugliness in building, in dress, in city life, even in nature's own domain, the country—had set in,—the reign of manufacture, the reign of cheapness, the reign of Manchester and Birmingham. Against this spirit of the age the *Prae-Raphaelites* raised their voice in no uncertain tone. They inveighed against the downward tendencies, and disclosed the upward road. They tried to represent the true ideal. Rossetti specially expressed in his work this decorative feature. With him as with Keats,

Beauty is truth; truth, beauty; that is all
Ye know on earth and all ye need to know!

Each line, each curve in his pictures is an expression of the beautiful. William Morris and Burne-Jones, however, who followed Rossetti, did more than any member of the original Brotherhood to transform by means of decorative art the common life of England, and John Ruskin perhaps did even still more by his books and lectures.

What has been the outcome of the *Prae-Raphaelite* movement? It must be confessed that the tide of materialism has proved again and

again too strong, and that English art and architecture still remain, in a great measure, unredeemed. Yet the effects of the movement have been by no means insignificant. In our churches the early Victorian ugliness is gone for ever, and perhaps the greatest hope of the future lies in the reunion which has been brought about between art and religion in England ; for that has ever been the most exalted pathway of artistic progress. In domestic architecture and domestic furniture taste and culture are beginning to gain ground. Even the middle classes are now realising the vulgarity of wealth untouched by beauty. Still further, manufacture itself, in its higher branches, now involves a technical training in which Art is asserting itself. The schools of art in England are more and more closely linked with the trades and industries. There is therefore ground for hope. On the other hand, materialism is still rampant, and gross realism, in Literature as well as in Art, is patronised and publicly approved. Another Ruskin, another brotherhood of enthusiasts, is needed, if things are not to fall back again to the old sordid level. It is the present writer's hope that by means of closer contact between East and West much may be gained in England. We have already felt the influence of the art of Japan and that influence has been most stimulating. India may also help us from the treasures of her past.

To India, if I may dare for one moment to draw conclusions from the Præ-Raphaelite movement, the warning and the message would be somewhat as follows : " Follow the indigenous instinct which is divinely implanted in you ; do not merely copy foreign models. Above all, keep high the moral ideal ; believe in the spiritual mission of your art ; believe in the part it must play in the regeneration of your country ; believe that the artist, who is true to what is highest and noblest in his own nature, may serve his country gloriously and uplift her in the eyes of all the advanced nations of the world."

C. F. ANDREWS.

Delhi.

THE NATIONAL MOVEMENT IN EGYPT.

AT a time when the experiment of constitutional government in Persia is being watched with keen interest by the civilised world it may not be inopportune to consider the progress of another Oriental people towards the realisation of the same governmental ideal. It has been noticed all over the world that the time has come when the East will "do" something or again relapse into her lethargic condition. The Thrill in the Orient, as the emotion for progress and enlightenment on liberal lines has been called, is perceptible everywhere. In China it takes the form of a radical movement on the part of some educated "celestials"; in Turkey it is represented by the Young Turkish party; in Egypt it has come to be styled as the Egyptian nationalist movement. Before we try to investigate for ourselves what are the aims of this *motum animi* which has a considerable prevalence in Egypt, it would not be out of place to cite some broad facts about its past history.

In the first place, this movement should be accepted as separate and quite distinct from the other movements of the same type. Among other things it is necessary to distinguish clearly between the national movement in Egypt and the Pan-Islamic movement which has gained a large following throughout the length and breadth of the Moslem world. The source of confusion between the two rests mainly on the personality of the inaugurator of the movements, for "the inspirer of the former is the founder of the latter." Professor Edward G. Browne, the famous Orientalist, gives a short sketch of the life of this wonderful man in an article entitled, *The Assassination of Nasiruddin Shah of Persia*, printed several years ago in the pages of the *New Review*. Jamuluddin Afghani was a native of Hamadan in Fars, and had been educated at Bokhara,

from where he came to India and Arabia, and thence passed on to Constantinople. There by his liberal teachings and radical dogmas he roused the pious ire of the Sheykh-al-Islam, who had him banished to Egypt, where he soon gained entry into the walls of the greatest educational institution in Africa, the University of Al-Azhar. There he secretly promulgated his views among the senior students and the professors, one of whom, Sheykh Mohamed Abdou, became his first follower and disciple. Mohamed Abdou who, before his death, was the Grand Mufti of Egypt—a post of great influence and responsibility—and who was also taken special notice of by Lord Cromer in his report for 1905 (*vide* Blue Book), was the formulator of the famous *Fatwa* which allowed Mussulmans to invest their money in the Savings Bank and to accept interest. He was not the only enthusiast that the tactful Sheykh had enlisted in the band of his followers, but there were other distinguished scholars who were infected by his revolutionary teachings. There is one other man whose name deserves special mention for the conspicuous and oft-mistaken part he has played on the stage of Egyptian politics—Arabi Pasha, the patriot and hero who has returned to his mother country to be dubbed a “traitor.” Arabi was the son of a village fellah in more affluent circumstances than his neighbours, and had been sent in his childhood to the University of Azhar, which he soon left to enter the military profession, in which he gained high honours, becoming at nineteen a *Caimakam* of the Egyptian army. He was a great favourite of Said Pasha, the father of the spendthrift Ismail. It must also be mentioned that Arabi was the guiding spirit in the calamitous wars of 1882 which brought Egypt into direct conflict with England.

Egyptian Nationalism secured unexpected help at the hands of the very men whom it was plotting to depose. Although the Khedievs latterly showed a pious horror for the movement, it is nevertheless true that its prevalence is due to a large extent to the intriguing policies of Ismail and Tevfik. The menacing crowd at Abdin Palace with the connivance of the Khediev to urge the deposition of Riaz the Vizier, the rabble of military students to effect the downfall of the Syrian Nubar, are all known to the world, and from these it can well be deduced what unconscious and unintentional help they gave to the yet-young movement which, soon developing into terrible

proportions, aimed a well-directed blow at the unchecked absolutism of the regnant family in Egypt. Since the days of Mehmet Ali *El Fateh*, the Khedievs had persecuted the fellahin and favoured the Turkish and Circassian officials in Court, and this oppression, so patiently suffered, so silently borne, at last caught fire when the ideas of revolutionary reaction spread from man to man, from village to village, until the whole of Egypt was plunged into a terrible and bloody war.

I shall draw a veil over these battles and struggles for freedom from the existing autocratic government. We are only concerned with the results, and we all know what followed these conflicts from the British occupation of Egypt to the trial and exile of Arabi Pasha. As soon as peace was restored, the national movement again sprang into life, contrary to the hopes of the politicians in England who expected it to have been quenched in the blood that had been shed. All the diplomatic moves and political subtleties of Lord Cromer, the Pro-Consul, proved of no avail to its overwhelming force. Checked yet not vanquished, impeded yet not crushed, this movement gathered its followers from amongst the rich and influential with the obvious purpose of putting down all British institutions and such other innovations as were introduced by the new Government for the benefit of the country. This movement was soon consolidated into an organised body with clearly defined aims and ambitions, embodying the sentiments of the people as a whole. I shall quote the words of one of the foremost exponents of nationalism at the present time to describe the aspirations of Young Egypt:—

“We Egyptians want to elevate the people by instruction and the light of progress, to give them a knowledge of their rights and duties, and to point out to them the place they ought to occupy in the world It is by instruction, progress, toleration and freedom of thought that we shall acquire the esteem of the world and liberty for our country. Our object is the independence of our country. It is an Islamic renaissance, based upon science and freedom of thought, that is needed to elevate the peoples of Islam.”

It has been stated before that nationalism in Egypt is not a thing of to-day. It has its past and will have its future. At

the present time it is existent in all its intensity in the higher circles. for Lord Cromer truly remarks "that it is the Egyptian princes and high personages alone who hate the English occupation, because it has deprived them of their power, but the fellahs admire and bless the present *régime*." The limited few who slacken or tighten the reins of this constitutional movement at their will are some of the greatest geniuses of the country who have created for themselves positions worthy of respect and confidence. Sheykh Mohamed Abdou is no more, Nadim's oratorical tongue is silent, Arabi's iron frame and mind are in the grasp of senility, and their mantles have descended on the shoulders of the younger generation. The leader of the movement till very recently the well-known politician, Moustafa Kamel Pacha,* the Editor of the *Al-Liwa* or the *Standard*, a nationalist organ, and the author of several works on his country, the chief of which is the *Egyptien et Anglais* in excellent French. Moreover, the party claims for its friends many Englishmen and foreigners who sympathise with its aspirations. The foremost names in this list are those of Mr. W. S. Blunt, whose book on Egypt has recently created quite a sensation in the journalistic world; the revolutionary veteran, the late Herr Karl Blind; and the brilliant author Frederic Harrison.

Whatever be the faults of the Egyptians, it would seem that they are not the kind of people they are painted to be. They are neither fanatics nor desperate. The Egyptian peasantry and commonalty are exceptionally tolerant, and it is time that this misconception of their character was corrected. "I declare solemnly, by everything I hold sacred," writes a famous nationalist leader, "that religious fanaticism does not exist in Egypt. Islamism (sic) is dominant there because it is the religion of the great majority. *But Islamism does not mean fanaticism.*"

The question now arises—what will be the future of this national movement? It is a most difficult thing to answer and the prognostication is neither calculated to be correct nor authoritative. The attitude of Sir Eldon Gorst, the new pro-consul in Egypt, is very hope-inspiring, at least for the moderate politicians. They have great expectations of shortly getting the powers of autonomous government. But who knows when? The advice of His

* Moustafa Kamel Pacha passed away only a few days ago.

Majesty's representative in Egypt, asking his subordinates to teach the people to rule themselves, has infused a new spirit into the younger generation. The confidence in the utility of British institutions which had recently been shaken, has again taken its root in the hearts of the fellahin. A good Pro-Consul, a sympathetic government respecting their old-world yet powerful traditions, more sociability on the part of the European settlers, less constraint on the part of the timid fellahin, and the vexed Egyptian question will be solved for ever. The Egyptians are a cool-headed, grateful race, and if they see themselves "placed on an equal footing with foreigners," they will shout as lustily the spontaneous cry of "God Save the King" as the other loyal subjects of His Majesty.

In conclusion, to make nationalist aims and aspirations more clear, I shall quote the words of the late Moustafa Kamel Pacha, which he used in an appeal to *The English Nation and the Civilised World at Large* at the time of the occurrence of the deplorable affair at Denshawai:—

"We demand justice, equality, and liberty. We want a constitution which shall free us from absolute rule. The civilised world, and the true friends of liberty and justice in England, can but be with us in demanding as we do that Egypt, which was the cradle of civilisation, should no longer be treated as a barbarous country, but as a nation in which civilisation and justice should become as fruitful as is the soil of her own land of benediction."

H. S. SUHRAWARDY.

Aligarh.

A CHRISTIAN APPRECIATION OF ISLAM.

"At every moment of our lives we should be trying to find out, not in what we differ with other people, but in what we agree with them."

Ruskin.

WHEN we read of the intolerance of religious sects in former times—and, alas ! there are few pages of history that do not tell of persecutions, cruelty, and antagonism from religious motives—we are apt to exclaim : "Thank God, these times are past !" For now-a-days we have all grown more tolerant, or as some would say, more callous. At least the result is the same: people of different religions, and of various sects of these religions, live side by side in the same place, year after year, without much friction. Yet we do not evince any sympathy for each other's religion, for usually we are very certain, not only that our own is the one and only way to salvation, and to Paradise, but also that every one who thinks or believes differently is lost. We leave these poor lost ones alone ; God is the Creator of all, we say, also God is Love, All-Merciful ; but we scarcely ever realise that, if He is All-Merciful, All-Love, He is so for them as for us. Even if we meet on business, or have a few feeble social relations with one another, still all the large fields of ideals, and philosophy, and faith, we usually leave severely unsounded, untouched and unenquired into.

And yet by keeping aloof on these subjects, do we not let a great bond of friendship, a closer tie of sympathy, escape us altogether—especially in India ? It seems to me that between Mahomedans and Christians, there could be a very great bond of sympathy and fellowship if only it were easier for us each to find out what the teaching and tenets of our respective Masters really are. When we Christians study the life and teachings of Mohamed, do we not realise, with a warm glow of pleasure, that surely, this man was a prophet after the

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each, but of the teachings of Christ and Mohamed. To begin with, let us take the six heads into which the Moslem faith is divided :—

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warm glow of pleasure, that surely, this man was a prophet after the they
terrible

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heart of our own Christ, who said: "He that is not against us, is for us." (Luke ix. 50.)

And you Mussalmans, when you study the simple life, and pure teachings of Jesus, whom you too venerate as a great prophet, can you wonder that we take Him for our Master and Ideal—for our Guide to the throne of God? His teachings are so much like those of your own Prophet: "To love God with all thy heart, and soul, and strength, and to love thy neighbour as thyself." Is it not a wonder that for all these centuries we have allowed matters of dogma and theological convention to stand so completely between us, that we have scarcely yet grasped the possibility that, stripped of all outward form and practice, we follow so many of the same ideals, that we worship the same God, and that we truly believe in, and, therefore, should hope to meet in, the same Hereafter? More than this, we believe in the second coming of Jesus Christ. Do not the Moslems also believe that in the latter days, before the Day of Judgment, many signs shall occur: The sun shall rise in the West, and Jesus will return again and descend on the Mosque at Damascus?

I have had the good fortune, now and then, to meet several prominent and respected Mohamedans, and have been allowed some slight glimpses into their life. Each time I have gone away with a great desire to know more about their religion. It is only recently, through the pamphlets published by the Pan-Islamic Society, that it has become easy for any one who wishes it, to gain an insight into the faith of Islam. And surely, the more we read the more we are filled with feelings of sympathy and admiration. And these feelings will be stronger, the more fervent we are in our love for the teachings of our own Master.

The reason why I attempt to write on this subject is that, though my knowledge is very limited, there are so many of us Europeans who have never enquired into the matter at all. Therefore, I now write with a view to encourage a sympathetic study of the points of resemblance, not between the orthodox, dogmatic carrying out of our respective religious observances by the various sects of each, but of the teachings of Christ and Mohamed. To begin with, let us take the six heads into which the Moslem faith is divided:—

- 1st. Faith in God.
- 2nd. Belief in Angels.
- 3rd. Belief in the Holy Koran.
- 4th. Belief in all God's prophets.
- 5th. Belief in the Resurrection and Judgment.
- 6th. Belief in the Omniscience of God.

Substitute for the 3rd head, Belief in the Holy Bible; and are all these heads not the same as we believe in ?

Again, if we take their Five Pillars of Practice—*Ablution, Prayer, Alms-giving, Fasting, and Pilgrimage*—are these not all, except the first, practices that Christians have from all ages been encouraged to indulge in ? And as regards the first, *Ablution*, have we not since our nursery days heard that "Cleanliness comes next to Godliness ?" But here our Moslem neighbours tell us it goes hand in hand with godliness, that is all the difference. And personally, I am inclined to think it is a difference with right on their side.

And now take the *Lord's Prayer*, the one prayer taught us by Christ ; is there a single thought in it that cannot be uttered by a devout Mohamedan ?

I also think there are points in which we could help and teach each other, the Mussalman and the Christian. Veneration, worship, and resignation to the Will of God, are certainly not prominent characteristics of the present age amongst Europeans. How much we could learn from our Mohamedan brethren in this respect ! Again, the Mohamedan ever keeps before his mind by daily repetition in his prayers—the Greatness of God, the All-Merciful, the All-Compassionate, the Ruler of the Day of Reckoning. He says : "God is one God, the Eternal God," "Holy is my God the Great." We too say, or should say all this, but we add one thing more—"He is our Father" ; the Father of all He has created, the Love of all He has created. Mohamed expounds to us the greatness of God and our need to worship him ; Christ especially emphasises His great Love for us, and the necessity of love to grow in us.

These are only a very few points I have touched upon ; and there are many more worth thought, and comparison, and sympathy, if once we break through that heavy obscuring layer of bigotry on both sides—bigotry that has for so long taught us to call *their* Faith the Religion of the Sword, of Fatalism, and *them* to think that

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we worship three Gods (in the Trinity) not one ; a bigotry that has on both sides added up a heavy score of fanaticism and intolerant persecution, and this in direct disobedience of the commands of both Christ and Mohamed.

There are, no doubt, many points on which we differ. How interesting, for instance, would be the study of that great contrast, the Moslem system which has no priesthood, nothing to intervene between the individual and God, and the Roman Catholic system where the individual is in perfect subjection to the direction of his priest and of the Pope and whose prayers are guided by these, through the intercession of Saints and the Virgin Mary, to God.

But these are points more of dogma and of ritual ; and humanity ever has, and no doubt ever will, cover up and hide each precious glimpse of Truth it gains in endless shoals of dogmatic theology and rules and ceremonies. These are but the imperfect stepping-stones we prefer to gaze down on, as we travel through life, for our eyes are too weak to gaze long or steadily at the bright light of Truth. Yet we are all travelling in the same direction, we are all straining towards the same Goal—the Truth of God. Can we not take a little interest and sympathy in each other's progress— can we not try to acquire a little of that great all-embracing love that surely, in the end, will receive and guide us all. Jowett says : “ Who, as he draws near to Christ, will not feel himself drawn towards his theological opponents ? ” I think we might be allowed to go a little further and say : Who as he draws near the great Truths and Principles of his Religion—of all Religion--will not feel himself drawn towards his theological opponents ?

*Devicoolam,
S. India.*

R. KNIGHT.

A FEW WORDS ON ISLAM.

BEFORE proceeding with the subject, it is necessary to point out in the beginning, that much misunderstanding exists about the religion preached by the prophet of Arabia. There are so many sects in Islam (and every sect believes that it is in the right), that it really becomes a problem of much importance in our days to find out the truth. All these sects believe in the same God, in the same Koran, in the same prophet, and in the same religion, which is called Din-i-Islam, yet there is so much difference among them, that one may frequently read in the books of one sect, that the followers of other sects will go to Hell. The prophet of Arabia preached only one religion, with the same essentials of faith for all his followers, which united together the different Arab tribes into one people. When I come to speak about these essentials of Islam, the reader will find them so simple and clear, that, at first sight, he will not be able to understand what could have led to so many different sects among a religion whose very foundation-stone is unity. But I shall not dwell much upon this question of sects here. Let us, therefore, see what was the condition of Arabia before Islam, what were the circumstances under which Mohamad had to preach his new religion, and what this new religion teaches us.

If we except a few good qualities such as bravery, hospitality, &c., which were common to their nation, we may safely say that the Arabs possessed all vices and practised them openly. Drinking was so common, and had become such a necessary factor of life, that nobody could imagine how it was to be called an immoral act. Gambling was the profession of gentlemen. The greatest crime which a woman could commit was to give birth to a female child, for which act she was divorced by her angry husband, and the infant daughter was hurried to an early grave. The spirit of revenge pervaded the whole country and nothing was to be heard of except wars and quarrels amongst the tribes. Woman was the personal property of her husband, and she was no

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better than his horse or camel; nay, at times, worse than these animals. Death was her punishment for a slight mistake. Anything, howsoever trifling it might be, was sufficient to provoke a war. Debauchery and falsehood were matters of course. As for their social life, there was no love, no peace in their families, every one trying to pre-dominate over the other. Their country was barren, the climate very disagreeable and their homes consisted of huts and tents. The following statement about Mohamad's cousin named Jaffar will give some idea of the state of Arabia before Islam. When he was sent to the king of Habash by Mohamad with his letter (in which the Prophet had asked him to accept the new faith), the king asked Jaffar what good he found in the new religion that he gave up the religion of his forefathers. Jaffar gave him the following reply: "Oh King! formerly, we were an ignorant nation, we worshipped idols, ate dead animals, treated our neighbours cruelly, and the strong oppressed the weak. Such was our condition when God took mercy on us, and gave us a prophet from amongst our own people. We have full knowledge of his descent, nobility, honesty and chastity. He invited us towards God so that we might worship Him. He taught us to keep fast, to tell the truth, to help our relatives and neighbours, to respect virtuous women, and to abstain from all unlawful acts. We, therefore, believed him as a true prophet and became his followers."

Such was the state of Arabia when Mohamad was born on the 20th April 571 A. D. It is not necessary to give a detailed account of Mohamad's life, for it is available to those who wish to read it. It may, however, be noted that Mohamad was known from his childhood for honesty, piety, intelligence and patience, and had thus inspired respect in the minds of his relatives and countrymen. His meditations on the degraded condition of Arabia, and his attempts in search of Truth are well known. During the thirty-nine years of his life, before he was appointed prophet by God, he was not known to have uttered a falsehood or injured the feelings of any person. Every one respected him for the strength of his character, the nobility of his birth and his genial disposition. At the age of forty, while he was busy with his meditations as usual in the cave of Hurra, one day Gabriel the Archangel came to him with a message from God and said, "O Mohamad, congratulations to you from God. I have come from Him with this message. Read it and proclaim it to your countrymen." Mohamad replied that he did not know reading and writing. Gabriel thereupon held him to his chest and transferred all the hidden knowledge to him. Mohamad then read the message from

God, which forms the first verse of the Holy Koran. It runs thus: "O Prophet, read in the name of thy Creator (the Koran which shall be sent to you from time to time). Read it in the name of thy Lord who created man from a drop. Read it and depend upon Him, for He is the most merciful," &c. Gabriel then taught him how to perform ablution, showed him the manner of performing prayers, and then went away. Thus Mohamad was appointed Prophet of God to go forth and preach the worship of the One God to the people of Arabia. The task was almost an impossible one, but he had to do his duty. Moreover, the words "Depend upon Him" rang in his ears. He returned home and commenced his work. This was the day of the birth of Islam. But leaving aside the historical portion, I shall mention here the essentials of the faith of Islam. They are only five, *viz.*, Kalima, Namaz, Zakat, Roza and Haj.

1. The word Kalima literally means a word. Here it means the belief of a Musalman that "There is no God but God and Mohamad is His Prophet." Every Musalman has to repeat this sentence and believe in what he says. It is clear enough that the Mohamadans are strict unitarians and believe in One God. He is the Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer of the Universe. His power and authority is supreme, and every object must worship Him. These points will be clearly seen from the verses which I shall quote from the Koran. But before I do this, let me explain what the Koran means. The Koran is a collection of orders sent by God to His prophet Mohamad for communication to his followers. These orders were sent through the Archangel Gabriel from time to time on various subjects, and are known as so many verses of the Koran. The places where different verses were sent, the circumstances under which they were sent, and similar other particulars regarding the Koran, are to be found in the books of Tafsir or Commentaries on the Koran. Islamic literature is full of these Commentaries, some of them being written by very learned men. It should, therefore, be borne in mind that the Koran is not the work of Mohamad, nay, it was not even written by him, but was collected into a book after his death. A perusal of this Holy Book will show that Allah himself describes his power and authority in clear terms for the understanding of his creatures.

The first chapter of the Koran, Surai Fateha, runs thus: "Praise be to God, who is the Lord of the Universe. He is gracious and merciful. He is the Master of the Day of Judgment. We worship Him and seek assistance from Him," &c.

1. Everything in the Heavens and the Earth glorifies His name and He is the Most Glorious and Wise (Surai Juma).

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2. The Universe belongs to God and He bestoweth it upon any one He likes.

3. Say, O Mohamad, that the way to God is the one right way, and that we have been commanded to worship the Protector of the Worlds; and that we should perform the prayers and fear Him, for all of us will return to that Holy Being (7th para.).

4. Verily, we have forbidden for you dead animals, blood, ham and all that is killed but in the name of God (Surai Maydah).

5. Ye people, eat from the earth that is lawful for you, and do not follow the instigations of Satan. Verily, he is your open enemy (Surai Maydah).

6. Keep patience and God will not disregard the virtuous acts of the pious.

7. Say, O Mohamad, that God is One, He is independent, He gave birth to none, nor is He born from any one. He has no equal (Surai Ikhlas).

8. He who did a particle of good will see it, and he who did a particle of evil will also see it (Surai Zalzal).

9. Do not usurp the property of the orphan and do not drive away the beggar, and describe openly the gifts of thy Lord (Surai Zoha).

10. Ye people who are faithful, do not drink wine and do not eat ham, for these are the works of Satan.

This, then, is the idea of the Musalmans about God. The orders contained in the Koran are orders of the Almighty, and what Musalman dare disobey them? No one is allowed to read the Koran unless he is clean in body and dress. Ablutions must be performed before you touch this Holy Book. These instructions are not merely theoretical. You will scarcely find a Musalman who disregards these instructions. The correctness of all the numerous editions of the Koran is simply admirable. The Musalmans are rightly proud of the fact that you will not find the difference of even a letter in any two Korans. All the sentences, words, nay, even the letters occurring in the Koran have been counted up. In short, the respect paid to the Koran is exemplary. Next to the verses of the Koran are the Ahadis (singular, Hadis), or sayings of the Prophet, collected into books for the guidance of his followers. These I shall speak more about later on.

2. The second essential of Islam is the Namaz or prayers. All of us know that prayers form the most important element of all religions. The creatures must kneel down before their Creator. A Musalman has to say his prayers five times in a day, *viz.*, morning before sunrise

noon just after midday, afternoon, evening just after sunset, and night. They are respectively known as Fajar, Zohor, Asar, Maghrib and Isha

Every Mohamadan, male or female, above the age of twelve, must perform the Namaz. The orders about the Namaz are so strict, that no excuse for them is allowed under any circumstances. Mohamad used to say to his followers, "Namaz is the pillar of the Faith." He has also said that if a person is unable to stand, he should perform his Namaz sitting. If he is unable even to sit, he should do it in any posture that he can. If serious illness prevents him from doing it, he should do it after his recovery. It may not be necessary to give the details of this ceremony here, yet I shall mention some of the features of the Namaz which will interest the reader. A Musalman first performs his ablutions. This means, that he has to wash his hands, face, feet, nostrils, in short, those parts of the body which generally remain uncovered. Extreme cleanliness is necessary in both body and dress. The individual then begins his Namaz by standing erect in the presence of his Creator, with his face turned towards the Temple of Mecca. He then says in his mind, "I am going to perform my prayers of the morning (or whatever may be the time), for the sake of God, as commanded by Him, with my face towards Kaaba." He then reads several verses from the Koran according to rules, after which he bends down and repeats three times, "God is holy and high." After that he stands erect again and prostrates himself on the praying carpet. Here also he repeats three times, "God is holy and high." After this he sits down and repeats the necessary formula. This much ceremony is called a Rakaat or a part of the Namaz. In this way he goes on performing as many Rakaats as are required for the different times of the day. It should be remembered that, at every motion in the course of the Namaz, he has to cry "Allaho Akbar," *i.e.*, God is Great. The number of Rakaats is not the same for all the five times of the Namaz.

The whole ceremony is based on the glorification of His name, and it is believed by the Musalmans that the Namaz includes all the ceremonies of prayers that exist in other religions; to say nothing of its beneficial results. If there is anything that can teach the lesson of regularity to the Musalmans, it is the Namaz. It must be performed at its proper time, and if the appointed hour is allowed to pass away, the Namaz of that time is lost, and the sin is registered against his name. I have already mentioned the necessity of cleanliness. There are many verses in the Koran which enjoin cleanliness on the Muslims, and the Prophet often remarked that a Musalman was to be recognised by his cleanliness. It may not be out of place to mention here that it is wrong

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to draw a hasty conclusion regarding the Faith of Islam from the appearance and behaviour of a few unworthy Musalmans. For example, if a few unthinking Musalmans drink wine or acquire dirty habits, does it in any way affect the Divine Orders in the Koran? Similarly, it is one of the sayings of Mohamad that the heart of a Musalman must be as soft as wax, and how can one call himself a follower of Mohamad unless he acts according to these instructions. God speaking about Mohamad in the Koran says, "I have not sent thee but as mercy for the worlds." Those who read the life of the Founder of Islam can find out for themselves the character and instructions of that Holy Personage. But to return to the Namaz.

The Namaz can be read anywhere, provided the place is clean, though it is better to go to a Mosque for the ceremony. You will find Musalmans standing in rows, without any distinction of sect or colour, class or rank; every one standing wherever he finds room, all assembled together to worship their common Master. The Namaz must be performed with sincerity and devotion, and the individual must clearly understand that he is standing before his Creator. Ali, one of the heroes of Islam, at the time of his death, is said to have called morning to witness, asking, "Oh, time of the morning! did you ever find me sleeping and neglecting my prayers?" Again, in a battle, an arrow had pierced into one of his legs which could not be pulled out on account of the pain it caused. The Prophet said, "Pull it out when Ali is busy in his Namaz." They did so, and Ali did not at all know that the arrow was pulled out of his leg. This is an instance of devotion and ecstasy. I have already mentioned that orders for the Namaz were sent at the same time that Mohamad was appointed Prophet in the cave of Hurra. This is not the case with other essentials.

3. The third essential of Islam is the Zakat, or compulsory charity, amounting to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the money and other valuable property which a man possesses in addition to the articles of his use. The significance of such an order is clear enough. The rich are bound to help their poor brethren, and unless there is a distinct order from God to this effect, they are not expected to pay much attention to this bond of human fraternity. Of course, in Islam there is no limit to charity, but the Zakat is compulsory. God says, "Read from the Koran that is easy for you, keep up your prayers and give the Zakat. Thus give a debt to God, for whatever you send before you, will be returned to you much better. Ask forgiveness from thy Lord. Verily, He is the Great Forgiver" (Surai Muzammil). "O Musalmans, see that your wealth and your children do

EAST & WEST

not make you forget your duty towards God ; for he who does so, is one of the lost." (Surai Muafikoon). "Verily, those who give charity, men as well as women, and thus give a debt to God, will get the double of it from Him ; and for them is the reward of glory ; and those who believe in God and all His Prophets are the Faithful." (Surai Hadid). It should be remembered that the Mohamadans believe in all the Prophets of God, such as Abraham, Moses, Jesus, &c. All these, according to the Musalman belief, were sent by God for the guidance of His people ; but Mohamad is far superior to them. He is also the Last Prophet and no other Prophet will now come till the Day of Judgment. This belief is based on the following theory :—

Whenever a nation left the right path of worship and threw itself into a whirlpool of sins, the Protector of the World sent a prophet to guide the nation to the right path. Thus various prophets were sent from time to time, as many as one lakh and twenty-four thousand, till Jesus Christ was the last but one among them. Jesus Christ was a holy prophet and was born of his holy mother Bibi Maryam (Mary). He guided his followers as commanded by God, but when his followers confused Unity with Trinity, God sent Mohamad to preach His Unity. The instructions given by Mohamad are complete. The right way has now been pointed out to God's creatures, and there remains no need of another prophet. This is the belief of the Musalmans about the prophets of God.

(To be concluded.)

KAZI SYED BADINZAMAN.

A HYMN OF ZARATHUSHTRA.*

GREETING TO AN EXPECTED CHAMPION.†

SALVATION's hail be his, his whosoe'er he may be :
 May the all-ruling send it, He supreme o'er strife.
 Long lasting strength be ours ; of Thee I ask it ;
 For the upholding Right, this, holy zeal, vouchsafe us,
 Rich power, blest rewards, the Good Mind's life !
 And for this saint that best of all things,
 Glory, the glorious one shall gain who may.
 Reveal Thou, Lord, to us with spirit bounteous
 What truths by right Thou givest with good mind's wisdom
 With life's rejoicing increase and on every day.
 Yes, that better than the good may be gain surer
 Who hath for us straight paths of grace explored,
 Of this life bodily the use, of that the mental
 In the eternal Realms where dwells Ahura,
 Like Thee, noble and august, O Mazda Lord !

* Printed simultaneously with the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*.

† Delivered in a lecture at the Indian Institute, Oxford, now re-edited. To reproduce metrical matter where even the sentimental effect depends so much on melody, a rendering which is at least rhythmical is quite indispensable, while from rhythm to metre is but a step, a faint echo of rhyme itself, bringing up the expression of the feeling which breathes throughout the piece to more modern ways of writing. But such a necessary process leaves, perforce, a literal rendering entirely out of the attempt—that is to say, a literal rendering which is not broken up with interpolated enlargements, and such a word-for-word rendering here would be bereft of all the lurking beauty of the original. I have, therefore, in this piece separated this literal rendering, putting it in the following spaces in my editions.

With these last in view, I regard such a reproduction as the present as the truest possible that can be given, leaving my closer readers to look over the verbatims, Latin and English, and the commentaries of 1894 and 1900.

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MEANS OF GRACE.

Yea, I'll conceive Thee mighty, Ahura Mazda,
 When aids Thine hand hath nurtured close appear,
 Aids which as rewards Thou'lt give for good or evil,
 Thy fire's flame therewith, the strong in justice,
 And when to me Thy Good Mind's strength draws near.

JUDGMENT.

So, in creation's birth when first I saw Thee
 Bounteous in vision later things portend,
 When deeds, most just, rewarding and words, Thou givest
 Ill to the evil, pure blessing to the good
 By Thy just wisdom in this world's last end,

ADVENT.

In which last changing Thou, a spirit bounteous,
 Comest with Thy pure Realm which wrong retrieves,
 By deeds of whom the settlements in Right are furthered ;
 Laws unto these to teach devotion striveth,
 Laws of Thy wisdom which no man deceives !

SUSPENSE.

Yea, I conceived Thee bounteous, Ahura Mazda,
 When the true-hearted searched my spirit's inner self
 Asking " who art thou then, and whence thy coming ?
 How for their questions now signs shall I show them,
 Signs in thy settlements and in thyself ? "

THE SIGNS.

To him I, Zarathushtra, then answered foremost :
 " Torments in very deed the faithless will I send,
 But to our saints would be a joyous power,"
 Since with full care I toil, Thy Realm awaiting
 While I my woven praise to Thee shall blend.
 Yea, I conceived Thee bounteous, Ahura Mazda,
 When the true loyal* came, my mission's call to ask,
 Saying " what aim hast thou ? what wilt thou gain in this ? "
 Then for Thy Fire praise-offering I besought him,
 Planning Thy Law's advance ; this be my task ! "

* It is certainly far higher critique here to take Vohu Mananha more literally, as (he endowed) with the Good Mind, Vohuman. The law of exegesis demands the humanisation of all concepts so far as may be admissible.

A HYMN OF ZARATHUSHTRA

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"SEARCH ME."

Do Thou Thy Holiness revealing teach me,
 Since with the zealous joined to rise I seek.
 Ask Thou yet questions, such that Thou may'st search us,
 For questions Thine are thus as of the mighty,
 As when their mighty wish Thy rulers speak.

"PREPARED."

Yea, I conceived Thee bounteous, Ahura Mazda,
 When the true Loyal † came with spirit blest,
 And with your words my soul I first instructed ;
 Woes that devoted one midst foes forewarned me,
 Yet will I that fulfil named by Thee best !

FEARS.

And since Thou saidst : " Come for light to Asha,"
 Command me not yet to speak " veiled truths abroad,"
 Nor to go forth, e'er he, that friend approach me,
 Obedience hand-joined with richest blessings
 Whereby, for strivers' help, he gives reward.

SUCCESS.

Yea, I conceived Thee bounteous, Ahura Mazda,
 When the Faith's messenger my spirit neared ;
 Aims of my will to gain, this gift then give me,
 Long life, that boon by man yet never wrested,
 Gifts in Thy Realm give too, most choice declared.

LIGHT.

As the possessor gifts on friend bestoweth
 So give to me, O Lord, rejoicing light,
 When in Thy kingdom, righteousness my motive,
 Forth to approach I rise 'mid chiefs of doctrine,
 With all whose memories Thy words recite.

STAUNCHNESS.

Yea, I conceive Thee bounteous, Ahura Mazda,
 When the obedient came with Faith's accord,
 And through his wisdom best with patience showed me,

† The Obedience—The Loyal Party.

EAST & WEST

"Never your chieftain be of foes the pleaser":
Yea, saints should hold at worth yon faithless horde !

RESULT.

Thus Zarathushtra, Lord, adores the spirit,
And every man most bounteous prays beside ;
Be the just Law life-strong, yea, clothed with body ;
In sun-blest land of ours be there Devotion,
In deeds to Holy Right may she be guide !

LAWRENCE MILLS.

Oxford.

NASRIN : OR AN INDIAN MEDLEY

(Continued from our last issue.)

CHAPTER XIX.

A FEW days after Mazhar Ali Khan's return to Cambridge, Miss Greenwood, a missionary lady from India, who was a great friend of Mrs. Gurney, paid them a visit, and spoke of the sad condition of the women of India. It was a heart-breaking story which she related, and Miss Gurney, as she sat and listened, vowed to devote all the strength of her body, mind and heart to the service of her Indian sisters.

From that moment she dedicated herself to the task and resolved to go to India with Miss Greenwood, who was enthusiastic about the great and good work that lay before her there. When Miss Gurney mentioned her resolve to her parents, they were bewildered and refused to let her go, but Miss Gurney never faltered in her resolve and pleaded her cause so strongly that they at last found it impossible to oppose her gently resolute will. Much against their own wishes they booked her passage by the 'Himalaya,' in which, a month hence, Miss Greenwood was to sail.

Mazhar Ali Khan was surprised to hear of Miss Gurney's impending departure for India. The news did not at all please him; he did not like her going to India alone, and felt unaccountably miserable. However, a week before the "Himalaya" was to sail, he obtained leave of absence from his college and came to see her.

"I am going to India," said Miss Gurney, as she greeted him, "I am going away to my own country. I am going with Miss Greenwood to the land of the five rivers."

"You are a wonderful people," said Mazhar, more to himself than to Miss Gurney; "who in India ever thinks of going to a distant land merely to satisfy a whim?"

"A whim, indeed!" replied Miss Gurney, "while my very soul yearns to do the work which God has called upon me to do."

EAST & WEST

"Let me assure you that you will not be able to make any impression on our social life," said Mazhar, "you cannot electrify a dead body."

"I am not going to be discouraged by you," said Miss Gurney, "no effort is ever lost, and if I succeed in relieving a single human soul of its suffering, I shall consider my voyage to India not wholly useless."

"If you are looking out for some misery to set right," said Mazhar, with a laugh, "then why not begin with me? You need not go all the way to India for this."

"You naughty man," said she, with a smile, "you are picking up all our western nonsense."

"What can poor Indian women know of the great sacrifices which some of your people make for them?" asked Mazhar. "Really, it is difficult to understand the wonderful renunciation of some of your missionary ladies, living always for the sake of others, seeking no satisfaction from life but that of having relieved a want or shared the sufferings of some human soul in distress. What words can convey the sublime glory of such selfless devotion to humanity, which finds its pleasure in losing that life which men covet so much."

"It is the only true way of living a life," said she, with enthusiasm, "at least it is the only life for me. I cannot live and enjoy life with the sound of the sufferings of millions in my ears."

"Go where you may, you cannot get away from it," said Mazhar; "what can you do by sacrificing your life? You cannot enclose an ocean within an earthen jar."

"No, I know I cannot get away from it, but then I do not wish to get away from misery, but wish to lose myself in it. You have proved a false prophet," she added, after a pause, to change the subject, "and I am going alone and before you to India."

The words were hardly uttered, when the maid servant stepped in, and handed a cablegram to Mazhar. His hands shook as he nervously tore open the envelope and he turned deathly pale as he read the news of his father's death. He handed the cablegram to Miss Gurney as he burst into tears and quietly walked away to his room where he gave free vent to his grief. The death of his loving father, who lived only to gratify every wish of his son, was a great blow to Mazhar; he felt his loss more keenly than words can describe. It was still more painful for him to leave his studies incomplete, and to part so suddenly from his English friends who had become so dear to him. It seemed to him as if some dark power had hurled him down from paradise itself. He knew he could not stay, for complications were sure to arise in his absence; his property would go to

ruin if he left it in the hands of his father's agents; above all, he felt for the ladies of his family who, closed within four walls of the zenana, were utterly helpless. He felt certain that his mother would die of anxiety, sorrow and neglect if he was not near by to console her. He had some landed property, and so he was above want, but he was very sorry to return to India without completing his studies and realising the ambition of being a "Bara Sahib."

His friends were also very sorry to hear the news and sincerely sympathised with him in his affliction, but they could not understand why he should go away without completing his studies. They little knew of the social conditions in his country which made his immediate return imperative. He told them about the different conditions which prevail in India, he dwelt on the helplessness of the ladies of the house, the mischief which some of his relations may do, trying to deprive him of his property. It was a matter of surprise to his English friends how a country which produced men like Mazhar, equal to them in culture and enlightenment, sharing their views and cultivating their aspirations, could have social customs which appeared to them nothing short of barbarous. They forgot that men like Mazhar were few and far between, entirely lost amid a population of thousands of ignorant, custom-bound people, who viewed with suspicion all their newfangled ideas and considered them not only ephemerally unsound, but morally bad. Mazhar had to accept the inevitable, and booked his passage by the "Himalaya," which was the earliest steamer bound for India. He went to fetch his things from Cambridge and returned to sail with Miss Gurney and Miss Greenwood. Tears trickled down his cheeks as he bade Mrs. and Mr. Gurney good-bye and left the English shore, perhaps for ever. His only consolation was that Miss Gurney was also going to India.

The change of scene, the cheerful society on board the steamer, the blue dancing waves, bursting into foam and spray, and above all, the subtle influence of Miss Gurney, who seemed to carry an aroma of peace and happiness about her, soon dispersed the cloud of grief from the mind of Mazhar as melts the morning mist before the rising sun. He spent his evenings on deck, talking to Miss Gurney or Miss Greenwood, who often joined in the conversation as her fingers incessantly plied the knitting needles without which she did not seem to live.

One evening Mazhar and Miss Gurney were walking together on the deck enjoying the sublime grandeur of the sea, as the silver light of the moon rested over it like a vision of life and love, calm and serene, floating like a cloud of liquid silver over the tossing blue waves which seemed to

fall back in a peaceful repose at its touch. The peace, the harmony of the scene, touched their souls and wove around them a dream of love, union and bliss.

"Your prophecy has come true," she said, "and we are going to India together. Already I feel that I have moved from darkness into a sunlit land. We in England cannot even dream of such a lovely night as this."

"I am afraid you will be woefully disappointed in the land of your dreams," said Mazhar, "and soon get tired of the blazing sunshine. India is in a sadly degraded condition."

"Not so degraded, even now," said she, "as some of the highly civilised western countries. There is still some spirituality in India. Your people are not so selfish as we westerns are. Look at yourself, now. You are sacrificing your career for the sake of the ladies of your family. There are very few Europeans who could have done that."

"I am only doing my duty," said he, "but you are leaving your country to share the misery of Indian women, renouncing everything to realise a noble dream."

"Oh! we westerns," she continued, "we are too individualistic, we want the whole world at our feet, and the very powers of nature to minister to our comforts; your people lead simple lives and pass calm and quiet days in harmony with the sweet repose of nature."

"The spirit of the west is penetrating even my country," said Mazhar, "and our men are trying to imitate you in every way, but our awakening is like that of an opium-eater, just starting up to fall back instantly into a doze again."

"What a pity," said she, "that men should spend their lives in search of things which are of little consequence, and only serve to contaminate the divine in man. The luxuries of our civilisation are a curse to us."

"I don't mind being comfortable," said he, "your people have invented so many things which add to one's comfort."

"I suppose you would like to be fed by a machine," she asked, with a smile, "it is so troublesome to eat one's dinner. How can one feel comfortable when at one's very door men lie in dirt, shivering in cold, their very blood frozen in their veins? How can you enjoy motor drives when men, old and decrepit, try to trudge their way in spite of their infirmities?"

"Yes, the contrast is not pleasing," Mazhar admitted, "but what is to be done? These inequalities must persist until men recognise some higher law than that of personal well-being."

"All this accumulation of luxury is only possible at the cost of

thousands of poor people who work themselves to death," said she, "I would rather walk bare-footed from one end of the earth to the other than drive a motor car built by men who seem to have given their life to generate this devilish power. I would like so much to live in India and lead the simple Indian life in some quiet village, helping the poor, educating Indian women, tending them in sickness, and living with them always, away from everything that may remind me of the west."

"Do come with me," entreated Mazhar, "I will live to serve you." He waited for a reply, and then, unable to control himself any longer, he fell on his knees and gave vent to his pent-up passion: "O! I love you," he gasped, "I love you, more than my own life. I have tried to hold back the expression of my love, as I know it is hopeless, it is like a moth wanting to have the sun, but I cannot keep it to myself any longer, it is beyond my strength; it burns like a flame within my heart, and is consuming me. I trust I have not offended you. I hope you are not angry. Pray don't mind what I say. I am mad."

"My own, my love," said she, bending upon him her deep azure eyes, lit with an indefinable love, "How can I be offended? Why should I be angry? I have loved you always, why should not we love each other?"

"You permit me to love you then?" asked Mazhar. "You have given me more than my life is worth, I cannot tell you how hard I have striven to keep to myself the secret of my unalterable love."

"I knew it all the time," said she, "and admired you all the more for your self-restraint."

"I was determined never to make mention of my love," he went on. "I thought I could always see your picture in the mirror of my heart and pour into it all the feelings of my soul and be content. What an infinity of life and feeling is covered by the word 'love'!"

"Love, like God, is a mystery," said she, "which only those who lose themselves in it can understand."

"I wish I could pave the roads with the pupils of my eyes," said he, translating an Indian couplet, "for you to tread upon, and screen you with the lashes of my eyes."

"Screen me," laughed she, "the blood of your ancestors is within you and you can think of nothing but *Purdah*."

"I am very clumsy in translating," he replied, "but the idea conveyed in Hindi is rather nice and expresses what I feel, but can hardly find words to properly express it in English. Won't you bless me with the pledge of our everlasting love."

"Certainly, darling," said she, offering him her hand, which he kissed warmly, as if he had cemented his heart with hers through that kiss.

"Dearest," said she, after a pause, "we must be content with each other's love. I have my work in India, which is more dear to me than my own self. I cannot think of marriage—indeed, a marriage between a Christian and a Mohamedan is impossible. I had foreseen all that, but I am happy in being loved by you."

"There is nothing against the marriage being registered," he suggested, as if awakening from a dream.

"My parents don't believe in a civil marriage," said she, "and I agree with them. I regard marriage as the union of souls which must be consecrated in thankfulness and devotion before God."

"Love has opened the gate of infinite life to me," said he, "and I can wait for ages. I am not so selfish as to do anything which you consider wrong. My life, my happiness, rests in seeing you happy, there is no sacrifice in the world that I would not make for you. Islam and Christianity are one and the same thing to me. I believe in one God and know that all paths lead to Him."

"I must not think of myself," she answered, in a faltering tone of voice, "I must think of them, my poor Indian sisters. We are all sent into this world to do something, even if it were ever so tiny and humble, and of no account, and it is perhaps the thing that I was sent into this world to do."

"I only wish to serve you," said he, "I would rather suffer torments of hell than do a single act which may give you the least pain."

"You are so good, you are so noble," said she tenderly, "my heart could not have gone to you like this, were you not so, and refused to listen to all the good counsel of my reason."

"Heart can communicate with heart," exclaimed Mazhar quoting a Persian poet, "there is some secret channel uniting hearts."

"There must be some subtle bond of union linking each heart to the other," said she, "otherwise why should I love you and long to be with you under palms and cypresses by the banks of the Ganges, or under the mango-tree where swarms of nightingales pour out their sad lays?"

"I have told you so often, dearest," said he, "that new India is not the same India which you dream of. It is almost entirely changed."

"I will create the India of my dreams in my own home," she replied, "and surrender myself to its charm."

"Yes, there are villages in India," said he, "where one can still lose oneself in an idle dream and pass whole days in sweet repose and calm

contemplation. I have a village of my own where I have felt so happy sometimes. There is a small stream passing through my estate, and I often used to get into a boat and float down stream, gliding on as does life when no wants or pains retard its progress, slowly losing myself in a dream of harmony, which left in the soul no conscious void unfilled."

"Ah! the self, living in the self," said she, "I have felt that, too; in such moments time seems to vanish, the present seems without an end, full of infinite bliss leaving no longings of any kind unfulfilled."

"Your words, your thoughts," said Mazhar, rapturously, "have already transported me beyond this earth and its petty ambitions. How sacred, how divine, must be the love which has raised me to its own pure and elevated atmosphere."

"Alas!" she observed, sadly, "even at the best what can this love end in? How foolish I have been to encourage it!"

"Do you even now repent," said he proudly, "then cancel your vows with me, and I will bear the whole life of sorrow, of anguish, as the end of this love."

"Never, never, can I repent," said she, falling upon his neck, "forgive me, dearest; if you only knew how a shadow of grief on your face darkens my heart, you would never grieve."

"Go where you will, do what you like my soul goes with you and will bring you back to me at last," said he.

"I will come to you," she said, "but for the present I must go and do my work."

"Life of my life," he exclaimed, "how can I thank thee? If love has any power it will bring you back to me sooner than you think of."

"You two standing there," said Miss Greenwood, coming up, who had been deeply touched by the fairy scene, "seem to me like true symbols of the union of the East and West.

"And East and West, without a breath,
Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
To broaden into boundless day."

"That is what Tennyson says," observed Miss Gurney, lightheartedly.

"Oh! Tennyson," said Miss Greenwood, "I almost consider him a prophet, but out there in India there does not seem to be any point of union. Englishwomen who have married Indians have been invariably unhappy."

"It is a matter of taste," said Miss Gurney, "what appears beautiful to one possesses no charm for the other; those who like the hurried life of the west can find no beauty in the calm and serene atmosphere of the east."

"Yes, it is more or less a matter of temperament," assented Miss Greenwood, "but empty sentimental fancies seldom endure for any length of time."

"My love of India is not sentimental," replied Miss Gurney, "it is something deep and everlasting which is drawing me irresistibly to this ancient country."

"I as a mere child wanted to go to India also," said Miss Greenwood, "and I must say I have never regretted my choice of the work that I have taken up."

"Only those who set their hearts on earthly things are disappointed," said Miss Gurney, "for they foolishly seek satisfaction in that which is constantly changing."

"True," said Miss Greenwood, in a sad tone of voice, as if haunted by a sad memory, "yet in our youth we take unrealities for realities as i there behind it all was something unchanging and eternal."

"So it is," said Miss Gurney, "we don't seek it, but run after shadows which everlastingly elude pursuit."

Further conversation was put an end to by the dinner bell, and they returned to their cabins to dress, and then went to have their dinner.

From that day Mazhar and Miss Gurney surrendered themselves without much question of the future, to the bliss—the elysium—of the hour, they lived but from day to day, happy in their love, which filled them with a new life and elevated them, as it were, with a new soul, their whole existence centring round into one concentration of soul breathing nothing but love, which became the very essence of their life.

Alas! time, which hangs like a naked sword over the head of its human victims, cut short their dream of bliss but too soon. The steamer arrived at Bombay at its appointed time—how they wished this voyage had lasted for ever! Now they had to bid each other farewell. Mazhar took train to Lucknow, while Miss Greenwood and Miss Gurney waited for the Punjab Mail. A veil of darkness seemed to have fallen which hid them both from the sight of each other, and was dimly brightened by the sweet memory of the days they had spent together and perfumed by the sweet fragrance of love.

(To be continued.)

JOGENDRA SINGH.

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AN ENGLISH EPIGRAMMATIST. *

THIS is a book to place on our shelves by the side of Hazlitt's *Characteristics*, Coleridge's *Table Talk*, and—a compliment, maybe, which Bagshot would diffidently decline—Lord Bacon's *Essays*. *Theophrastus Such* by George Eliot is omitted, as that work wants charm and lightness. La Bruyère, Rochefoucauld and Vauvenargues have enriched French literature with an invincible wealth of epigrammatic wit and sapience. English letters, on the contrary, are wanting in this respect. All the more welcome, therefore, is the present volume by the Editor of the *Westminster Gazette* who, without doubt, in these pages is his own mouthpiece. We may, therefore, in a few words dismiss the framework of the book, the thread on which the writer has strung his pearls, or rather should we say, diamonds, many of which having an uncommonly sharp and double edge.

Bagshot, then, who died and left his friend, among other things, a collection of note-books and a small, well-chosen library, most of the books having annotations in his own hand, is thus described :—“ I remember him as a tall clean-shaven man with somewhat irregular features and piercing brown eyes. His attitude towards life was—or so it seemed to his friends—a half humorous interrogative (if so, Bagshot must have been a genius !), but he was essentially benevolent and would insist with much vehemence that men in lump were a great deal better than they were supposed to be. I thought that I knew him well, but there was much in his papers that surprised me. He seems to have meditated on a great many subjects on which he never talked, at least to myself, although he was possibly less reticent to others.” A handsomely paid Civil Servant, a good scholar, a man of great culture, and a bachelor—on account'

* “ The Comments of Bagshot,” edited by J. A. Spender. Constable.

it is supposed, of having to maintain his mother and two sisters—Bagshot seems to have had an agreeable, easy life and died at fifty-five, thus perhaps escaping the ordeal of infirmity and disease. Fortunately, his *soi-disant* Editor remains, so that more witty aphorisms and stinging epigrams may be expected.

The seeking for points of view may prove a fructifying or sterile occupation. Bagshot's lofty moral standpoint, deep but virile sympathy and genuine gift of expression, belong to the first category. And as just now a most etiolating, even deadening, kind of introspection in literature is the fashion, we must be thankful for the stimulus of a fearless thinker and penetrating critic of life.

Bagshot's library, we learn, consisted of a thousand volumes only—a manageable, I am inclined to say, an ideal number. Every line of the volume before us shows that the possessor knew what he wanted in books and where to find it. But whilst being a ripe scholar and a fine critic, Bagshot was here no cynic. More than one devotee of literature pure and simple will sympathise with the following passage. It comes at the close of the volume but throws so much light on the writer's mind and character that I place it here. We are reminded of Lamb as we read:—

“There are two shelves in my library wholly reserved for old books that are quite dead. This is the home of the disregarded and it is pleasant to think that the ghosts of their authors may sometimes visit them and take comfort when they see me finger them and browse on their faded pages, as I often do. For there is a certain charm in their artless inferiority, and better than the masters, they help me to realise the common thoughts of average folk who have otherwise left no record.”

Mr. Birrell will surely blush as he reads this homage and recalls the collected works of poor Hannah More ruthlessly and by his own hands buried in a lonely spot by the sea!

But it must not be supposed that Bagshot is always in so Quakerish and placable mood. He can be as rasping as Aristophanes himself when he likes, and as his editor writes, “he had a pleasing habit of summing up his friends in little *aperçus*.” Here are a few specimens:—

“C— has the courage which bears an intolerable toothache with fortitude for fear of going to the dentist.

"Of M. he says - Cut him open and you will find a clergyman inside, (italicised but origin not to be traced).

"The conversation of D— is like the noise of a train in a tunnel, one idea deafening you with its echo.

"S— is not a visionary as his friends say ; he is merely hyperopic, *i.e.*, constitutionally incapable of focussing his vision on any near object. His distant vision is no better than other people's, usually a little worse."

This is a very acrid but very penetrating and suggestive characterisation. Countless are the lives rendered intellectually null from the incapacity of focussing mental vision.

Equally acrid and equally pungent is the following sentence from the chapter on Bores :—

"The worst attribute of a bore is that he loves you."

From this text a long discourse might be preached, the summing up of which would lead us to something like the *Æschylean* doctrine of fatality. For instance, by force of relationship at school, college, and in the other circumstances of daily life, we are often thrown into close contact with those who suit us fairly well at the onset of our career, but whom, later on, we find as far removed from us as the Antipodes. There is unkindness, even brutality, in casting off these early associates or close connections. But sore is the trial of such companionship thus thrust upon us. The pathetic side of many an existence might be traced to such a source.

As Bagshot points out, no one is so merciless as the clever bore. Who does not remember Crabbe's unfortunate Augusta and her Preceptor Husband ?

Paradoxically enough, much as we dislike bores in real life, we do not easily tire of them in fiction, that is to say, in certain fiction.

Jane Austen's world may be described as peopled by bores, young, old and middle-aged, but intolerable as existence would be with her Mrs. Bennetts and the rest, inimitable portraiture is the jam that makes the pill go down.

Bagshot divides men into two classes, those who can and those who cannot throw off their own personality. Schopenhauer also descants epigrammatically on this subject. According to the latter, mankind pairs off into two flocks : the first consisting of men and

women to whom the Pyramids are only interesting from the fact of having carved their initials on the surface, the second are those to whom the Pyramids remain wholly impersonal and aloof.

On the various categories of his fellows, Bagshot has witty, and incisive summings up. Take the following :—

“ The misfortune of the artistic temperament is that so many people have the temperament and so few the art. We should never excuse the temperament unless we are sure of the art.”

The pity is that the world does excuse the temperament without being sure of the art, hence the depreciation of taste. A sparkling and highly dramatic novelette in Mr. Alfred Sutro's *Foolish Virgins* illustrates this phase of contemporary life.

Here is an aphorism showing that, despite Bagshot's meditative character and retiring disposition, he was, in the best sense of the term, a man of the world.

“ A disagreeable disposition is, in certain circumstances, a high testimonial of ability,” and he goes on to add, “ My friend C—, for instance, is of so disagreeable a disposition that no one can possibly have desired to retain his services unless they were indispensable. I know nothing about him in his official capacity, but the unanimous aversion to him in all other capacities is proof positive that he is a most competent man.”

This is not only very true but also very witty.

Perhaps Bagshot, *i.e.*, the imaginary Bagshot, being a bachelor, is less aphoristic and less pungent when dealing with the other sex. Perhaps also much less convincing. But there is one feminine idiosyncrasy he notes that must infallibly have escaped a less subtle observer. He writes : “ If I say to my niece Molly that two and two make four, she consents, but is unconvinced. But if I show her this little formula $1\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2} + 1\frac{3}{4} + \frac{1}{4} = 4$ she is at once alive with interest, and sits down at once to work it out and proclaims the triumph that it is so.”

One of the most clear-headed and generally gifted women I ever knew went farther than Bagshot's Molly—she never could realise that she had got to the end or bottom of anything. Had she worked out Euclid's 47th problem, she would never have believed that the demonstration was final. For the matter of that, does not Herbert Spencer contest the dictum that parallel lines cannot meet, on the

ground that it is impossible so to sum up, as it is impossible to carry parallel lines beyond finity.

"Nearly all women are convinced in their hearts," continues our philosopher, "that things are other than they seem." At this many of Bagshot's readers will demur. Certainly, the statement cannot be averred of Frenchwomen, in domestic and often in business affairs being the most practical part of the community.

Most mercifully Bagshot has refrained from commenting on the Suffragist movement and the extravagances into which it has led its supporters. We will now consider our epigrammatist as a ethical teacher and review his attitude towards the graver problems of daily life and human destiny. Here many will find what Matthew Arnold in his beautiful sonnet to his trilogy of teachers, calls "a prop." We exchange wit for weighty utterances. Take the following on religion :—

"Religion would gain greatly if the clergy would make a more sparing use of the blessing-in-disguise argument. No one really believes that pain, privation and bereavement are other than evil things. Not to believe this is to take the mainspring out of human action. It is rational to say that character may win good out of evil ; but only a colossal egoist will be persuaded that the death or suffering of another is a dispensation of Providence for the welfare of his soul."

Here are a few solemn and highly suggestive words on death :—

"Why is it that in death the sense of bereavement is felt by the living, but not by the dying ?" (Bagshot's generalisation is on this point too sweeping.) "Why should those who are departing from life be supposed to feel the separation less than those who are left behind ? Most of those who have been on the verge of death will tell you that they felt no pang of the emotion which they would have suffered if watching at the deathbed of those they loved. None of the poetry or literature on the subject imputes a sense of bereavement to the departed. Is this merely a result of the religious teaching that it is far better to depart, or is it some deep instinct which reassures the dying ?"

A long dissertation might be written upon these sentences. Has Bagshot here lost sight of one most important factor in the

situation, namely, physical conditions? Extreme bodily weakness, which may almost be called a paralysis of the emotions, must often account for such apparent insensibility. And surely, history is not without instances controverting the thesis? Nelson's "Kiss me, Hardy," was an expression of profound sympathy in another's coming loss. Many utterances to the same effect could certainly be compiled alike from historic and domestic annals.

On philosophy Bagshot has evidently pondered much. How many busy editors, the reader wonders, read Bacon's *Novum Organum* in these days, when,

"No shelter have we to grow ripe,
No leisure to grow wise."

A busy editor Bagshot was not, but we have here a case of dual personality. As we read we cannot help confounding, rather assimilating, executor and legatee, the authority of Tudor Street and the volume before us.

"To Bacon," wrote Bagshot, then, "writing for his time, it seemed a fundamental necessity to bring the world back from the fantastic speculations of schoolmen and alchemists to the solid region of facts. For us, on the contrary, the chief necessity is to make the thought equal to the fact. Though Bacon condemned it, I can never read without a thrill his description of the simple and unartificial method of enquiry which is most familiar to mankind! The image of man invoking his own spirit to open its oracles to him is surely one of the most beautiful in all literature, and I know of no words which express so much of the toil and turmoil of the thinking mind. The excessively external life which we lead in these times leaves us without leisure to invoke the inner oracle."

As a humanitarian Bagshot especially shines, and did space permit, I should like to quote entire the passages describing a visit to the men's wards of a great London hospital and his reflections on London.

We have here the work of an original, penetrating and many-sided writer who has enriched English literature with the kind of work in which it is comparatively poor.

Hastings, England.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

AGRICULTURE AND ITS IMPORTANCE TO INDIA.

IN the present Swadeshi boom, and the agitation for higher political rights, the leaders of the Indian community seem to have forgotten the importance of agriculture as a prime factor in the well-being of the nation. No doubt, industrial regeneration and the efforts to obtain higher political rights are, in every way, desirable and praiseworthy, but in an essentially agricultural country like India, where more than 90 per cent. of the population depend upon agriculture and its fruits, the first duty of both the Government and the people is to pay particular attention to its improvement.

In England and America manual training and agriculture are considered a necessary part of education, and the curricula of studies at all the Universities have adequate provision made for them.

In England there are two agricultural colleges, one at Cirencester and the other at Downton, besides a number of schools in villages and towns where agricultural education is imparted. In that country the agricultural department is affiliated to the educational department, helped by rural Agricultural Committees, and these are supported by grants from the Government for the improvement of this special subject. Yet with all this agricultural improvement in England seems to be very slow. The apathy of the people towards all new systems is intensified by raw young men from agricultural colleges and schools, with really no practical experience but that of the text-books, and this appears to be the cause of this backward condition. I would refer my readers to an ably written article on "Agricultural Education in the United Kingdom," by Mr. John C. Medd in the "Nineteenth Century and After," for January 1907, where he takes a brief survey of agricultural education in that country and suggests remedies for its improvement.

Turning to America, we find that, as in all other things, agriculture has also made rapid progress there. In all its Universities, where the

numbers are not small, agricultural education and its allied sciences are taught up to the highest standards, and these are supplemented by practical work in experimental and demonstration farms. Thus the student goes out well equipped, and all this knowledge he tries to utilise to the best advantage.

There is a Central Agricultural Bureau at Washington, with experimental and demonstration farms throughout all the districts of the United States. These are presided over by men of the best talents in practical and experimental agriculture, dairying and livestock breeding, for these are essential parts of agriculture. Every help and facility are given for improvement. The large number of agricultural journals also do no small amount of good by their advice. The American farmer is thus leading the van in progressive agriculture, dairying, livestock breeding, etc.

We now turn to our own country. In India the Government have recognised the claims of agriculture by establishing agricultural colleges, experimental, demonstration and model farms, and giving those requiring it the benefits of the advice of agricultural chemists at the headquarters of the three Presidencies, besides maintaining in Calcutta a monthly journal devoted to this subject. Though so much has been done, the people do not seem to have realised the advantages of improvement. The inherent characteristic of the Indian ryot to stick to old and primitive methods is a great bar to any drastic reform in this direction. Of course there are some good points in our old system, but we are advancing with western civilisation in everything, and it is but right that we should keep up with it in this also. The one complaint, and a valid one, that the ryot makes, is that he is poor, and that in all improvements he makes upon his farm both the Government and the landlord claim an immediate share, and, already overburdened as he is with no small amount of debt he finds it difficult to spend money on improvements which leave him no margin of profit. We shall consider at a later stage of this article if any remedy is possible in this respect.

Our rising generation regard manual labour as degrading. Degradation! What, to earn one's bread by the sweat of one's brow! Do they think it more honourable to drudge on as quilldrivers on Rs. 10 or Rs. 15 a month?

With rare exceptions most of those that enter the agricultural colleges do so with the sole object of entering Government service when they pass out from that Department. I by no means deprecate Government service; on the contrary, I think it in every way honourable

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to help in the administration of one's own country. But our public offices are already so crowded and overfilled with graduates that it is becoming increasingly difficult to provide employment for the large number of those that annually come out of our Universities without proficiency in any special subject, and who, therefore, look upon public service as the only field open to them. Under these circumstances how can any reform be effected?

It is, I think, by making primary and secondary education more extended, with elementary agriculture at least as a compulsory subject, that reform can alone be made. It is good news to hear that the Government is considering the matter of giving free primary education to the masses. Education alone can bring reform, and it is pleasing to view the efforts of the Government in this direction.

The next thing is to establish a central agricultural bureau at the headquarters of the Government of India, having at its head a man of long experience in that department, and with a keen insight into Indian agriculture and its needs. The number of experimental and demonstration farms may be increased by establishing one for each province, for in India climatic conditions vary in each province, and the crop that grows well in one province does not thrive in another. In these farms progressive agriculture, according to best and cheapest methods, should be practically demonstrated. Climatic conditions in Europe are quite different, and all the improvements that have been effected in that country cannot be introduced wholesale into India. A large number of them can, however, be introduced in a modified form, and this should be done wherever possible. The poverty of the Indian ryot should always be kept in sight and the improvements introduced should be within the reach of all.

Stock-breeding and dairy-farming should also be taught. Dairying according to the most improved methods is a necessity, for the health of the people depends a great deal upon the milk, butter and cheese which they take.

The care and breeding of livestock should also be taught, for these are the farmer's wealth.

With agricultural education may be incorporated forestry, elementary geology, and veterinary science, in addition to dairying and livestock-breeding, for these are all essential concomitants of agriculture, and these should be supplemented by practical work in experimental and demonstration farms, thereby sending out the student thoroughly equipped.

As to the complaint of the Indian agriculturist that both the Government and the landlord claim a share in all improvements, it is but natural that they as owners should do so. In cases, however, where the ryots are

willing to introduce improvements on their lands, both the Government and our wealthy landowners should forego a part of their income for a fixed number of years, thereby allowing the tenant to enjoy the fruits of his improvements for some years at least. All money and care spent on land will repay itself well in time.

Our rich landowners can do much in this direction by sending their sons to Europe to receive a sound agricultural education and after their return start them on their own estates to improve them. This will be an example to the ryots. The experience and knowledge of the young men will not only help in the improvement of their own estates, but also that of their tenants and neighbours. How many of our Zemindars have done this? Some years ago a Bengali Zemindar sent his son to England for a thorough agricultural education and he passed out of the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester with credit; he is now, I believe, on his father's estate, improving it. Why should not the other Zemindars follow this example?

Until our young men learn to regard manual labour as both honourable and lucrative, and until our rich men come forward to help them with patronage and funds, I am afraid there will be no improvement. The Government can do much in this direction, but the co-operation of the people in a matter which affects them materially is necessary, for without this all their efforts will be in vain. I hope the day is not far distant when India will compete with her western sisters in agriculture as she has already done in other spheres.

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ANIMAL FABLES: SOME BINGHI SPECIMENS.

THE animal fable, as we find it in the hands of Æsop and his multitude of imitators, traces far back indeed. The rationale of the thing is that animals feel and think like men, and act under similar motives to those of men; that they are, in fact, as Thoreau naively said, "undeveloped men," or even more, that they are men under disguise—that they are the embodiments of their own ancestors, or of ancestors of other people, friendly or unfriendly. Now, seeing that the fable is with some peoples the most ancient of all literature, and that fables are, strictly speaking, the only literature they have, the matter is worth a few moments' attention, more especially to throw some light on the specimens that are to follow. We shall start well the assertion that fables invariably originate at a time when men believed that the animals were men, because of the evident sincerity with which what they give is related as the most absolute matter-of-fact. The Australian blackfellows even now, as we are told by Messrs. Fison and Howitt as well as by Messrs. Spencer and Gillen, often begin their stories with "A long time ago when the animals were all men."• That the animals are men at the present moment, many savage or semi-savage tribes believe. Glance at these little extracts for a moment, specimens out of a wide selection:—

The Sioux will not eat the flesh of the grizzly bear, because they hold that the spirits of the dead enter into them. The Flatheads believe that the beavers are a fallen race of very early Indians, and that they are condemned by the great Manito (Spirit) to take this shape, but that in due time they will be restored to their humanity. Dr. Wyatt Gill writes: "Many of the South Pacific gods were originally men, whose spirits were supposed to enter into various birds, fish, reptiles, and insects, and even into inanimate objects, such as the triton shell, particular trees, cinet, sandstone, bits of basalt &c." The gods," he goes on, "first spoke to men through the small birds, but their utterances became too indistinct to guide the actions

* "Kamilaroi and Kurnai," p. 71, and "Australian Natives," p. 115.

of mankind; and then it became necessary to appoint a lot of men to interpret these sayings, and these were the priests."

If you chanced to meet with a Red Indian not much, if at all, influenced by white men, or with a Dieri of Australia, or a Masai of Central Africa, or one of the hyena tribe of which Ali Gifoon told so well in the *Cornhill* some years ago, and asked about their descent, each of them would tell you the same story, that they were descended from certain animals, those animals being still regarded as their totems or protectors, and that no creature of that species would they kill or eat; and if you went further, and put questions, no doubt you would before long get the information that not only did the tribe believe that they descended from certain creatures, but that the souls of their ancestors on their death had taken the form of some of these animals again, entered into their bodies, and sometimes spoke through them. Sir R. Payne-Gallwey tells that in some parts of Ireland, he could not get men to shoot a wild swan, because, as at last they told him, they believed the souls of their forefathers were in them. The Russian peasants to-day will not kill a dove, on account, they say, of its association with the Holy Spirit; but it was originally for a reason dating from far before Christian times—a time when the dove was a totem animal and worshipped. The Bari Hurith of South Arabia, when they find the dead body of a gazelle, bury it respectfully as though it were that of a man, and mourn for it as for a kinsman. The Zedis not only abstain from eating lettuces, beans, cabbages and cucumbers, but they say the spirits of their fathers are in those plants.

There is a very curious superstition among the Kaffirs that when they die, they turn into a kind of snake which they call *itongo*. They say it is of a green and white colour, and grows to a great length. According to their belief, this animal has the power of becoming invisible at pleasure. They say that when a man dies his soul is immediately transformed into an *itongo*, and has the power, like a guardian spirit, of protecting the interests of his living relations. They think that no death can occur without the sanction of this extraordinary reptile; and, in time of sickness, propitiatory offerings are made to it: a beast is slain, and hung outside one of their huts, in the thatch of which the snake lives. It is supposed to come out at midnight and to take a portion, being generally satisfied with the blood alone. * Clearly, it also is regarded as embodying the ancestor to whom the offerings are made.

Now, all early stories—stories that to us are merely fictions—to the early men expressed their most serious beliefs about this, that, and the other.

* R. B. and J. D. S. Woodward, of Natal, in "Zoologist" for April, 1875.

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Their fables are at once their history, their only literature, and almost their only entertainment—the most effective means of communicating to each other what they conceive to be the truth—alike as regards their sense of the dangers to be escaped, the creatures they should fear and need to conciliate, and the fateful powers they are called on to appease or to propitiate. So it comes about that the early men's fables were true—true in this sense, that they believed the animals spoke to men—that wisdom was to be learned from them, because they embodied the souls of dead men. Plants and trees, as we have just seen in the case of the Yzedis, were sometimes used in the same way, and in many languages the very word for tree, strangely enough, means strength or wisdom, or both. It is so in the Hebrew, it is so in the South Pacific dialects, *io ita*, the word for god there, literally meaning the pith of a tree. That was the reason why many early peoples decorated certain trees with offerings of shells, of gems even, and with beautiful bits of coloured cloth, wool, hair, etc. The augur or soul of the tree might direct and counsel them; and surely, it is very remarkable to find that even the Hebrew King David, when he appealed to his God on one occasion, whether he should go up against the Philistines, was told to wait till he heard a marching (which is a better translation than "a going") in the tops of certain trees, and when he heard or saw that, he was told at once to move up with his army. The same root as gives the Hebrew word *kee* or wood, also gives us the word counsel and counsellor.

The original fable is the attempt of priests to throw into form the reports of the animals or trees that have been consulted in matters of the first importance to the tribe: our modern fables, as they shade off more and more into simple folklore and finally into mere fancies or phantasies, are but the literary survivals of this old old practice, out of which arose all kinds of magic and divining, the divining-rod, as representing, the sacred or ancestral tree, also remaining in certain forms, as witness of an earlier time when the mystic words and wisdom of trees had attached to them prophetic omens.

In Egypt, as in early Accad, the animal fable was common. Professor Mahaffy thinks that these Egyptian animal fables may be the originals of those of Æsop.* Professor Cheyne does not find the animal fable in the sacred Hebrew writings, though from the analogy of the Arabic, it is most probable they had their place in earlier Hebrew times. The serpent of the temptation, if not derived from Accad, would surely point that way, as the serpent whose graven image remained in the temple even up to the

*Prolegomena, to Ancient History, p. 390.

time of Hezekiah. Professor Cheyne finds that the animal fable does come largely into later Hebrew literature, proving that the Jew, as other nations, had a tendency to it. He writes :—

“Both proverbs and fables, indeed, are common to later Jewish literature. Fables, especially animal fables, were not perhaps appropriate vehicles for moral instruction, according to the Old Testament writers. But the later Jewish writers do not seem to have felt this objection. Rabbi Meir (2nd century A. D.) was the writer of animal fables *par excellence*. Rabbi Hillel (B. C. 30), however, noted for his versatility, was also a copious fabulist. In the Talmudic treatise, *Sopherim* xvi., 9, a list of Hillel's acquirements is given, including the conversations of the mountains, the trees, the animals, the demons, etc. The wealth of Jewish fable literature seems unparalleled (see Bach, *Die Fabel in Talmud*, in ‘*Gratz's Monatschrift*,’ 1875-1884).”

The Mosaic celebrations and legislations against the worship of ancestors and animals, and ceremonial observances connected therewith (as was very needful if we lay weight on the “chambers of imagery” entered by a hole in the wall denounced by the prophet) indicate clearly enough what had gone before, and that to which there was still so strong a tendency that it broke forth every now and then, here and there. Despite Mosaism it peeps out constantly even in that which seems most directed against it. The new gloss only hides partially the older habit or tendency, and though the Hebrew Scriptures eschew animal fables, so far, that is all too clear what had gone before.

The offerings to trees in Devonshire and Cornwall also come in here, with suggestions. There, at certain times—at Christmas for one—the trees were, as they say, saluted, cyder was sprinkled or dashed upon them. Farmers and their labourers solemnly place, or used to place, cakes immersed in cyder on the branches of their fruit trees, especially apple trees—sprinkling the tree as they repeat a formal incantation and dance round it, and, to close, they drink the cyder that has been left—sometimes enough to make them drunk. *

Lamb's wool too was sometimes used in saluting or hailing the orchards. The only rational idea in the whole procedure was the belief that some *numen* or spirit in the tree might be favourable or unfavourable to them; and that, like the Hindus making three furrows in the ground and laying therein food and drink and wool, and inviting the ancestral spirits to come and feed and drink and clothe themselves, they so sought by presentation of food and drink and clothing to propitiate and keep friendly

* Polwhele's “History of Cornwall,” I., p. 48.

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the spirits of the trees. The offerings periodically made to certain trees in Burma and Siam also point the same way. Votive offerings of many kinds are also hung on trees in several parts of India.

Orchards as well as tanks and wells in India are consecrated, and no one must take of the fruit and eat till the first-fruits have been consecrated and offered, any more than any well or tank drunk from, or bathed in, or indeed any use made of them whatever, till the holy liquids are thrown into them.*

In the Deccan and in Ceylon trees and shrubs may often be seen covered with votive offerings. The Santals of India, like the Dieries of Australia, believe that the good men of their ancestors passed into certain trees, and these they will not cut down, as they would be punished for not protecting their ancestors.

Among savage tribes even now, we see the serious practices springing from the beliefs, of which these ceremonies in Cornwall and Devon are but the survivals. When we compare the original with what we may call the reflection or survival of them, we may come near to reaching the true idea or principle that underlay them, and it is as an aid to this that I here present the reader with some specimens of fables current among the Binghis of Western Australia, considered to be a very low race. My friend, Mrs. Peggs, who has been resident for some years in Roebuck Bay, says in sending them:

"I have written out for you, thinking they would be interesting to you, some tales which the Western Australian natives tell their children. They were repeated to me by a small boy coming from Derby to go to school in Singapore. He has had only Binghi children for playfellows since he was four years old, and speaks their language well. The natives have a firm belief that after they are dead, they will be either devil bird or "come up white feller."

But the "white feller" idea, as possibly also the devil notion, is due to later contact with white men, and is but a graft, an evident late graft on the original conception. Mrs. Peggs adds: "I have written the tales out as nearly as possible in the very words in which they were told to me, and I got the child to repeat them, afterwards, carefully reading over to him what I had written down."

I.—THE TALE OF THE WILLY-WILLY WAGTAIL.

The Willy-Willy Wagtail is a cunning bird. A long time ago, he was a blackfellow. He had a sister and uncle. The uncle used to go

* Nesfield's "Brief View of the Caste System of Oude and the North-West Provinces," p. 71.

hunting, and when he killed anything he used to give Willy-Willy Wagtail's sister all the fat meat, and Willy-Willy Wagtail all the skinny meat. Now he did not like that, so he looked around to see what he could do. He took a long sharp stick and stuck it in the ground and covered it over with grass. Then he said to the stick, "When I tell you, you shake like a bandicoot" (a bandicoot is a kangaroo-rat).

Then he went, and brought his uncle along with him, and told him he would show him a bandicoot's nest. As soon as he got to where the stick was, the stick began to shake. His uncle was just going to throw his stick at it, when Willy Wagtail said, "No! you must not do that, you must jump on it." Then the uncle wanted to throw his spear, but Willy Wagtail said, "No! you must jump on it." At last, after a lot of persuasion, the uncle jumped on it, and the stick stuck right through his foot.

All the other blackfellows came along and tried to pull the stick out, but could not move it; so they went and asked two big fellows—as big as a baobab-tree—to come and try. First they looked around for and rooted up a big tree, to show what they could do. They threw that aside, and then they seized hold of the stick in the earth and the uncle's foot, and the stick at once came out and shot up right into the sky, where now it forms a streak of stars across the milky way. The blackfellows tried to kill Willy-Willy Wagtail, but he escaped into the bush.

[The test or ordeal of pulling a stick out of the ground, already consecrated by some special service in proof of destination to some great work or the achievement of some marvel, is found in many forms in mythology: it is even found in the Talmud, where the strange rod that had already done wonderful things, had come into Jethro's hands by miraculous ways, and was placed in his garden, and could not be pulled up by any one else than the man destined for his daughter Zipporah, is a case in point. The stick in this case did not spring up into heaven, and form a streak of stars in the milky way, but it did spring up and form various wandering tribes into a nation through Moses, and made a yet more wonderful milky way—stars of earth—a nation in number as the hosts of heaven or the sands on the seashore for multitude. Willy-Willy Wagtail's escape into the bush is the ordeal of all leaders in the wilderness.]

II.—THE TALE OF THE EMU.

There is a constellation (Willie Jones pointed it out to me) close by the milky way, which the blackfellows call the Emu. Now, a long time ago, the Emu was a blackfellow, he was a *womba* (warrior), and when he died he went into the sky, where he is an Emu, a big, big fellow—and he holds two strings which are joined to the earth to keep it in place and

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balance it; if the strings were to break or be cut, the sky would fall on to the earth, and every one would die.

[The notion of cords binding earth to heaven is common in early folklore. Thus, the Navajo Indians and some others hold that the rays of light are cords that bind earth and heaven together. In the South Pacific mythology, the 'god Marri—god of earth—puts a noose round the sun, and so ensures that the earth shall not fall from its position. We have various instances of the gods—earth-gods—putting nooses round the sun—and there is Varuna's noose; and even in the Hindu "Satapatha Brahmana," the rays of the sun are likened to ropes wherewith he keeps the earth straight and firm. In the Assyrian and Persian figures of their chief god—sun-god—again, when encircled by the sun-disc, there are ends of cords, hanging down at both sides, which are said to be a symbolic survival of this same early idea—in all the cases, the underlying notion, just as here, being that earth and heaven are kept in position and in relation to each other by cords held somehow by a god. The primitive idea in all these cases was that, as the sky was first lifted from the earth, by the gods' fiat, so also the gods must keep them separate. Marri is at once the Samson and the Joshua of Maori fable. He subdues the sun, precisely as does his namesake Mangaia, makes cords or nooses to catch him by, and does catch and hold him; and in the Maori variant, it is noticeable that in the making of these nooses, some useful arts are discovered. "Then," it is said, "they began to spin and twist ropes to form a noose to catch the sun in and hold him; and, in doing this they discovered the mode of plaiting flax into stout square ropes (*tuamaka*), and the manner of plaiting flat ropes (*paharahara*), and of spinning round ropes." Here we see, as in a mirror, the *raison d'être* of the myth; it is meant incidentally, if not primarily, to account for and to explain the origin of something; and if you were to mingle Joshua (who also somehow caught the sun in a noose, and made him stand still on Gibeon) with Samson, you would have really just a kind of Hebraised Marri. It is not hard to see something kindred in origin in this with the notion of which these cords, hanging down from the sun-disc in representation of the Assyrian sun-god, are but survivals. Was he once taken in a kind of Marri noose too, or what?—a relic and testimony of the same noosing left perpetually with the god, as a symbol of his victory over the earth-gods or culture-heroes in their attempts at noosing him.]

III.—THE TALE OF THE EAGLE AND THE EGGS.

Once upon a time the eagle built a nest and put some eggs in. Two white birds saw how busy the eagle was, and thought they would

play her a trick. So one of the birds lay down in the nest under the eggs, and ate them, while the other watched to see what the eagle would do. The eagle was very angry—then she laid some more eggs, which the white birds ate again—then the eagle looked around and saw them, and overcame and killed them.

The birds are all supposed to be men.

IV.—THE EAGLE-HAWKS AND THE FIRE.

There were two eagle-hawks going along, when they came across a blackfellows' camp. Now the blackfellows had been fishing and had caught a lot of fish, which they were eating raw. The eagle-hawks said, "Why do you eat your fish raw? Why don't you cook them in the fire as we do?" The blackfellows said, "What is fire?"—for they did not know how to make it. They gave the eagle-hawks some fish which they took away with them. By-and-by, they sent a *lubra* (gin—or native woman) to see what the eagles were doing; so the *lubra* crept along and watched. By and by the eagle-hawks saw and called her; so she went along, and they gave her some cooked fish, which they took out of the fire. The first time she ate it, she was very sick; the eagle-hawks gave her some more, and she was sick again; the third time she ate she was all right. Then the eagle-hawks showed her how they made a fire by rubbing two sticks together. The *lubra* went back to the camp, and told the blackfellows and they made her show them how to make fire by rubbing a stick quickly on her hands on another piece of wood; by and by she made a fire, and cooked fish for the blackfellows, who the first two times they ate it were very sick; but the third time they were all right. After that the blackfellows knew how to make fire.

[In many mythologies the secret of fire is feigned to have been communicated by a god or hero—here it is communicated by the ancestor in his proper totem form.]

V.—THE TALE OF THE WHITE BIRD—GILLEMARRANGO (Bowerbird).

There was a big white bird, and he was a very strong bird. And he could throw the spear—but he was a wicked bird. He said to some blackfellows, "I will show you how I can throw the spear." So the blackfellows came to the *corroboree*; but before they came he buried his spear under the sand. When they came and were going to sit round, he said, "No, you must not do that; you must sit in a row."

After a time they sat in a row and the Gillemarrango began to dance and sing, and as he danced and sang he kept pulling the spear out of the sand, so the blackfellows should not notice it. At last he got it all out; and he was just at the end of the row; then he took a good aim, and drove it

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through all the tribe and killed them. By-and-by he told another lot of blackfellows he would show them how he could throw the spear, and he killed them all. At last, he told a third tribe, he was coming to make *corrobboree*. Now, this tribe were very frightened, because they knew how the Gillemarrango had killed the other tribes; and they thought they would make a big shield, and try and save themselves. Then they looked around and found and cut themselves a shield out of a big tree. After they had roughly fashioned it, they threw their spears, *nullanullas*, and boomerangs at it, but it cracked. So they knew that that wood would not do. Then they got a shield of harder wood, and they tried that, but that cracked too. At last they found some very hard wood, and they formed a shield roughly of that, and threw all their weapons at it, and they all broke on it, so that was very strong. They finished it, and then they waited for the the Gillemarrango, first hiding the shield under some bushes so he should not see it. Then Gillemarrango came along and made *corrobboree*, and hid his spear as before. He told them they must sit in a line, so they hid the shield behind them, and they watched how, as he danced and sung, he kept pulling the spear out of the sand, then they passed the shield along, until at last when the spear was out of the sand, the man at the end of the row held the shield. As soon as the Gillemarrango took the spear up to throw, then the *womba* quickly put up the shield, and, when the spear came along, instead of going all through the man, it hit the shield and broke it into little pieces. (That's all. I enquired the fate of the Gillemarrango. He had to hide away in the bush.)

Mrs. Peggs is very clear on the cleverness and ingenuity of the Binghies, among whom she lived for some years, and has dwelt on the rare address the men show in making spear-heads out of glass after the forms they had erstwhile cut out of flint. She was particularly struck too, by her gins (female servants) having bits of very fine coloured cloth or muslin through which to look at an eclipse of the sun, which she found answered the purpose quite as well as her coloured glass; surprised, too, at the exactitude with which an eclipse was foretold by them; and now, certainly, by these fables she shows us how in their folklore are embodied exactly the same leading ideas as we find in the folklore of many peoples—some of them reckoned far more advanced—in far-separated lands.

ALEXANDER H. JAPP.

EDUCATION AND GOOD CITIZENSHIP IN INDIA.*

SYMPATHISERS with the reasonable aspirations of educated Indians for a larger share than now enjoyed by them in good appointments under the Government, and for some practical steps towards the beginnings of representative institutions, must regret the mischievous agitation which recently culminated in a series of "regrettable incidents."

That Westernised Indians, believing themselves fully equipped for place and power in the administration of their own country, should push their claims, has long been recognised as one of the inevitable consequences of our educational system in India, and of the superficial world-knowledge acquired from the increasing familiarity of East with West. That the teachings of some of the leaders in the movement should become seditious, was, doubtless, also foreseen, but that those teachings should excite anti-English disturbances has taken most of us by surprise. Forewarned is forearmed. The outbreaks, particularly the hostile attitude of the large Hindu section of the hitherto docile Bengalis, have forced upon the Government in the public interest the necessity of repressing freedom, or rather license of speech, and of proceeding with great caution in opening new posts in the administration to Indians. What may be in the minds of Indian Nationalists I do not know! what should be, I do—disgust at tactics which have alienated Moderates and injured a cause of which no liberal-minded Englishman can disapprove.

Ultimately, I suppose, the so-called "unrest" in India is chiefly traceable to our education system there. Since 1858 we have throughout our Indian empire pursued the same policy: as funds have become available we have attempted to introduce national education on a voluntary basis in the towns and villages of every district, and in giving instruction we have welcomed all comers irrespective of creed, race or caste, and as

* Read, with some verbal alterations, at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute London, on February 11th, 1908, the Right Honorable Lord Amphil, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., presiding

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time has gone on we have established middle and high schools, and later given each province a University. Aided by missionary bodies and municipalities, we have also encouraged the learning of English.

In the Punjab—the one province of which I have long personal experience—the seeds of trouble were sown soon after the Mutiny.

Just forty years ago I was a recently-posted Assistant Commissioner in a Muhammadan district of that province, and one of my duties in camp was to visit its schools and report on them. Having a very limited knowledge of the vernacular my ability as an examiner was small. I succeeded, however, in learning much. By making the boys in every class stand up alternately according to their respective creeds and paternal occupations I discovered that nine-tenths of the pupils were Hindus and non-agriculturists. To the question why they came to school, the one answer was, "To get Government service." Parents, too, had the same views, though many grumbled that clerical posts were hard to obtain and miserably paid.

Thus, within twenty years from the annexation of the Punjab—I am referring to 1867-69—the cry of the unemployed, and the desire amongst the employed for better conditions of service were not unknown, and further, fathers and sons alike were obsessed with the idea that it was the duty of the Government to provide suitable employment for the educated youth of the country.

What struck me as the least satisfactory feature in our educational work was the fact that although quite 80 per cent. of the population of the district were Muhammadans and agriculturists, the sons of Hindu traders, money-lenders and Government employees almost exclusively attended our schools, and were receiving instruction at the expense of the Muhammadan peasantry, who paid a compulsory Education Cess of 1 per cent. on the land revenue. Much the same disproportion between agricultural and non-agricultural school-children was, I believe, in evidence in every commune of the Punjab—even in its Hindu eastern half—and, though for years now the peasantry generally have been taking some advantage of their opportunities of acquiring elementary instruction, I believe I am also right in saying that it is still the sons of the shopkeepers, bankers, money-lenders, clerks and lawyers of the towns and large villages who fill the class-rooms of our schools and colleges, and take degrees, or fail, at the Lahore University. Practically the agriculturists of India are still illiterate, though they pay the great bulk of the taxation in the shape of land-revenue and salt-duty, and in some provinces, as in the Punjab, a special education cess in addition.

Side by side with the growth of our educational institutions, from the elementary schools in villages to the Lahore University, that of Civil Justice was gradually built up into the highly technical and complex edifice of to-day. Naturally, as law-suits mounted up the number of practising lawyers also multiplied, and for many years now the court of every civil judge in the land has been infested by a collection of hungry pleaders, who extract a poor living by conducting the causes of the crowds of suitors constrained to resort to our Courts. By the middle of the eighties from 20 per cent. to 60 per cent. of the peasantry in different parts of the province—the ratio depending on race characteristics and local circumstances—had become impoverished to such a pitch that most of them had been reduced to a position analogous to serfdom to money-lenders. The same causes had produced similar results in most parts of British India—the Madras Presidency perhaps excepted—but, speaking generally, Muhammadans suffered far more from “our system” than Hindus.

Even in darkest Africa, I suppose, were the Administration to substitute rigid codes, law-courts, and lawyers for the authority of village elders and the coercion of local opinion, the people would *volens volens* have to settle their disputes in Court, and the astute few would soon exploit the ignorant many.

So long as the Government adhered to its policy of treating the peoples of India as if all were men of business habits, and, in the selection of candidates for civil posts, of giving equal opportunities to agriculturists, and the highest products of the schools and University, with no discrimination between creeds, races, and callings, and replied to all Cassandras that if Muhammadans or other agriculturists failed to gain appointments or were being ruined by money-lenders the fault was theirs—*sua si bona norint*—the condition of the masses necessarily continued to deteriorate.

In 1887, in a book called *Mussalmans and Money-lenders*, I drew attention to the plight of the four millions of Muhammadans occupying the western half of the Punjab, and in their interest and that of the indebted peasantry generally, suggested certain reforms. Nothing, however, was done until Lord Elgin as Viceroy seriously took up the case and prepared the way for action by his successor, Lord Curzon. In spite of much interested opposition that statesman put the Punjab Land Alienation Act on the Statute Book, and by so doing arrested the further ruination by non-agriculturists and our law-courts of the peasant proprietary in that province. That Act—the Magna Charta of the land-owning community—as since been the model for a similar measure, modified to local needs,

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for the Bombay Presidency, and is intended to serve as a basis for legislation wherever peasant indebtedness is traceable to "our system."

The interests of agriculture and commerce, labour and capital, appear rarely to accord in any country, but in India "our system" has exacerbated the natural antagonism between them. As a consequence, then, the new legislation was regarded by the classes who made most of their living out of the peasantry as unjust and reactionary—people never do see virtue in a measure which deprives them of a remunerative source of income.

When, soon afterwards, with the fearlessness of personal consequences which characterised Lord Curzon's administration, he initiated much-needed reforms in the educational policy of his government and in the competitive methods of recruiting for certain civil appointments, the classes prejudicially affected began to organise in defence of their interests. Then came the Far-Eastern war. The triumph of a small Asiatic power over a great European Empire filled the brains of educated Indians with wild ideas—what Japan had found easy, they should find possible. But the match which fired the loose gunpowder lying about in Indian centres of intelligence was the partition of Bengal, which nearly synchronised with the last change of government in this country. The accession to power of a party which openly held that "good government could never be a substitute for government by the people themselves" created high hopes amongst Indian Nationalists, hopes which were encouraged by the gift of Home Rule to the Boers, and the speeches and writings of certain too enthusiastic friends of India amongst ourselves. As a result, some of the leaders of the Indian National party lost their heads, and there followed the recent anti-English crusade in Bengal and sporadic outbreaks elsewhere. Well, the snake of open sedition has since been scotched, not killed, and for a time we may hope that our misguided Indian friends will urge with studied moderation their demands for self-government, the reduction of our small white garrison in India, and other unreasonable items in their programme.

No doubt their agitation was a poor thing, with little popular sanction behind it: no doubt, too, Indian Nationalists are as yet merely the dissatisfied amongst Hindu intellectuals. Examine the components of the self-styled Indian National Congress, and you will find that practically all of them are non-agriculturists, town dwellers, belonging to classes unrepresented in the Indian Native army and provincial constabularies the latter a force probably five or six times as numerous as the former. Take Bengalis, Hindus, racially the only people who may be described as

disaffected, and consider their personnel. For the 500 years preceding Plassey they were the submissive subjects of Muhammadan rulers, and, but that education on English lines and inflammatory writings and harangues have given many of them swelled heads, would have continued quiet and law-respecting to this day. They have no callings requiring physical vigour and courage. They neither serve their country in army or police, nor individuals as porters, *darwans* and *lathiwals*. It is said, however, that they now are beginning to show signs of a quickening virility and they may eventually raise their standard of manhood, much as the Bulgarians have done since freed from the Turkish yoke by Russia.

On the whole, then, looking to present conditions, the Nationalist propagandism of to-day has been *vox et preterea nihil*, and the leaders in the movement made a tactical mistake in prematurely showing their teeth and, like our own foolish suffragettes, trying force before they had a backing.

To my thinking, the weakest point in the whole agitation is the fact that, under any form of what is called "Government by the people for the people," the strongest would come out top, in which case our Congress friends and their Bengali supporters would lose all that they have—an all, be it remembered, acquired and only retainable, under the alien Government which stands between them and spoliation. Obviously, without our ruling presence there would be short shrift throughout India for speech-makers and writers, for legal practitioners, law-courts and the miscellaneous patriots who to-day so impatiently rage against the efficient continuance of our impartial rule.

In itself, the way that impatience lately found expression is of small importance, as the masses still trust the Sahibs and distrust their own town-bred fellow-countrymen, particularly the English-speaking intellectuals. Though riotous school-boys need not at present be regarded seriously, the fact that "our system" tends to produce bad, not good citizens, is not creditable to us. Educatively we have failed—the literate are few and discontented, the masses are still illiterate—yet educate we must, and until that process is well advanced the question of autonomy in any form for India will not emerge into the region of practical politics.

To persist in a policy of education which benefits non-agriculturists to the detriment of agriculturists would be, even in a homogeneous farming country an unwise course to pursue, but in heterogeneous India, with her discords of peoples and religions and all her manhood possessed by the

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peasantry, such a course is not merely unwise but positively unjust and against the interests of our Empire ; yet that is what we have done and are still doing throughout India.

In education we ought, I claim, to make our chief aim the improvement of the people, the children of the soil, the men who fill the ranks of our army and constabulary and pay most of the taxes. If we did that thoroughly we might almost leave higher education in towns—except the equipment of Universities—to Municipalities, private bodies such as missionaries, and individuals. How then are the agricultural masses of British India to be taught to read, write and cypher, and their most promising boys encouraged to continue their studies ?

We can no longer self-complacently shrug our shoulders and rely on that old cynicism—*sua si bona nesciunt*. In my humble opinion—and many years ago I urged the adoption of the course I am about to suggest—we should give agricultural scholarships in every district with a liberal hand. Recollect, the chief taxpayers in India are the agriculturists, and it is they who directly contribute (in the Punjab at least) most of the Government funds spent on education. Further, we should reward their best scholars by giving to those who qualify themselves as fit for clerical employment in the public service their fair share of appointments. In the bestowal of places in our civil administration we should, I hold, adopt some form of proportionate representation, so that the loaves and fishes of the service be distributed with reasonable regard to the numbers and classes of the most important tribes inhabiting each division of the country.

At present, in our indiscriminating zeal for superior scholarship, the sons of agriculturists are almost excluded from clerical posts worth more than a shilling a day. Some time before I left India I prepared statistics on the subject for the Western districts of the Punjab, and I think I am correct in saying that, taking 100 as representing the gross pay of such posts, non-agriculturists, mostly town-bred Hindus, received more than 85 per cent. of it.

Lord Curzon's speeches and actions show that he realised the position and did all that was possible for one Viceroy to accomplish towards ameliorating it. Even when detaching the Pathan districts of the Punjab and, later, the Muhammadan districts of Bengal, from their respective provinces and erecting them into new governments, one of his objects was to free the people from the strait-waistcoat system of rigid law which was squeezing out their vitality, and give them a chance of reviving by decentralisation and a simpler type of administration than

"our system" afforded. As his time was short and he was fighting established interests and official groovedom, he was naturally a Viceroy "in a hurry." Whether he attempted too much, whether his sometimes *sic volo sic jubeo* methods were necessary, history will decide, but in any case I think she will acknowledge that all his domestic reforms were in the right direction.

Of those not taken up by him there is one of considerable importance, a branch of the education problem on which I venture to say a few words.

The Government of India pushes higher education, including the acquisition of English, and is wisely firm in keeping the portals of the Indian Civil Service closed except to those who enter through the examination rooms in London. The Government, as I have shown, spends money and watches over Indian school-boys until adolescence, that is, until they reach the critical period of early manhood when the mind is most receptive of impressions, and then, like birds with their fledglings, that Government leaves the young ones to shift for themselves, though still requiring protection against their many enemies. We may disregard the case of youths remaining in India—they are at home there amongst their own people—and only concern ourselves with that of those—the most industrious, talented and ambitious—who annually come to this country to complete their studies. No statistics are available about them. Neither the India Office, nor any of the Indian friendly associations, appear to have any to give.

From all I can gather the average number of Indian students in this country is roundly 400. Probably three-fourths are in London and Edinburgh, studying law, medicine, science, manufactures and preparing generally for examinations. Positive knowledge of 91 was published in the press the other day; of that number 15 passed medical examinations in Edinburgh, 64 law examinations in the Inns of Court, 11 were called to the Bar, and one, Mr. Pauna Lall, B.A., came out first in the final list of candidates selected for the Indian Civil Service. I read in *The Tribune* lately that in Edinburgh friends of India were raising £5,000 to provide "the 150 native students from India attending the Edinburgh University" a non-residential Club there, and that several Indian princes and other Indians had subscribed four-fifths of the sum required. Even though there may have been some exaggeration about the present number of students, it is clear that the cheapness and goodness of the University teaching in the capital of Scotland attracts many Indians.

Who looks after young Indians on landing? Who shepherds them

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in London? How and where do they live? With whom do they associate? The India Office does not seem to know, and few seem to care. Poor, earnest, studious, aspiring—officially “Nobody’s children” here,—they cannot avoid reading the outpourings of our party press, they cannot avoid discovering that with us no change is effected without organisation and agitation. What wonder, then, if on return to India the bitterness of unemployment or insufficient recognition affects many of them and induces them to become grievance-mongers and pursue what they believe to be British methods to secure their objects. To the extent that their bias towards bad citizenship may be due to their Government’s indifference to their interests during their sojourn amongst us we appear to be blameworthy.

Think of the anxiety of English parents in the rare cases in which circumstances compel them to lose a young hopeful alone and friendless in London. What they feel Indian parents feel also and with greater reason. Probably some here have been consulted by an Indian friend now and again about the placing of a boy in London. If so, they will remember the inquirer’s apprehensions and the cold comfort given. Had the adviser been able to say “You need have no fear. The Sarkar will look after your boy, if you like,” what a relief the good news would have been to the much-troubled father.

It cannot be right, I think, that the Government of India should leave India’s most promising students to drift and shift for themselves in this country during the most critical years in the formation of character. My suggestion is that the Indian Government should provide for Indian students a comfortable Residential Club in London in the first instance, appoint as managing Secretary a capable and thoroughly sympathetic English gentleman, and so arrange the charges that they aggregate rather less than what is now paid by young Indians for board and lodging in unfashionable parts of the metropolis. Such an institution would soon be popular both with the occupants and their parents in India. Probably there would soon be much competition to secure rooms at the Club, and possibly more than one such establishment would soon be required. If the initial cost to the Government of India were £10,000, and thenceforward the sum to be annually made good half as much or more, the money would, I think, be wisely invested. Those enjoying the Club’s hospitality would return to their motherland with feelings of gratitude to their Government, and with a decided bias towards good, not bad, citizenship. It is satisfactory to know that Mr. Morley is now considering this whole question, and that a Committee appointed by him has visited

Oxford, Cambridge and Edinburgh, with a view to collect information. Happily, then, all may rest assured that the reproach of our long neglect of our Indian students here will shortly be removed from us.

Of course, the details of any scheme eventually decided on will require much examination, for instance, if the advantages offered largely increased the number of Indian candidates for the Indian Civil Service, English competitors would press for the withdrawal of the subsidy enjoyed by the Civil Service occupants of the Club. Without consideration of the kind proposed, Indian students cannot have a fair chance of judging us and our institutions correctly. Under present conditions they appraise us and our party methods wrongly, and drawing conclusions from observed facts, believe that no apprenticeship is wanted to fit a clever writer or speaker for any post under the Government. As to "efficiency," Indian students return home under the conviction that "popularity" is more important. Surely, it should be easy to bring home to them that for the Government service in India "efficiency" is necessary, and that for all officials success depends more on character, experience, and wisdom than mere book-knowledge. Then, too, in spite of much oratory to the contrary, the students might be taught to realise that, outside the Government service, there are in India large fields of honourable and remunerative employment as open to them as to Englishmen, and that their abstention from competing with Englishmen in some of those occupations, and their falling short of excellence in others, must be due to present shortcomings in themselves.

Indians succeed best as lawyers, but even at the Bar, outside the Presidency cities at least, the most lucrative practices are said to be in the hands of Englishmen, and so crowded is the profession, that up-country Indian practitioners frequently employ touts, and take up cases for fees of 3 or 4 shillings or even for nothing down, the payment depending on the result.

As bankers, too, Indians stand high. How they compare with Europeans I do not know, because with Hindus the business is a close one, whereas with us accounts as a rule are annually published.

In the management of municipal affairs Indians have had for many years large scope, but, so far, they have nowhere devoted their energies in that direction—the work being honorary, local influences strong, and energetic public spirit—a lever distinct from class spirit—generally lacking Caste, class, and other prejudices and inclinations render the exercise of austere impartiality in public affairs very difficult for Indians.

But outside the law, banking and municipal work, there are various

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profitable professions and callings open to Indians, which hitherto have been almost monopolised by Englishmen, for instance, engineering, architecture, medicine, surgery, large manufactures (cotton textiles excepted) and specialised agriculture, such as tea, coffee, indigo. I do not think Indians compete seriously with us in any of these businesses, if they do they are not very successful. Their failure is perhaps partly due to inexperience, but chiefly, I think, to dislike for the long apprenticeship and drudgery necessary for success. Young Indians too often expect to begin where their fathers left off—they do not care to work slowly upwards. Every Englishman who has had the bestowal of appointments in his hands knows how difficult it is to convince aspirants that they must climb the ladder from a low rung.

With good treatment to students here and proportionate representation in the public service in India it is reasonable to hope that their best selves in the "India for Indians" party would realise their present limitations and, renouncing impossible or premature demands, gradually achieve eminence by successfully competing with us in the pursuits open to all men. Were they so to strive and rise, their claims for better recognition in the public service could not be resisted: indeed, in that case no large-minded Englishman, whatever his position, would wish to reserve exclusively for his own countrymen appointments which could be equally well filled by presumptively fit Indians; of course the presumption of fitness would depend, not on a newspaper or party popularity, but on each candidate's record, and the opinion on his capacity, loyalty and powers of work formed by those qualified by position and experience to pass judgment on him.

The assertion of our readiness to yield place to fit Indians may be disputed by those who think we are selfish and unsympathetic, and consequently unwilling voluntarily to concede equality with ourselves to Indians. As regards the former charge opinions will always differ; as regards the latter—that of want of sympathy—it is the commonest, the most difficult to meet, and to the extent that it is true the least remediable.

Whether our rule in India lacks what some of its critics call "the human spirit" or not, it is I think more accommodating than any other advanced Government under the sun—Japan perhaps excepted. Is any bureaucracy sympathetic? Have the officers of any Government time to be so? In this country probably most of us have only experience of the Indian Revenue Department. Well, in the assessment and collec-

tion of the Income Tax my experience is that that department is hard, inquisitorial and exacting.

There are, I think, two kinds of sympathy, one sentimental, the other practical. A happy blend of the two is not easy for any busy man.

So long as the old "patriarchal" system obtained in any province in India, each district officer was a sort of Earthly Providence to his people; he had time to pick up their speech and know and be known by them; he was, in short, "sympathetic." As the administration advanced towards efficiency, instead of being the King he became the slave of the machine called Government. The beginning of the change to rigid law and centralisation occurred much earlier in most parts of British India than in the Punjab which was only annexed in 1849. For that province it dates from 1866, in which year a Chief Court was established in Lahore. Since then what with progress in education, the annihilation of time and distance, the multiplication of laws, departments and rules and the consequential growth in numbers of English-speaking Indians, lawyers, journalists and discontented persons generally, the executive and judicial officers of the province have little time for the display of the old sympathy, to say nothing of the fact that their ability to have a friendly talk with villagers is now small. Remember too, that our officers work longer hours than in this country, that the climate is trying, and that as almost every order given is appealable, their pens are always moving. Then, too, with the hills or a pleasant change of environment only a few hours away, desk-bred men would hardly be human did they not as often as possible recuperate or recreate away from their stations. We must, then, I fear, admit that changes since the sixties in the character of our administration have been destructive of the old easy kind of sympathy so loved by Indians—accessibility and a readiness to discuss and advise. Indeed, were I asked to state in a few words what most differentiates the English Civil officer of to-day from his predecessor of 30 or 40 years ago, I should say, "Then his district was home and country to him; he talked, thought, and lived in 'shop;' now his district is merely a camping-ground for him; he avoids 'shop' except in office hours."

In the long ago when I was an Assistant Commissioner, and then a Settlement Officer, Zamindars thought me "sympathetic," and this reputation made me the recipient of many awkward confidences.

For instance, on one occasion a big landlord told me he was about to buy a certain estate.

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"But the first right lies with So-and-so, and he will exercise it," I objected.

"He won't, Sahib, as I have entered a large price in the sale deed—a paper price of course."

As I looked disapproval, though I knew that to defeat pre-emptors the device was common, my friend laughingly assured me it was all right, as the Sarkar would gain by the extra stamp duty and registration fees.

Here is another case:—

In an outlying part of my district I was interviewed by a deputation of villagers from a neighbouring district then under re-settlement. They said that, as the Sarkar was revising their cattle tax and taking up their surplus grazing waste, they were in a dilemma; if they overstated their cattle their tax would be proportionately enhanced, but they would save their land; if they understated their cattle they would escape more taxation but lose land. Having explained their case, they put the question, "Which way shall we lie?"

Yet one more illustration.

When an officer is on Settlement duty his magisterial functions are suspended. I yet took an interest in crime-detection. In talking over a burglary I reproached the landlord and Honorary Magistrate within whose jurisdiction it had occurred for his failure to discover the offender.

After some troubled thought, he brightened and said, "Don't worry, Sahib, I'll make it all right. I'll have some of the complainant's property found in the suspected man's house."

"That would be doing a crime," I told him.

"And what harm, Sahib," he asked, "as I know the fellow is guilty, and you say I must help the Police?"

Of the two kinds of sympathy—the sentimental and the practical—the latter, though it appeals less to the feelings, is the larger and more useful, and I think the Government of India and its officers show it, where possible, effectively. To prove the fact I would ask—Has any Government in any part of the world fed millions of persons for 8 to 18 consecutive months, remitted crores of rupees of taxation, converted millions of acres of waste into secure corn lands, and advanced to small landowners for the asking at nominal interest as much money as may be wanted for wells and embankments? Have officers on famine duty under any Government but that of India, freely sacrificed their lives in saving those of the starving people dependent on them? We have been doing all that for British India for the last thirty years and more, and in

every famine several devoted English officers have died at their posts rather than take leave and appear indifferent to the poor people in their charge. Coming to the last decade, in 1896 the Government spent ten millions sterling on famine relief, and the charitable in this country contributed $1\frac{1}{2}$ millions more. Again, a few years later, the same Government spent 15 millions sterling for the same purpose, and now that famine is again impending is ready to relieve on as large a scale as may be necessary.

Where we have erred in the past is not, I think, so much in practical sympathy but in "our system." In the complex and ultra-centralised form of Government which we have gradually elaborated for India we have legislated and governed—except where localised class-relaxation has been subsequently conceded—as if the peoples of the peninsula were all educated men intent on money-making, whereas the fact is that 90 per cent. of them are ignorant simpletons. What we should now do, *quâ* the rural masses, is to retrace some of our steps, decentralise, simplify and legislate down to their needs and capacities. In future they should be our first consideration rather than the educated classes of the towns. Mr. Morley is already considering the question, we know. In November last a Royal Commission proceeded to India for the purpose of reporting upon the possibility of decentralising financial and administrative control and bringing the executive power into closer touch with local conditions. All friends of India must wish a good measure of practical success for Mr. Morley in his attempt to humanise the machine called the Government of India.

S. S. THORBURN.

London.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

Decadence and Development.

Next to the increase of the German navy, nothing, perhaps, causes so much alarm in England as the alleged decadence of the race. So many Empires have declined and fallen in the past, and the analogy between the "social organism" and the individual human being is so popularly believed in, particularly since Herbert Spencer gave to the world his brilliant generalisations in sociology, that the inevitability of the subsidence and perhaps subjugation of the British and other Western nations has become an article of the creed of many a sombre-minded philosopher. Some have interpreted the writing on the wall, and denounced in unmeasured language not only the new woman, but also the new statesman, the new financier, the new journalist, and the new citizen who tolerates them all. If the biological doctrine of the inevitability of death has interest to a nation in the meridian of its glory, it is of equal moment to the Eastern nations to know whether a renaissance after decline is possible, for the prevalent notion is that India and China and other Eastern countries have had a civilisation of their own, which they have not been able to maintain in full vigour, and from which they have fallen. Is racial degeneracy inevitable? How many races in India have really deteriorated? Is their revival impossible? Are there no races in India which have not yet played a conspicuous part in the history of the world, and which may have a glorious destiny in store for them? These are inquiries of great moment. Mr. Balfour has shed a new ray of hope on the dark forebodings of the pessimistic thinkers of his country by doubting the inevitability of racial death. Weismann has attracted attention to the remarkable fact that many low organisms die only by accident, and there is no natural death among them. They

multiply by division : the parent does not die, but loses itself in its offspring. To the biological fact, to which Mr. Balfour referred in his recent lecture at Newnham College, Cambridge, we may add Metchnikoff's theories, which are even more interesting and suggestive than Weismann's discovery of the exceptions to the rule, enunciated by the philosophers of the ancient world, that whatever is born is subject to decay and death. Society being an "organism" of a very composite structure, a comparison of it with some of the higher plants or animals might be more suggestive than the analogy of low organisms. The dragon-tree of Teneriffe, the baobab of Cape Verd, the cypresses of Mexico, and certain trees of California have been known to live for thousands of years, without symptoms of natural decay, and to have been overthrown or killed only by accidents. A dragon-tree, seen by the Spaniards in the beginning of the fifteenth century at Orotava, in Teneriffe, was partially destroyed by a tempest in the beginning of the nineteenth century, and completely overthrown by a storm in 1868. But for these accidents, the tree might perhaps have lived for many more centuries. Indeed, some botanists appear to hold that trees do not die a natural death, properly so-called. The sociologist and the patriot, who wishes to profit by the instruction of science, will, however, notice that trees undergo certain structural modifications, which the biologist may not regard as symptoms of decadence, and which may yet make accidents easy. The dragon-tree observed by the Spaniards at Orotava had a gigantic hollow in its trunk as early as in the fifteenth century. The formation of the hollow was, from the biologist's point of view, not perhaps a sign of decay. Yet it facilitated the overthrow by the storms. The conquest of one nation or Government by another may be compared to the violent termination of the life of a tree by a storm ; at least historians are in the habit of inferring from such conquests some structural or organic deterioration of the conquered nation rendering the subjugation possible. It is usual with at least one class of writers to allege that Indian society had lost much of its vitality and vigour, and social cankers had made a hollow in its trunk, so that it succumbed to foreign invaders easily. If the question of decadence were to be discussed apart from the conquest and the proved inability to resist an invader, the opinions thereon might be very much divided ; for

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history does not supply sufficient materials for a definite conclusion. While decadence is the burden of the lament of one class of thinkers, it is the boast of a few that while the civilisations of Egypt, Greece and Rome have passed away, India has survived the storms that have successively blown over the country because of her "spirituality." The impression made by the storms is a sufficient answer to this claim of invincibility. The laments and the boasts are alike based on a superficial view of history, for no deeper view is possible in consequence of the lack of historic material. It has been said by competent critics that the Moghul Empire in India fell, chiefly because the Moghul army was not well organised. With the same human material for fighting, European leaders achieved wonderful results : indeed, it is a trite saying that India was conquered by the British with the help of Indians themselves. If the earlier conquests of the native Governments cannot be accounted for by a difference in the military organisations of the conquerors and the conquered respectively, there is at least the great fact, which accounts for much, that the defective political organisation of the various states, and their mutual relations—generally the reverse of friendly and cordial—provided no interest to the people in combining to defend their hearths and homes. The Kabuli and the Afridi, the Pathan and the Punjabi are physically stronger and more sturdy than the inhabitant of the plains. This must have ever been so : it does not affect the propriety or otherwise of the inference, which the historian sometimes draws from the mere fact of conquests, that the people of India have deteriorated since the good old days of the stalwart heroes, the profound metaphysicians, the prolific poets, the ingenious astronomers, the patient chemists, the skilful physicians, and the bold architects, of tradition. National decadence, as a result of exhaustion under some unknown law of Nature, is entirely a different phenomenon from conquest, which may be comparable to an accident, rather than to natural death. On the other hand, it may be well to remember that the mere fact of a nation preserving its independence need not show that it has not been degenerating, much less that it has been progressing. A nation may be "vegetating," even as the dragon-tree of Orotava was maintaining its existence for centuries, in spite of the hollow in its trunk. The physical units of a nation may go through the appointed cycle of births and

deaths, without any exhibition of moral or intellectual energy worthy of record. There are ethnologists who are prepared to believe that many of the backward races of the earth merely vegetate, after having attained in some forgotten or dimly remembered age the full growth of which the "organisms" were capable. They may have built no pyramids, invented no writing, discovered no important truths of science. But why should such discoveries and inventions be assumed to be the only possible proofs of intellectual capacity and vigour? Was Pasteur intellectually superior to Plato, because the French savant knew more about the behaviour of bacteria than the Greek philosopher? Considerations like these compel the necessity for caution in inferring the decadence of races from certain aspects of their recorded history. When even trees live for thousands of years, and botanists are led to believe that they would not be subject to natural death, why should we infer that a nation has deteriorated, because it has been conquered by another, or because its colonising ambition has received a check, or its literary productions have become stereotyped? One has to inquire further whether the so-called "nation" had an organic unity; whether the activity of one part represented the activity of the whole organism; whether the deterioration of one part indicates the decadence also of others; whether the more conspicuous sections of the community having suffered accidents, the submerged sections might have remained unaffected, just as the destruction of about a third of its branches by an earlier storm left the dragon-tree at Orotava free to grow for another fifty years, until it was completely overthrown. Assuming that all higher organisms are bound to decay and die, Metchnikoff's speculations concerning the mechanism and cause of decay are highly suggestive when applied to nations. The learned disciple of Pasteur has arrived at the conclusion that the decay of the higher organisms may be due to what he calls "auto-intoxication." Certain poisons are produced in the organism, which perhaps paralyse its power to resist the external causes that bring about its death, or the activity of the macrophags that eat up the vital cells. Are not moral poisons secreted in every society which has become wealthy and prosperous? The love of ease, the loss of regard for righteous dealing, the covetousness which would "make money anyhow," the cynical disregard of

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austere morals, the licence masquerading under the name of freedom and equality—may these not be comparable to the poisons which are believed to bring about the decay and death of an organism? And are there not macrophags in every society—men of talent and influence who eat up and destroy the wholesome and preservative elements in the moral structure of a society? All these things are possible. But whether in a given society the agencies of decay have been at work, and if so, what is the injury that they have done to the whole organism—these are independent questions which cannot be easily answered, and the hasty and superficial answers to which may create needless alarm.

The result of Metchnikoff's researches so far seems to be that the decay of the human "organism" can be arrested or delayed by adopting a diet which would kill the microbes that cause old age and death. Their breeding ground is suspected to be the large intestine, and putrefaction of food in this part of the body favours their growth. There are certain bacteria which seem to kill those microbes, and these saving little creatures may be introduced into the body through food in which they abound. This theory is not yet proved to the satisfaction of all biologists; yet if the life not merely of trees, but even of animals, may be prolonged, it must be equally possible to arrest the decay of a race. There is yet another theory which is suggestive to the sociologist who seeks to derive instruction from the truths of biology. Sleep, the "brother of Death," is, according to some, caused by the accumulation of certain poisons in the system which act upon the nerve centres and paralyse their activity. They are worked off during sleep and waking consciousness is restored. Nations, which seem to be deteriorating in consequence of the poisons generated in their system, may really be asleep, while we think that they have declined beyond recovery, and they may awaken when the poisons are worked off. The spread of education, contact with new ideas, discoveries tending to improve the physical well-being—these may contribute towards a neutralisation or elimination of the poisons. In the light of all these considerations, are we bound to look upon the teaching of science and history as a gospel of despair for the people of India, and of Eastern countries generally? The decadence of Indian civilisation, assuming that such decadence has really taken

place, does not compel us to infer the decadence and the intellectual exhaustion of all the races of India. With what races or communities is the ancient Indian civilisation identified? What, again, were the causes of the decline of the arts and industries, which is considered synonymous with racial decadence? Does not history show that the vicissitudes of Indian civilisation were often due to mere accidents? Have not indigenous industries in our own day been ruined by foreign competition? Have not religious movements been suppressed by persecution, and architectural monuments destroyed by fanaticism? Has not literature flourished and declined in sympathy with political movements, and the accidental presence or absence of patrons of learning? It is difficult to separate the accidental from the natural in the history of Indian civilisation and predicate anything definitely regarding the exhaustion or the surviving vitality of the Indian races. In spite of the caste system, which has acquired rigidity in recent times, the races have mingled together in the past. The least variable indications of the intellectual progress or decline of the Indian communities are to be found in the religious and philosophical literature of the country, and different religious movements have awakened the latent capacities of different communities in different degrees. It may perhaps be stated in a general way, subject to many exceptions, that the pre-Buddhistic philosophy was chiefly the efflorescence of the Brahmanical intellect, that Buddhistic learning owed most to the Kshatriyas, that the achievements of the Jains were principally due to Vaishya support, and that the latest movements of religious reform, grouped under the comprehensive designation of Indian Protestantism by a well-known thinker of Western India, proved the strength of Shudra aspirations. Are we quite sure that this gradual diffusion of religious culture through various communities, instead of its concentration in a privileged class, has not tended to make the intellectual history of India on the whole one of progressive evolution? We have once before expressed in these pages our doubts concerning the much too readily accepted view that the latter-day history of the Indian races has been one of natural decadence, owing to their intellectual exhaustion. It is usual to compare the position of woman at the present day with the society of ancient times, and declare the result against the former. In what respect are the lady

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graduates of to-day inferior to Gargi or Maitreyi? If there has been decadence, why should we not look upon it as a sleep from which the nation may be awakened? It was usual for Indian patriots some years ago to apostrophise their Motherland as if she were only asleep and to implore her to wake up. The Spencerian fashion of treating society as an organism has changed that mode of speech, and as the historian opines that the golden age of India was in the past, from which the country has fallen, the biologist and the historian have conspired to lead us to the verge of a slough of despond. But both our guides may happen to be in the wrong, and we may have to revise the prevalent acceptation of the teachings of biology as well as history. Science does not merely frighten us with decay and death: whatever the ultimate fate of the universe or even of the human race may be, we find at present that all that dies may be reborn. Why should not new nations be born as old nations die out? The death may not be complete, and the birth may not be of a perceptibly new personality. Mr. Balfour asks in which quarter of the globe powerful races will arise and lead the forces of civilisation, if the white races decay and disappear. The assumption is that the white races are so many organisms which may not revive if they once begin to decline. But this assumption may turn out to be wrong, and revival may be possible. The poisons may be worked off, and there may be an awakening after sleep. Let the physical and intellectual well-being of the backward races be steadily developed, and the decline of the advanced races be arrested by appropriate remedies, and the dark forebodings of the sociologist may be disproved.

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To carry out a frontier expedition in the space of a fortnight borders on a miracle : no such feat has been accomplished before. It is precisely this record-beating military marvel that has been achieved by Lord Kitchener and General Willcocks. Before it was generally known that the troops were going to move, they had already moved ; before the Zakka Khels could prepare to resist the enemy, the troops of the enemy had made considerable progress into their territory ; before their principal fort could be put in a state of defence, they saw it rased to the ground ; before they could enlist the sympathy and co-operation of their Afridi brethren, the other tribes approached them with advice to surrender. Quick and quiet was the march, exemplary the punishment, few were the losses, and successful and satisfactory was the result. The frontier policy inaugurated by Lord Curzon and the military reforms introduced by Lord Kitchener have both been amply justified by this first test to which they have been subjected. The conciliatory and trustful policy of the civil ruler has prevented the tribes from combining and offering united resistance : the simplification of military movements and the readiness at any time to go to war, on which the great military reformer has laid so much stress, have prevented the enemy from offering any serious resistance. It seems that a debate in Parliament was obviated by a blocking motion. A debate may be held now.

The avowed object of many a debate in Parliament is to enable the country to know both sides of a question, and put a black mark against the King's ministers for the time being if they have gone wrong. The debate on Indian affairs, opened by Dr. Rutherford, was attended by very few members : neither of the two great Parties, not even the smaller Parties which sometimes show sympathy with Indian grievances, seemed anxious to put a black mark against Mr. Morley. Indeed, the seconder of the amendment to the Address in reply to the King's Speech admitted that its principal object was to give an opportunity to the Secretary of State to say a few sympathetic words which might please the dissatisfied critics. Mr. Morley perhaps appreciated the kindness, though not the manner of showing it. Every one knew what he would say : he had said it before, as the criticism of his measures had also been heard before on the floor of the House and outside. Dr. Rutherford had returned from India : Mr. Morley had remained at home. That made some difference, but the tourist was only for six weeks in India, and he

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expressed opinions on a dozen important subjects. Mr. Morley, however, availed himself of the opportunity to remind the nearly empty House that he had already spoken sympathetically. This is about all that is worth gathering from the full reports of the debate received last month.



For the time being Mr. Morley's plea that he had inherited an onerous legacy from his predecessor, and his declaration that Lord Minto had succeeded largely in restoring peace, may have given satisfaction to his countrymen. It is not likely, however, that those who have more than a superficial acquaintance with Indian affairs will think much of the alleged causes and origin of the inherited difficulties, or rest satisfied with the assurance that peace has been largely restored. Many will at any rate rub their eyes, when they read that the Viceroy's motor-car was stoned, notwithstanding the recent acknowledgment of a popular leader like Mr. R. C. Dutt that India could not have two greater friends than Mr. Morley and Lord Minto. They will also inquire why in a place like Tanjore, where no racial sentiment has been wounded by partition and no vested rights have been infringed upon by colonisation laws, leaflets should have been distributed, calling upon the people to rise against Europeans. That the culprits in either case must be obscure persons without any sympathy from the generality of their countrymen goes without saying. But there are any number of indications which do not support the view that Mr. Morley's inheritance comes from his immediate predecessors.



While it is becoming more and more clear that there are some irreconcilable elements in the population, the majority of even the Nationalists, as they call themselves, are beginning to perceive that the real good is done to their country by co-operating with Government and not by leaving Government alone or by opposing it whenever on possible. The band of young men known as National Volunteers, who had at one time a reputation for annoying their countrymen interfering with their freedom of buying and selling, and destroying their goods, in their Svadeshi zeal, recently asked to be allowed to co-operate with the police in helping pilgrims during a festival, are in their services were cordially acknowledged by the Police Commissioner of Calcutta. It will not be quite so easy for volunteers, error track dacoits and engage in a tussle with professional depredators as has been proposed in Sind, where the police have not been able to cope successfully with the recent increase in violent crime. However, there are distinct indications supporting the hope that Svadeshi enthusiasm will ere long enlist itself largely on the side of government and in the true service of the country.

A pathetic interest attaches to the death of Sir Denzil Ibbetson, as he was not spared to enjoy the rest which he had earned, but was snatched away almost in the midst of a storm, for the creation of which he was not responsible, and in the tranquillisation of which he does not seem to have played a part unworthy of a civil ruler of enlightened principles. In the course of the debate on Dr Rutherford's motion, Mr. Morley read an extract from the Viceroy's speech in which His Excellency asked Lord Kitchener to convey his thanks to the Native army for the contempt with which it had treated certain attempts to tamper with its loyalty. Judging from published information, it looks probable that the real cause of the deportations in Sir Denzil's province was the alarm of the military authorities. The civil authorities must have confirmed their fears by their independent discoveries of the spirit of mischief that was spreading. But it seems likely that they would not have recommended any extreme measure for the maintenance of peace among the civil population. Great as is the responsibility of the head of a province, he has to bend before those who are responsible for discipline in the Army.



The comparative tranquillity enjoyed by the Bombay Presidency is in no small measure due to the popularity of the head of the administration and other eminent officials. It is a matter for regret that neither the popularity nor the earnestness of officials can always overcome the prejudices of the ignorant : notwithstanding the efforts made by Sir George Clarke to enlist the support of the vernacular press in favour of Haffkine's method of immunisation from plague, and the recommendation of medical practitioners, that remedy has yet won a very limited degree of popularity. Sir George Clarke is not merely a tactful and sympathetic administrator, ever ready to look at things from the people's standpoint and vigilant in making a note of everything conducive to their welfare : his enthusiasm in the cause of Science is also highly appreciated. His convocation address at the local University shows that he has not already gained a deep insight into the educational problems of the Western Presidency, and his keen desire to advance the study of Science in Western India has proved sufficiently infectious to secure a munificent donation of four lakhs from a local magnate for that purpose. Sir Lawrence Jenkins, the retiring Chief Justice, is another great official whose popularity and legal attainments are in everybody's mouth. Mr. Morley is as wise and discriminating in taking away officials for his Council as he is in giving administrators to India.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY IN REFERENCE TO WORK.

To the Editor, EAST & WEST.

SIR,—Referring to articles on Philosophy and Religion in your December 1907 issue, which seem scarcely understandable by any but the studied scientists, may I suggest that the use of Philosophy and Religion in the daily round may be inquired into? Perhaps the accompanying remarks may be considered by your talented contributors, as coming from the workman's standpoint, worthy of notice.

Yours faithfully,
T. F. DOWDEN.

Madiera,
January, 1908.

(1) The efficiency of a "belief" as an indication of a good direction for action to secure happiness, seems to be the object at the bottom of all Philosophical research.

Philosophy exhibits the intelligent digestion of experience necessary or useful as a guide for the future.

(2) Christianity appears as the highest Intelligence in action, not only for the good of the individual, but also for the Universal good, even at the cost of personal sacrifice, sorrow, or even death.

(3) Religion aims at the Universal Understanding of God in relation to Humanity. The object of doing His will unifies collective action necessary to all work.

(4) Christianity impresses Love to God and the neighbour as the indispensable preliminary to efficient work done co-operatively. Experience shows that the maximum power of Intelligence is gained, where love invites confidence and a free exchange of ideas.

Faith in God sustains the stress of sacrifice; in good time, error reveals itself where harmony has been interrupted.

(5) Experience brings wisdom, and formulates Philosophy, which is always experimental, local temporary or personal, and consequently on its trial.

Christianity inspired from "Above" meets Experience and Philosophy from "Below" in *Christ*. So Christianity appears superior to Philosophy, in the Person and Example of Christ, and to form a practical test of the value of Philosophy.

(6) If happiness consists in enjoyment through the senses, and is sanctioned by Philosophy, Christianity points to the "*Work*" and the "*Duty*" by which it must be earned and limited, to ensure the approval of God and the Neighbour.

(7) The sanction of Christianity is, therefore, more efficient than that of Philosophy or of mere man, as a means of securing permanence in happiness.

(8) The stress of "Work" or "Duty" or pain of "Error," is cheerfully borne through Faith in God's method of working the Universe, in which a man is merely a tiny subordinate agent, in a widely distributed system of powers working in harmony.

(9) Instead of expecting God to assist the individual, the individual could be better employed seeing how he could work in harmony with God and the Neighbour. Christ has shown us how to do this in spirit. Let man's wit find the practical means to do useful work for himself and humanity and subordinate personal desires to secure co-operation for good objects.

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